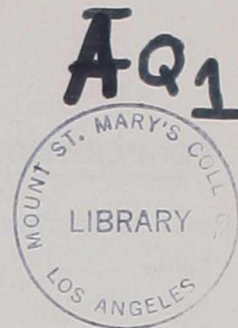


# INTER-NOS



VOL. VII., No. 1.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, NOVEMBER 24, 1932

## Season's Greetings to Our Readers!

### Our Bishop's Address

His Excellency, the Right Reverend Bishop, on his first official visit to the college this year gave the student body some worthwhile pointers regarding school spirit. He said that the essential factor in the development of true school spirit is a high sense of pride in the traditions and the honor of the institution. The conduct of the members of any school is carefully noted by outsiders, who judge the school by its representatives and are constantly on the alert to find something in their behavior which bears criticism. The Bishop went on to say that it was imperative, therefore, to cultivate a high sense of honor which will prompt the individual to respect not only his own name but also that of his school.

In speaking about the Eucharistic Congress which was held in Dublin last June, and from which he has recently returned, His Excellency commented on the edifying conduct of the Irish people, who, in order that they might be better fitted to participate in the celebration held in honor of their Eucharistic Lord, went into retreat, and by prayers and meditation prepared for the great honor which was to be theirs. Every city and hamlet, however small, was lavishly decorated in honor of the Heavenly Visitor. The Bishop contrasted the attitude of Ireland with the attitude of Russia where the main object is to blot out all religious feelings from the life of the individual and to leave him nothing to which he can cling in times of suffering and distress.

His Excellency concluded his interesting discourse by suggesting that a holiday be granted to the student body. This suggestion met with the consent of Mother Margaret and the immediate approval of the students.

P. O'C.

Our President, Mother Margaret Mary, wishes to take this opportunity, of the first appearance of Volume VII of "Inter-Nos," to express her interest in the scholarly development of the paper, and her appreciation of the efforts of the staff and contributors, who have given themselves unselfishly, to its cause. She urges a whole hearted support of the paper.

Mother Margaret, through "Inter-Nos", also expressed to the student body her good wishes for a happy and profitable year.

### November Thoughts

"Have pity on me, at least you, my friends." "Have pity!" As the heart cry of our departed comes back to us with each recurring year, does a whisper reach us of a small disturbing voice rising from our secret consciousness and asking, "Have I had pity?" Have my thoughts, my prayers, my sympathies been directed to the relief of those suffering souls, or has my devotion waned with the closing hours of November—the month dedicated to them in an especial manner, by the Church, their loving Mother?

Since God's inscrutable plan gives to the living the privilege of helping the souls of those who died in the Lord; since for the cleansing of the stains, which debar those holy ones from attaining their eternal happiness, Almighty God applies the prayers, almsdeeds and other expiatory works which we may offer; since, for the departed the time of self-help is passed, can we neglect to give them what to us costs so little, but to them, is a treasure of unending gain?

One moment suffices to offer for their relief the priceless gift of our daily Mass and Holy Communion, of the plenary indulgence attached to the Way of the Cross, or of the rosary, said in the presence of the

(Continued on page 2)

### Clio's Throne

It is an axiomatic truth that history is the oldest and wisest of teachers. Her lessons are based upon universal experience. They are substantiated by a multitude of facts and observations, and whenever the latter have been collected, sifted, and synthesized by some masterly hand, there is none to gainsay the philosophy that is in them or deny their utility and pertinency. So true is this, that as some men emerge from barbarism their first effort is to keep some record of the events that encompass them. In their uncivilized state rude mythological notions, the war-song or battle-cry, the notched club or hatchet, the funeral chant or hymn of victory, vitalize their knowledge of the past and their concern in it. With advancing culture annals come into use, and the simple but continuous chronicle. The records of what men held to be good or evil, of victory or defeat, of destructive natural phenomena, are of interest to the community henceforth, and as the same or similar events recur, there arises a dim curiosity as to the reasons for them, the connection of cause and effect, the influence of circumstances. As the social and political framework become perfect, other questions arise relative to the origin of old-time institutions, customs, and habits, until there is scarcely a phase of human life that does not engage the attention of mankind. In turn, all the great political systems bear public witness to man's respect for the teachings of Clio, and his instinctive craving to develop positive guidance and instruction from a comparison of the past with present. Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome have left on the scrolls of Clio the highest flowering of this genius. No nation of antiquity but has rec-

(Continued on page 4)



## EDITORIAL STAFF

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Asst. Editor .....	B. Brown
Asst. Editor .....	C. Kelly
News Editor .....	P. O'Connor
Business Manager .....	A. Rebecca

## FEATURES

L. Milligan, M. Solury, G. Gilson,  
B. Brown, P. O'Connor

## Editorial Comment

Laughter has more degrees than a thermometer. But for all its degrees you can laugh in just two ways—at a person, or with a person. The first never made a friend; the second never lost one.

\* \* \*

Someone has truly said that "to lose a friend is to die a little." When you think you are enjoying a laugh at someone else's expense you may find that laugh appearing again in your Profit and Loss Column when you next balance your friendship account.

\* \* \*

Friendship is the market place where two persons trade those qualities which give strength, happiness, and pleasure. When you laugh at a friend you cheat him in the market of friendship.

\* \* \*

Friendship is to give and take, but you cannot give your friends the worst of you and take the best of them.

\* \* \*

It is a good thing for us to praise our friends for their successes. Mark Twain declares that people talk a great deal about the weather, but nobody does anything about it. Our appreciation of our friends' qualities and achievements is often similarly inactive. We feel it but we say nothing about it.

\* \* \*

If you sometimes grow tired of the routine of study and have a strong desire to break away from it, think of this motto. It may help to get you over a rough spot. "The usefulness of a Postage Stamp consists in its ability to stick till it reaches its destination."

## "Le Miroir de Jesus"

A noteworthy event in the history of Mount St. Mary's College was the presentation of "Le Miroir de Jesus" at the Carthay Circle theater on October 26, 1932. This musical drama, written by the internationally known Henri Gheon and set to music by Andre Caplet is an interpretation of the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary. The music was supplied by a string ensemble and a Capella Choir under the direction of Amedee Tremblay and Jacques Jou-Jerville, and the Tableaux were staged by Lillian Fitch.

The program was divided into three cycles; Cycle I, "The Mirror of Joy," sung by Miss Anita Arnold; Cycle II, "The Mirror of Suffering," sung by Miss Alice Corbeil; and Cycle III, "The Mirror of Glory," sung by Miss Katherine Dwyer. Each mystery within the Cycle was concluded by a living tableau which was a reproduction of some painting of an old master. These living sketches carried the audience back in spirit to the days when the greatest drama of life was enacted—the life of our Lord.

Henri Gheon, the author of this production, is one of the group of authors who reunited the lyricism of the Middle Ages with the modern idiom. His "Miroir" is a gem of literary elegance. The three panels of the composition make a unique tableau, gradually shading from joy to sadness thence ascending to glory. Andre Caplet is undoubtedly the outstanding figure of musical mysticism on our contemporary scene. His musical development was matured and enriched by the World War, and his achievements have won great renown.

Musicians, artists, and all who appreciate the finer things in music were generous in their praise of this epochal masterpiece. It gave them an opportunity to enjoy the truly spiritual in modern music.

M. S.

## NOVEMBER THOUGHTS

(Continued from page 1)

Blessed Sacrament. An act of charity to the poor, an act of personal mortification; these and many other good works may be our answer to that cry, in which we ourselves may soon be forced to join.

"Have pity on me, at least you, my friends!"

S. M. D.

## Ex Libris

## "Pageant of Life"

By Owen F. Dudley

Thank you, Father Dudley, for not "letting us down!" As least you have not succumbed to the rather common occurrence of producing second-rate material after the roar of applause for your first work has somewhat subsided. And thank you, too, for another very lovable character to rank with Eric Esterton and Brother Anselm.

In Cyril Rodney of "Pageant of Life" is a personality so vital, so gripping in its awful yet tender intensity, and so attractive and human, yet so strangely detached, that he remains an enigma until the close of the book; even then, his character cannot be fully revealed. That sounds inconsistent; it is *not*! The story centers entirely about this shy, baffling figure that Father Dudley has chosen to represent that most beautiful phase of Catholicism, the Mystical. There is a girl, a very splendid girl; there is Anselm Thornton, the Brother Anselm of later days and previous books; but most of all, there is Cyril, whose life is bound up inextricably with the blood-stained Figure that once hung upon a cross.

I trust you will realize that all I have written so far is just a sort of veneer. You will have to discover for yourselves what lies beneath.

If I flung technicalities at you, you would not like it. Besides, you know, already, Father Dudley's deeply significant style, virile and modern. It is the same in this book, but this does not mean much when compared with the narrative. The revitalization of Cyril's life is a story for a better pen than mine to trace. Read "Pageant of Life", you will understand what I mean; and if you feel prone to criticize this review as lacking in all points usually attributed to book reviews, read "Pageant of Life" again, and you will understand what I mean. Incidentally, I think that you will look at the last pages with a slightly blurred vision not the result of deficient eyesight.

C. K.

(Continued on page 4)



## Carcassonne

*"I'm sixty years; I'm getting old;  
I've done hard work thru all my life,  
And yet could never grasp and hold  
My heart's desire thru all my strife.  
I know quite well that here below  
All one's desires are granted none;  
My wish will ne'er fulfillment know,  
I never have seen Carcassonne."*

Gustave Nanduaud.

This verse decided us to seek out this wonderful Cité, the only remaining example of a walled city of the Middle Ages; and the most perfectly preserved of the many fortress towns which once spread over France. Here romance flourishes and the pages of chivalry come again to life.

However, there was little romance in the disgruntled porters as they shuffled to the station after settling us in our compartment under dangerously burdened baggage racks; there was still less romance when, a few hours later, we stopped at a small station and the conductor poked his head in the door informing us that we were to leave our compartment and go to the dining car. This was accomplished by running along the station track in order to reach the diner before the train pulled off for the next station, because the cars on European trains are not connected as they are in the United States. Soon we were munching the cheese and the fruit that always concludes a European dinner. Suddenly we heard the loud voice of the station master call out, "Carcassonne." We hurriedly collected our baggage and alighted from the train just as it steamed off for other destinations.

Before our dazzled eyes appeared a quaint old city, whose winding streets and closely bending houses seemed to reecho the music and laughter of its former inhabitants. We passed over a drawbridge and under the only gate through which automobiles can enter—the Porte Narbonnaise. There was a certain joyous excitement in running up a fortified hill, in crossing a drawbridge, in entering a narrow port, set aslant through the great walls. We left the outer world behind us and entered a city of ghosts; a city which is as it was, in the days gone by—undisturbed by the rush and clamor and

excitement of modern life. Over the narrow, cobbled lanes Lords and Ladies, artisans, minstrels, and knights seemed to pass in gay review. The grim donjons, sturdy towers, and towering chateaux made of it a thing unreal; a city of the imagination; a fairy town; not a part of the prosaic world.

Far more picturesque than the modern city is the old town built on a height, and a picture of decay, with its double line of walls and towers, some parts of them dating from the time of the Visigoths. Between the double walls at one end of the Cité is the jousting ground where many a noble knight waged deadly battle; and overlooking the tournament field, are balconies which sheltered the gay and often anxious damsels of the court, as they encouraged, by smiling glances and excited mien, their favorite knight on the field of honor.

No other place is like Carcassonne. The high walls, the slate-topped towers, the river below, the Spanish mountains, the green hills, and the flat-topped pines merit for it the name of a "wonderful diadem of chiselled stone set in the forehead of the Pyrenees."

L. M.

## The Opera Box

"Lucia di Lammermoor" with Lily Pons! What could be more ideal? The youthful and slender Miss Pons brings to Donizetti's sad heroine a charm of appearance and a beauty of voice that would compare favorably with the composer's own dream of the Scottish maiden who loved, lost, and died in the long ago.

Because of her sincerity Miss Pons is able to invest Lucia with a spark of life and truth of reality which does not fail to inspire the hearts of the audience with a true sympathy for the unfortunate heroine.

Although Miss Pons has been with the Metropolitan but a few seasons she has gathered a large and enthusiastic following among lovers of music, and has taken her place as one of the greatest and most popular lyric-sopranos of today.

She has an unusually sweet and flowing voice and the clear, beautiful quality of her tones is not diminished

in the higher ranges. The mad scene was sung without any apparent strain and with perfection.

Miss Pons made her debut as Lucia and it would almost seem that she prefers this opera to the others sung every season. The music is very melodious and there are several arias which one is not likely to forget.

L. M.

## Do You Know?

That the Indians are the first true Americans.

That the Indians lived in log cabins long before the coming of the white man.

That James Fenimore Cooper's tales present realistic pictures of Indian life.

That over seventy-five percent of the Iroquois tribe is Catholic at the present time.

That the continental warfare between Indian tribes was over hunting grounds.

That the tepee, made of cloth over sticks, was the Indian's summer home, and the wigwam, made of skin both inside and outside, was his winter home.

That Hiawatha is pronounced Hi-a-wa-da and means "wide awake, never asleep."

That the Iroquois had more territory than Alexander the Great had in his great Empire. It stretched from central Canada to Louisiana; from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi River.

That the Indian awaited the return of the white man for over four hundred years; from the visit of Leif the Lucky to the discovery of America by Columbus.

That the differentiation of tribes was as great as is the differentiation between the Polish and the Chinese.

That the Indians were accustomed to adopt into their tribes captured women and children.

That the horse was unknown to the Indians before the coming of the white man.

That the phrase "feather in your cap" comes from the fact that the Indian boy earned the feather in his war bonnet by brave deeds.

That the Indian thought the white man's guns were sticks filled with

(Continued on page 4)



## Echoes

### A Prayer

Teach me, O Lord, to find Thee everywhere;  
In the silent grandeur of Thy mountains,  
In the iridescent spray of fountains;  
Let me glimpse Thy face in the ecstasy  
Of sunrise gleam and sunset glow. To be  
Able to see Thee—O Lord, hear my prayer.

Let me learn simplicity is best.  
The greatest beauty lies in the dew-blessed rose;  
On humblest hearths truest devotion grows.  
All joys, O Lord, are built on simple things.  
A loyal day with those we love—it brings  
True peace. It leads the way to Thee—and rest.

That I be merciful, Lord, I pray Thee,  
To the tiniest field mouse scurrying,  
To the daintiest butterfly hurrying  
In silken flight across a brilliant sky.  
If only a glow-worm or spider die,  
Compassionate, I beg that I may be.

B. G.

### Night

I love the lonely, rose-filled night,  
Where every star is a quivering light;  
Where ever the earth, the moon's soft glow  
Is warm like light from a lamp hung low;  
And through the air is the fragrant mist  
Of the rose and the dew in midnight tryst.  
The world is stilled in silence sweet—  
An echoing silence where lovers meet,  
'Neath the lacy shade of the bending tree,  
With the moonlight a fairy ecstasy,  
And the dew is like glistening pearls  
on the lawn,  
Flushing rose crystal in early dawn.

C. K.

### CLIO'S THRONE

(Continued from page 1)

ognized that among the sources of its power and the pledges of its duration, is the study of its origin and the vicissitudes of its social and political life. True, some nations, for example China, in its ancestor-worship, have carried this to exaggeration. Nevertheless, it is true that the highest exponents of social humanity have ever recognized the potent pedagogic influence of a study of the past.

The study of history furnishes the facts for the useful comparison of the present with the past that is the usual source of popular satisfaction or discontent. It develops the faculty of reflection, and gives a kind of easy, homely philosophy within every man's reach. It unveils the vast network of causes that determine the rise of some nations and policies, and the decay and downfall of others.

*"Here, preadventure on this mirror  
glassed,  
Who gazes long and well, at times be-  
holds  
Some sunken feature of the mummied  
Past,  
But often only the embroidered folds  
And soiled magnificence of her rent  
robe,  
Whose tattered skirts are ruined  
dynasties  
That sweep the dust of aeons in our  
eyes,  
And with their trailing pride cumber  
the Globe."*

—Frederick von Schlegel.

Clio exhibits to each the gradual formation of his country. She is the nurse of patriotism. Above all she shows us an overshadowing Providence, which everywhere draws good out of evil, or makes evil the bridge, the stepping-stone to good; which acts with a larger patience and surer knowledge than any poor generation of men can possess; which never fails to justify the righteous cause, and to brand with infamy all the monster iniquities that for a time walk shameless and triumph upon earth.

Thou art fair, O Clio! And from thy throne dost teach the lessons men must learn.

S. A. B.

### EX LIBRIS

(Continued from page 2)

### Hot Water

By P. G. Wodehouse

Read it! It is swift, sparkling, and immaculately funny.

Mrs. J. Wellington Gedge is Mr. Wodehouse's idea of the "dominating female." Riding securely at anchor beside her is Mr. J. Wellington Gedge, a superlative "Yes" man in Mrs. Gedge's presence. There is a French viscount whose vivacity needs no "bucking"; there is an American senator, a "dry," who gets his letters mixed and accidentally sends the complaint written to his bootlegger to Mrs. J. Wellington G., who in happier times was a professional black-mailer. Can you work that one out? Mrs. J. Wellington has some "ice" (definition—diamonds); Mr. Soup Slattery (that name has everything—charm, naivete) wants Mrs. J.'s "ice"; the senator wants his letter back; the senator has a daughter who wants to marry an author with a mustache; there is a young American millionaire who carried the pigskin for old Princeton—he wants to marry the senator's daughter, etc.

"Hot Water" is not a classic, but for one of those effervescent "bracers" that everyone needs occasionally it cannot be excelled. It will refresh you; it will not anesthetize you, as "funny" stories do at times.

C. K.

### DO YOU KNOW

(Continued from page 3)

lightning and called them thunder sticks."

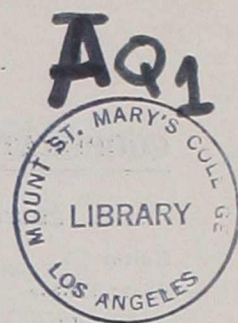
That the first Indian attack on the English settlements was incited by an escaped English prisoner who sought revenge.

These and many other interesting facts about the Indians we had the pleasure of learning from Chief Clear Sky of the Iroquois who visited us and spoke to the student body about his people.

B. B.



# INTER-NOS



VOL. VII., No. 2.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, JANUARY 24, 1933

## *Boost Your College During The Next Semester!*

### Higher Education of Women

In pre-Christianized society, the moral degradation of women had become a tradition and a habit. Christ annihilated those traditions and the Christianized communities abandoned them. The tyranny of the male sex was broken. Today individuals of the female sex must vindicate, each one for herself, the rights won for them by Christ, or they will individually slip back into the moral degradation. This seems to the writer the highest justification for the higher education of women.

Wander back through the smutty pages of history, and you will find no people, with the possible exception of the Egyptians, doing full justice to the personal dignity of women, until Christ exalted his Virgin Mother, leaving her an ideal for women to aim at, and the type of what men should respect. In the cradle of civilization, Babylon and Nineveh, voluptuousness was almost a cult, and systematic degradation of women began in early youth. Amongst the Hindus and Chinese there is apparent a superficial respect, but even there woman was always branded as a second rate human being, "an incomplete or mutilated man." Relics of such traditions still exert their influence amongst the Chinese today. With the Greeks and Romans, woman existed only for man, a condition idealized by Homer in his descriptions of marital love and feminine devotion. The Jews—despite the fame of Miriam, Deborah, Judith and the sister of Moses—granted women in general no greater rights than did the gentiles. By the time of Christ, the Jews had become a decadent race, and woman no longer held the position granted her from the beginning, "similis sibi" like unto man. As Christ declared: "Moses on account of the hardness of

*(Continued on page 3)*

### Symbolism in the Church

"Symbolism is poetry for it is the creative imagination at work. Its power to teach truth and to educate at once mind and heart is attested by the divinely inspired use of it in the doctrinal and moral books of Holy Writ."

—Dr. Hensen.

This short extract is sufficient to show that symbolism appeals to the spirit, and raises one above the material things which harass the soul; that divine sanction for the use of symbolism comes to us from the Book of books; and that it stirs the heart by the poetry of its suggestion.

From the very earliest records of the Christian Church in art, written for the most part, with graphic simplicity in the Catacombs, one finds symbols, or as I prefer to call them, bits of captive song or poetry. At first the symbols adorned the graves of the faithful buried there, but later, when the persecuted Church emerged from her under-ground hiding places, carvings and paintings, simple and often crude, but mostly symbolical in character, were the first adornments of her Churches.

An important reason for so general a use of symbols was the fact that many of the early converts of Christianity had been pagans and it was considered dangerous for the pagan mind, but imperfectly grounded in the new religion, to dwell upon pictorial representation. Another very important reason, is that which is known to writers on symbolism as the "Pagan-Christian Over-lap." This term is used to characterize those symbols borrowed from the pagans by the Christians, and used by them wither as protective policy in times of intense religious persecution, or after the fury of persecution was over, in an effort to win the idolaters, not by

*(Continued on page 3)*

### An Alumnae's Thoughts to Inter Nos

Dear Editor:

I thought a very passable thought the other day. Now, I know that INTER NOS has a tolerant, long-suffering capacity for the errors and vociferations of amateur thinkers. Without undue egotism, dear Editor, I may say that I contributed to the development of that capacity. In those, now distant, but happily remembered days, when I, distracted, helped pilot INTER NOS on its precarious road to campus institutionalism, it was my chief joy and compensation to cram into niches unoccupied by more worthwhile articles, little philosophical evaporations, and occasionally for the benefit of my colleagues, I would contemplate life with naive seriousness for the length of an entire editorial. It never occurred to me to attribute the painfulness of INTER NOS' struggles to these editorials. They satisfied my brimming soul. It was enough.

Well, dear Editor, I still have a brimming soul, but at this great center of scholarly specialization in which I mill about on frosty mornings, I am destitute of any vessel into which to brim, as it were. I read with jealous scorn the articles—the complacent brevities of another editor—in the campus daily and burn to spatter about again with pot and plume. But, I repeat, no tolerant literary publication stands ready to receive the dilettante's effusions. And, so with the images of "old familiar faces" in my mind, rendered more vivid by the happiness of recent holiday visits, I seek an audience once again in INTER NOS.

I began, did I not, by telling you how I was in jubilant possession of a thought. I was riding back to the north, God's paintings, may we not

*(Continued on page 4)*



## EDITORIAL STAFF

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 Asst. Editor ..... B. Brown  
 Asst. Editor ..... C. Kelly  
 News Editor ..... P. O'Connor  
 Business Manager ..... A. Rebecca

Father Vaughn, Sr. Ignatia  
 C. Kelly, L. Milligan, H. Geier  
 B. Brown, V. Konvicka

## Editorial Comment

The New Year is the time to make the "annual earthquake of house-cleaning." Most of us have, no doubt, made numerous resolutions for this coming year, but there is one which should head our list, "I resolve throughout the coming year to be an active member of the Student Spiritual Council."

\* \* \*

Many of us have been in Catholic schools all our lives, have had religion put before us, and have accepted it as a matter of course. But let us ask ourselves, just what do we do to further the cause of our faith, and to advance our spiritual welfare? Are we as active in spreading the kingdom of our Lord as His enemies are in destroying it? I wonder!

\* \* \*

When asked whether we are Catholics we are loud in our affirmation. Our faith is plentiful until it brought to test. But only when the test has been made can we be sure whether it is spurious or genuine. Don't let your faith be meaningless to you but make it a very part of yourself—an active part. We strive so diligently to attain our temporal welfare, should we not work doubly hard to attain our spiritual welfare?

\* \* \*

Rouse yourself to a spiritual consciousness! When a matter of religion is brought up, be a ready champion. Few of us realize what big things we can do if we try. During 1933 let us make Mount St. Mary's College a leader in spiritual affairs. Be present at Monthly Mass and Communion in spirit as well as in body; remember the Eucharistic Prisoner in the tabernacle and pay Him a daily visit. We don't all have tuneful voices but we may all have tuneful souls.

## Tivoli

The sun beat down with merciless heat as we jolted and bumped over a rough and dusty road on our way to Tivoli.

Tivoli, in olden days Tibur, is situated on the green and fertile slope of Mount Ripole, twenty miles east of Rome. It existed long before the advent of Romulus, and was taken by Rome in 335 B. C. Here Horace sought solitude and rest from the responsibilities and burdens of Rome; here Pliny, the Elder, admired the great beauty of splashing cascades and tumbling falls, and strolled down the cool, green, winding lanes. One wonders if either Pliny or Horace, in their morning rambles, sampled the grapes for which Tivoli is famous, and admired their firmness and ripe lusciousness.

At Tivoli we found the Villa d'Este, one of the loveliest and most perfect of the Italian villas. It was laid out in 1549 by Pirro Ligorio for the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este and from then onward it has served as a home for the family of Este, a family that equal in romance and glamor the world famed Medici.

This charming Villa has lovely terraced walks, which the myrtle, laurel, yew, and cypress transform into Gothic aisles of fragrant green; cascades and waterfalls, which for five hundred years have received their water supply from the River Anio.

It is not difficult, as one wanders along the shaded walks, cooled by the perpetual play of fountains, to live again in imagination those days of the past when cardinals in glowing red chatted with ladies in damask and silk, or rested in deep converse with gentlemen clothed in velvet.

We left the villa and Tivoli proper and wound our way to what remains of the beautiful summer palace of the Emperor Hadrian. This Roman Emperor had traveled far and wide and decided to build a palace which would bring back to mind the places which had pleased him most. His dream was realized in the Villa Adrian which covered several square miles of territory and is one of the most famous of the magnificent dwellings of the Roman rulers.

The sun was setting as we again  
 (Continued on page 3)

## Ex Libris

## "Obscure Destinies"

By Willa Cather

In Willa Cather's "Obscure Destinies" there recurs the same clear-cut detail and mellow smoothness of her former work. Subtly blended in, however, is something new, a quality of terseness found principally in the last of the three short stories brought together in this book. The first two tales, "Neighbor Rosicky", and "Old Mrs. Harris" are long, almost novellas. The third story is very short, almost not a story.

Characterization is Willa Cather's strongest point of defense (such defense as she needs!); the gentle charm and rugged homeliness of her style would save and make beautiful anything she wrote. It saves "Old Mrs. Harris", and "Two Friends"; it makes beautiful "Neighbor Rosicky".

Old Rosicky, by such title is he known, is an immigrant—the type Willa Cather knows so well; the type whose gnarled and wrinkled hands, whose strong, blue eyes with deep-grooved lines beneath, whose faith in God and devotion to his own fields of grain, imprint upon a page not black and white, but blue and gold and brown, a story that will not be erased until the brown of the soil merges with the gold and blue of the sky.

## "The Flying Carpet"

By R. Halliburton.

Do you take your travel straight, or with a little bit of this and a little bit of that, well shaken? However you do, you will undoubtedly enjoy "The Flying Carpet", by Richard Halliburton. An introduction to this young man is, I think, unnecessary. Perhaps you have heard him lecture, and perhaps you have watched the nervous play of his fine, sinewy fingers—fingers that with equal ease can grasp the pike of an Alpine climber, or batter the keys of a typewriter. If you have not actually listened to the crisp swiftness of his talk, you have heard, in fancy, his clipped phrases as you have turned the pages of "The Royal Road to Romance", or "The Glorious" (Concluded on page 4)



## Our Writers' Club

This is a story for those who would be writers in the years to come. First of all let me state that genius does not prompt this article, therefore there is hope for all of you timid people. Next, let me state that the good writers have much in common with each other. Each has a reliable dictionary, a large eraser, and a sharp pencil. Last of all, the aspiring young writers have strength. They need it to carry a line of direct attack into the enemies camp; they need it to defend their ideas against the world. In other words, you Freshmen and Sophomores, show your teachers something worth the time it takes to put it on paper and back up the ideas you have put forth.

It is to you, Freshmen and Sophomores, that the upper-classmen look to to carry on the work they are struggling to begin. Down in the lecture hall a writers club is meeting. Meeting informally, but with the spirit of comradeship and open-mindedness. The members are striving to help one another with clear, unbiased thinking. But they need the contributions and support of the lower classmen to help them and to give them the knowledge which they have acquired during their four years' studies. Let everyone interested in writing be present at the next meeting, armed with articles, both prose and verse, and spend a most enjoyable hour exchanging ideas with their fellow students. H. G.

TIVOLI

*(Continued from page 2)*

jolted and bumped over the Roman Campagna on our way, and as we entered the gates of Rome, and our thoughts wandered back to Tivoli, to Horace, the cardinals, lords, and ladies, who had sauntered through the gardens at Este; to Hadrian living amidst the splendor of his Italian palace, we realized how true it was that, "Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, To the last syllable of recorded time; And all our yesterdays have lighted for fools The way to dusty death."

L. M.

## Do You Know?

That if the death bed wish of Virgil had been respected we would not have the "Aeneid" as he commanded it to be burned.

That of all the branches of literature developed in Rome, letter writing led the way.

That Virgil has been universally hailed as the prophet of Christianity because of his "Messianic Eclogue."

That the Roman alphabet is not only the possession of the speakers of the New Latin, Germanic, and Celtic tongues, but is used by several of the Slavonic peoples, by the Hungarians and Finns, and by thousands of natives of Asia and Africa who never heard the sound of any European tongue.

That Plautus, the first of the Roman comedians, is the parent and source of all modern comedy in its many varieties.

That Cleo, the Muse of History, was considered the most important of the muses, and that history developed as an art and science, its followers being creators, not merely recorders.

That Cicero made Latin a universal language in which the whole range of human thought could find exact and noble expression.

That modern educators follow the same ancient principles expounded by Quintilian in his "Institutio Oratoria."

That no woman poet has ever reached the heights attained by Sappho in her lyrics written in the sixth century B. C. B. B.

## SYMBOLISM IN THE CHURCH

*(Continued from page 1)*

discarding every object associated with their former worship, but by giving to such pagan symbols a new meaning.

Farrer, illustrating this usage says, "No pagan symbol, therefore, better accorded with their (early Christians') frame of mind than that which represented the youthful Orpheus bending the listening trees and charming the savage lions by his celestial harmonies. It indicated Christ as the King of Love and Peace, as the Law of Life and the Harmony of the World."

S. M. I.

## HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN

*(Continued from page 1)*

your hearts allowed you to put away your wives; but it was not so from the beginning." With Christ came a change, but it was not a revolt. There was no universal demand for the rights of women. Christ granted that right; women were not forced to struggle. Women today must vindicate, justify those rights. Says Mary Wollstonecraft, "Men, not content with a degree of physical superiority not to be denied, endeavor to sink us still lower, merely to render us alluring objects of the moment; and women, intoxicated by the adoration which men under the influence of their senses pay them, do not seek to obtain a durable interest in their hearts, or to become the friends of their fellow creatures who find amusement in their society."

It cannot be denied that there is a physical and social pre-eminence of man, which connotes a corresponding subordination of the woman. But this subordination should not injure her personal dignity and independence. A citizen is not an inferior because he is subordinate to an official of the state, and woman is not inferior to man because subordinate. Nor is social life limited to the activity of the senses; indeed this is but the lowest form of social life. The distinctive characteristic of the human species is rationality and intellectual life, which in the Christian teaching presupposes a spiritual, immortal soul, and this characteristic is shared without essential difference by man and woman alike. Its activity must be equally fostered.

Cultivate the mind by intellectual knowledge, strengthen the soul by spiritual exercise, and woman will command the respect of man. Otherwise she will sink down to a thing of the senses, slip back to moral degradation. Sapienti sat.

—Father J. Vaughn.

"I'd rather be a beggar and spend my money like a king, than to be a king and spend it like a beggar."

"Character is what you think of yourself; reputation is what others think of you."



## Echoes

### Ode to Maecenas

Quintus Horatius Flaccus, at the beginning of his literary career, had the good fortune to enlist the sympathies of Publius Vergilius Maro, who did him the great service of introducing him to Gaius Maecenas, a wealthy Roman of cultivated literary taste.

Maecenas became the patron and publisher of the poetic works of Horatius, so we find the first of the odes, fittingly dedicated to him, with a delicate little tribute expressed in the first two lines.

In making the following abridged translation, I have followed the thought rather than the meter of the poet.

O Maecenas, scion of royalty,  
Both my guard and sweetest ornament.

Many there are who delight  
In gathering dust Olympian,  
Coursing swift in the race  
Spurning the goal which threatens,  
Wheels aglow with the heat.  
Men whom the noble palm  
Carries high to the gods  
Lording it over the earth.  
Some whom the changeable mob  
The citizens proud of Rome,  
Struggle to make their tools  
Through threefold political honors,  
Rejoice. Others who hide in their  
barns

The threshing floors so golden  
Of Libya; cleaving with joy  
To acres received from their fathers,  
Can never by Attalus' hoard  
Be driven to cleave as sailors  
The Myrtoum Sea, in a bark  
Fragile of Cyprian timber.  
Fearing the Afric's howl  
In seething Icarian waters  
Merchants longing for home  
Seek peace in the rural suburbs.  
Soon with vessels repaired  
They long for the wealth of the  
trader.

Many the camps enthrall  
Where mingled sounds of the trumpet  
With blasts of the horn in war,  
In war so dreadful to Mothers.  
My choice is the ivy green

Adornment of brows of the learned.  
It makes me as one of the gods  
Where gay and cool in the grove  
Are nymphs at play with the Satyrs,  
Who separate me from the herd  
If neither Euterpe forbids me  
Nor with Lesbian lyre attuned  
Polyhymnia turns not away.  
But if with the lyric poets  
You deign my name to emblazon  
Aloft on my head triumphant  
I shall carry the stars of heaven.

V. K.

### AN ALUMNAE'S THOUGHTS TO INTER-NOS

(Continued from page 1)

say,—red-gold sycamore and oak-covered hills, fleeting past my window. They signified transport from one situation to another, self-identity, the characteristics of one's own nature, are revealed in such transfers, and we know that the kingdom of our sway is indeed within. We carry that kingdom, or shall I say the burden of our own personality, wherever we go. Aye, it is just a little frightening to contemplate the truth that we have to live with ourselves all our lives; but a more significant thought is entailed. If that personality is so clinging, so independent, once formed, of place, it likewise can be so of time. It is the one possession with which we transcend life—which inevitably we take back to the Author of its being. "Be wise," those eternal hills, those turning plane trees said to me: "be wise, oh daughter of Adam, and keep the identity of that spark within, and the goal toward which it ever tends unsmothered by the debris of place and time." When time and place would tether the soul, recall to mind the splendid struggle of those lives who have been dedicated to the preservation of the freedom of the spirit, who in seeming subjection to a rule of minute detail, find transcendent freedom. Their lives indeed merit the words of Christ: They are the light of the world.

Dear Editor, if this little thought of mine strikes some harmonic note in your present mood, I am gratified, if not, I am grateful that you have borne with me.

H. V. S.

"To envy anybody is to confess ourselves his inferior."

### EX LIBRIS

(Continued from page 2)

Adventure", or maybe "New Worlds to Conquer," and in "The Flying Carpet" you will again meet racy talk, high tension situations, and ludicrously funny narrative. The "flying carpet" is an airplane, Halliburton's latest mode of travel—unconventional travel. The airplane is a colorful affair, in fact, it is practically all color—unconventional airplane! Simulating the richness of design and detail embodied in an oriental carpet, the delicately attuned machine carries Richard Halliburton on new adventures. Far into the upper regions, once, it takes its master and an oriental princess, and, again, its master and the chief of a tribe of head-hunters. Gracious courtesy is returned by gracious courtesy—Halliburton sleeps (?) in the chief's guest room which is profusely decorated with heads—real ones.

C. K.

"Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."

### To a Rose

Pale rose  
Whose unfolding bud  
Holds more of mystery  
Than all the temples of Cashmere  
What hand mixed  
The delicate colours  
That are yours?  
Did the overflowing treasures  
Of the celestial land  
Pour forth the molten metal  
That is your heart?  
And did that single drop  
Of precious Blood  
That fell upon you  
From His dear hand  
Change your pale world  
To one of glowing love,  
And bare the wonder  
Of your heart  
To Him?

C. K.

"Think then you are today what yesterday you were—tomorrow you shall not be less."

"He who lives but for himself lives but for a little thing."



# INTER-NOS

VOL. VII., No. 3.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, MARCH 24, 1933

## JOYOUS EASTER GREETINGS!

### Franklin Delano Roosevelt

The aftermath of the inauguration of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, seems to be a rather universal awakening of healthier sentiments than our prostrate United States has experienced for many months. Faith in our country, which is always followed by hope; joy in our country, which is a companion of charity, have raised their heads and taken heart again, as the budding spring flowers which have been crushed and bruised by the storm, look up and struggle in renewed vigor under the smiling influence of the genial sun.

The American Nation, after all, is a simple people; it realizes with deep feelings of gratitude that God, in His providence, has given us for our chief executive, a man whose living faith does not hesitate to utter belief in God and to express dependence upon Him for strength and wisdom in the fulfillment of the mighty task allotted to the president, by the people who voted him into office.

While Russia's seething unrest hisses against the Almighty those blasphemies of impotent pride, which disclose their parent, Lucifer; while Spain and Mexico war against religion; while Communism rumbles in its dark hiding places, the American Radio and the American Press, reiterate the satisfaction with which our people throughout the length and breadth of the land, heard and commented upon that same, direct, courageous and religious inaugural address, broadcast to us on the fourth of March.

Not only did our people listen and comment, but, we may well believe, their hearts joined in the President's prayer that God might bless our country and send directing grace to aid the executive, in an administration

(Continued on page 3)

*"Thy daemon (that's thy spirit which keeps thee) is noble, courageous, high, unmatchable."*

—Shakespeare.

Long and hot the road stretched away into the distance. Soft-grey dust, powder fine cloaked the plodding figures of a weary traveler and his beast; it covered the scanty shrubbery, and settled protectingly upon an indeterminate heap of something lying beneath the ragged shade of an ancient sycamore. The wayfarer came near. He looked and paused and looked again, curiously at first, then compassionately, for he beheld at his feet the prostrate form of a man, stripped of his clothing and sorely wounded. Kneeling in the dust, he spoke to the unfortunate one in kindly tones:

"Who hath treated thee so, friend?" Haltingly the reply came—

"I fell among robbers . . . who left me thus, stripped and wounded . . . half dead . . ."

"And hath none come this way to succor thee?"

"Yea. A priest, who seeing me, passed by . . . A Levite, too, approached . . . and passed by. And thou, who art thou?"

"I? Only a Samaritan. But I shall succor thee."

And the Samaritan bound up the poor man's wounds with gentle touch, pouring in oil and wine; then settling him upon his beast, brought him to an inn, and took care of him all the night. When morning came, the wounded man was better. The Samaritan went to the host and said:

"Take care of him." Then placing two coins in his hand, added, "And whatsoever thou shalt spend over and above, I at my return will repay thee." Whereupon, he went his way.

Christ Himself pointed out the way of service: the doing of good not to one's friends only, but to all of those

(Continued on page 4)

### Ancient Universities and Student Life

More than twenty-two hundred years ago, classes were being held and lectures were being given in the ancient universities, just as they are in the modern universities of today. These higher schools of antiquity were true universities, but the unity and formal organization of a modern university was wholly lacking. There were many well-known institutions of higher learning scattered from France to Syria and Egypt. The first and most important was the University of Athens, although the University of Rhodes, of Alexandria, of Tarsus, of Rome, of Constantinople, and of Berytus ranked among the foremost.

The studies pursued ranged from philosophy to mechanics, and included literature, rhetoric, public speaking, law, mathematics, astronomy, anatomy, medicine, and natural history. In some universities only two or three of these studies constituted the entire curriculum, while at the University of Alexandria, all but one were pursued.

The life and activities of the students and teachers, especially at the University of Athens, were in some phases quite similar to those today. However, with regard to sports, the situation was considerably different.

Sports at Athens were purely intramural. There was no expense necessitated by elaborate apparatus and equipment, because the students indulged in simple sports. Competitive footraces held between the students and the Alumni were the only exciting athletic events, other than the boat races held on the three festival occasions of the college year.

The conduct of the students in the classroom was not always exemplary. Professor Libanius has described it in no uncertain terms. He stated that

(Continued on page 3)



## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor ..... V. Konvicka  
 Asst. Editor ..... B. Brown  
 Asst. Editor ..... L. Milligan  
 News Editor ..... P. O'Connor

## FEATURES

Sr. M. Dolorosa, Sr. St. Francis  
 E. Larson, M. Conlan  
 M. C. Harding, C. Kelly

## Editorial Comments

How often have you not heard the quotation, "The Lord provideth and the Lord taketh away." What He provides is opportunity, and later when He sees you disregarding it He takes opportunity and everything else away.

During these four years of college life He is supplying you with ample means to make for yourself a niche in the gallery of life. Every day brings advantages to you and you alone can convert them into a means for attaining future success.

\* \* \*

Surely your Alma Mater means more to you than just the place where you come from day to day to acquire some learning. Why are students, capable and full of the push of modern youth, lacking in school spirit and content to sit peacefully by and criticise the lack of it in others? The college needs your support. Show that you appreciate the advantages which it offers you. Don't be a slacker!

\* \* \*

We wonder whether it was purely coincidental that Father Duce should donate to our library on the very morning of the quake, a set of books titled, "Earthquakes in Los Angeles." Was he dropping a hint as to what we could expect later in the day, or did the 'quake come as a surprise to him as it did to us?

## A Thought

Be yourself; think your own thoughts; speak your own words; achieve your own destiny; don't make yourself a mere imitator of somebody else. Some one has said "There are no two people alike; if there are, one of them is of no account."

## Florence

Firenze la Bella—Florence the beautiful. What title indeed could be more appropriate or more fitting for this loveliest of Italian cities? This city's name is derived from two Latin words, "florere" meaning "to bloom" and "flos" meaning "flower." It is a charming and beautiful place situated at the foot of the Apennines, in a valley bordered with gently sloping hills, covered with olive groves, orchards, and vineyards, and crowned with lofty pines—a city of beauty and of peace.

There is much in Florence that could be praised; its magnificent churches, the splendour of its palaces, the beauty of its art—but why spend precious words on what others have done to perfection? Rather let us mention the old world spirit of this charming city. Its narrow but clean streets, its quaint little shops which contain the beautiful leather tooling and the wrought silver for which this city is renowned, its historic guilds, its founding hospital with the Lucca della Robia infants enhancing the outer walls—those famous babies in swaddling clothes who have been reproduced time without number the world over—and finally, the Ponte Vecchio, the most unusual of the six bridges crossing the Arno, make it a medieval fairyland of beauty. The Brownings lived on the Ponte Vecchio over one of the many goldsmith shops during their stay in Florence. Here Elizabeth Barrett Browning composed her famous poetry and here she died, leaving behind her the Florence that she loved so well. Here Dante met his Beatrice and raised her to that pedestal from which she has never since fallen or been displaced. Here Savonarola swayed the hearts of his hearers with the strength of his sincerity and magnetic personality, and here too, he passed through his martyrdom of fire. It was in one of the palaces facing the Arno that Catherine of Sienna rested on her way to the Pope at Avignon—but memories of times long distant are multitudinous in artistic Florence—a city with a glorious past and an attractive present.

Moonlight on the Arno, slumbering

## Retreat

*Out of the depths of daily toil  
 My heart arose one day  
 And took unto itself sweet wings  
 And soared from earth away.*

Like a brief moment of calm in a long day of toil and strife, the three days of our retreat slipped away. As we knelt in the chapel with His Sacred Presence near, we could hear the soothing message of our Master, "I am calling, fear not."

Reverend Father Hugh Duce, S. J., our retreat master, guided us in effective prayer and contemplation, pointed out to us in what way our souls, and indeed, our very lives, could be raised to a greater love and service of our Creator. We renewed old promises, fought and conquered old temptations, and were purified in prayer.

The Mother of Christ was given us as a model after which to fashion our lives, since she represents the perfection that we are striving for in every phase of life. Just as children always have on their lips their mother's name, and in every danger and fear they cry out, Mother! so we also should have our heavenly Mother's name ever on our lips. At times of danger we should have recourse to her, because she desires to help and to save us, as she has saved all who have had need of her aid.

Formal reception into the Sodality was conducted as a concluding ceremony of the retreat. Eleven new sodalists were enrolled in the miraculous medal and pledged their allegiance to the society. If the fervor of these new members continues in the future as much as it has so far, we are sure of having whole-hearted support from them.

V. K.

palaces, graceful churches, a spirit of the Renaissance, all these spell but one name—Firenze la Bella.

L. M.



## S. S. C.

A renewed interest in the Apostolic Committee is the latest feature of the S. S. C. activities. Fifteen new teachers have offered their services in the districts of Sawtelle and Brentwood and much eagerness for aiding First Communion Classes is shown. The Apostolic Committee is composed of: Chairman, Kathleen Wehmeier, Assistant workers: Lucy Milligan, Virginia Konvicka, Jeanette Wittler, Gertrude Long, Marion Salury, Eileen Gerty, and Charlotte Bayley. In addition to the teaching of catechism this committee cares for the poor by the collection of food and clothing and aids the missions by similar work.

The Publicity Committee comprises: Chairman, Gertrude Long, Assistant Workers: Virginia Konvicka, Lucy Milligan, and Helene Breen. New posters for the bulletin board and articles and clippings of interest are among the duties which keep the artists occupied.

The Eucharistic Committee has for its chairman Patricia O'Connor. The main purpose of this committee is to promote devotion to the Blessed Sacrament by more frequent Communion.

P. O'C.

## ANCIENT UNIVERSITIES AND STUDENT LIFE

(Continued from page 1)

some students were constantly signalling back and forth about drivers, dancers, and horses. Some would count those who came into the room after them, while others chattered over chance subjects instead of listening to the speaker.

Memory training played an important role in the ancient university. The ideal professor was "a living library and a walking museum;" the actual professor was a man of wide reading with a well-stored memory and a few original ideas.

The professors subsisted solely on students' fees, and hence there arose an ancient classification of students as: golden, those who paid and learned; silver, those who paid and did not learn; and bronze, those who learned and did not pay. Bronze students were perhaps the most numerous.

When the professor was unsatisfac-

tory, failure to pay was a frequent occurrence. Students today are left little redress against incapable professors because the modern universities collect fees in advance.

The professors of the ancient universities represented all degrees of goodness and badness. Some were eagerly sought after; some were carefully shunned. The best example of popularity based on merit was Theophrastus, a successor of Aristotle. Two thousand students attended his regular lectures. Another professor of extraordinary merit was Posidonius of the department of philosophy at Rhodes.

Young men willingly traveled far to sit at the feet of this genius. His two most distinguished pupils came from Rome. They were Cicero and Julius Caesar. The first woman professor in history was Hypatia who taught the philosophy of the Neo-Platonic school at Alexandria.

With the exception of Plato's Academy the ancient universities were not coeducational. Plato, believing in woman's rights and emancipation, admitted two women to his Academy. They were the only coeds of ancient university education, and may be called the first in history.

Customs and manners may change, curriculums may be different, but the one and single concern of the University has come down through the ages—to impart knowledge so that the powers and faculties of man may be developed to their fullest extent for a useful and abundant life on earth and a glorious and happy life after death.

E. L.

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT  
(Continued from page 1)

which falls in one of the most critical periods of our history.

As a guide for our cooperation in the work of readjustment, no loftier inspiration could be found than that suggested by the President, himself, who, in the most solemn moment of his life, when, taking his oath of fidelity—on the old family Bible, laid his hand upon the lesson he would have us learn, "Faith, Hope and Charity, these three, but the greatest of these is Charity." (St. Paul, Cor. XIII, 13).

S. M. D.

## Stabat Mater

On Passion Sunday the A Capella choir of Mt. St. Mary's College assisted by the A Capella choir of Loyola University and under the direction of M. J. Jou-Jerville presented Pergolesi's arrangement of the beautiful hymn "Stabat Mater."

The authorship of this famous mediaeval hymn, describing the sufferings of the Blessed Virgin as she stood by the cross of Jesus, has been ascribed to many men. However, the two men most likely to have been responsible for the "Stabat Mater" are Pope Innocent III and Jacopone de Todi. Pope Innocent III has many supporters who have strong evidence to uphold their belief, but the consensus of opinion and of fact seem to place the honor upon Jacopone. Dr. Coles says of the hymn that it is "powerful in its pathos beyond almost anything that has ever been written," and Dr. Schaff maintains that "The secret of the power of the 'Stabat Mater' lies in the intensity of feeling with which the poet identifies himself with his theme, and in the soft plaintive melody of its Latin rhythm and rhyme, which cannot be transferred to any other language."

Because of its vividly epic and lyric character, the hymn has received multifarious musical setting. Of Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater" the German poet Tieck confesses, "I had to turn away to hide my tears, especially at the place, 'vidit suum dulcem natum'."

L. M.

## An Appreciation of Books

Little fragments of eternity, quietly ranged along the plain wall, you stand there unpretentiously in our home. Yet when the hand frees you, when the heart touches you, you break through the everyday prosy surroundings; your words lead us in a fiery chariot up from pettiness into the eternal. You neither urge, nor call, nor press your claim.



## Echoes

### Spring Again

They whisper, do the green stars,  
To brooks that laugh in their light  
That a lovely queen has stepped on  
earth

And spring awakes to the night.  
They whisper how she stoops to coax  
Each blade from the dampened earth,  
And grow to love her velvet fields  
That join in nature's mirth.

When the lilacs hear the quiet breeze,  
The song of the spring and stars  
They offer incense to the sky  
In a screen of silvery bars.  
The laughter fades from the joyous  
brooks  
That bear through the solemn night  
And slacken their pace to the mother  
stream  
To sigh at the wondrous sight.

M. C.

And now with level, disimpassioned  
eyes,  
I watch the goose that wings across  
the skies,  
No more the desolation of his call  
Brings bitterness, no longer do I share  
That gaunt hope far more empty  
than despair.  
The pain is gone. I do not feel at all.

M. C. H.

### Old Pewter

Pewter, dully gleaming,  
Is like the splash of moonlight  
On my neighbor's roof—

Pewter, burnished, glowing,  
Perfectly complements  
The deep color  
Of the blue night sky—

Pewter, silvery soft  
Against the shadows of the night,  
Is like the black and silver  
Of my lady's gown.

C. K.

### THE GOOD SAMARITAN

(Continued from page 1)

who are in need, and who come with-  
ing the range of one's limited ac-  
tivities. He left the world a legacy  
that was to last as long as time lasts,  
a legacy more precious because He  
personally headed the long list of be-  
quests—the legacy of the poor, the  
despised, the outcast. There were  
among those who lived when Our Lord  
was numbered among the malcon-  
tents of Jerusalem loyal souls in  
whose breasts burned the fire of a  
noble spirit, who turned to Him be-  
fore the eyes of all the jeering crowds  
to help Him in His need. Nineteen  
hundred years ago that was; and for  
nineteen hundred years the Catholic  
Church has borne aloft proudly the  
banner of social service; and has  
carried deeply engraven upon its  
shield the picture of the crucified  
Christ Who had set the example of  
service, and had received service from  
the few who were faithful to Him.  
Under the aegis of that banner, corps  
after corps of courageous hearts have  
trod the long, long road their Leader  
pointed out when He recounted to the  
lawyer who came to ensnare Him with  
clever questionings the story of the  
Good Samaritan, and closed with the  
injunction, "Go, and do thou in like  
manner."

It is inspiring to turn our thoughts  
back through the years and to read  
in the chronicles of the world's his-  
tory the glorious record of service  
which our fathers, and our father's  
fathers, have left to spur us on to-  
ward similar goals. Now our Holy Fa-  
ther, Pius XI has sounded a clarion  
call to his children throughout the  
world to gather in greater numbers  
around the standard of service; to en-  
list in a new Crusade, which will have  
for its object the alleviation of suf-  
fering and misery wherever and what-  
ever form we find it in; and the com-  
bating of that neo-pagan propaganda  
whose insidious influence threatens to  
undermine the foundations of society.  
He points out the need for the scien-  
tific study of sociology and of social  
service, and for trained workers in  
those fields when he says:

"Nowadays, as more than once in  
the history of the Church, we are  
confronted with a world which in  
large measure has almost fallen back

into paganism. In order to bring back  
to Christ these whole classes of new  
men who have denied Him, we must  
gather and train from their very  
ranks, auxiliary soldiers of the  
Church."

Social service, like any other work,  
has underlying principles and meth-  
ods, which we must study and under-  
stand if the work is to be done in a  
satisfactory and intelligent manner.  
In order to realize to the fullest ex-  
tent the complete significance of this  
apostolate we must be imbued with  
a deep seated consciousness of our  
ability to help share one another's  
burdens. We have all known "lone,  
lorn creatures" like Dickens' Mrs.  
Gummidge who were discontented and  
complaining until the shadow of a  
great sorrow transformed them into  
new beings, cheerful and helpful, sud-  
denly aware that they were living in  
the presence of a Power greater than  
their own, and that they had some of  
that Power within themselves. Such  
a transformation is illuminating be-  
cause it reveals the actuality of that  
dominant spirit which enables us to  
face the cruelest necessities of life  
with courage and energy; and en-  
courages us to "do noble things, not  
dream them, all day long."

S. St. F.

### Quotations for your Scrapbook

We have reached the foothills; the  
mountains are in view.

There's room at the top—and bet-  
ter company there.

Brains will put you on top—char-  
acter will keep you there.

Character is the only true diploma.  
The first Prize is Enterprise.

If you would get ahead, look ahead.  
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

Not a truth has to art or science  
been given, but brows have ached for  
it, and souls toiled and striven.

Nothing great is lightly won.

Not for school but for life we learn.

Who learns and learns but acts not  
what he knows, is one who plows and  
plows and never sows.

Virtue conquers all things.

Work works wonders.

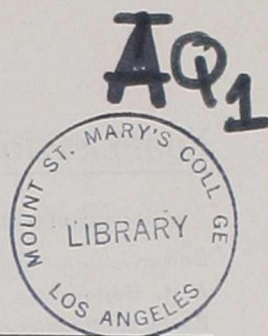
Honor lies in honest toil.

Give the world the best you have  
and the best will come back to you.

V. K.



# INTER-NOS



VOL. VIII., No. 1.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, NOVEMBER 15, 1933.

## COOPERATION LEADS TO SUCCESS!

### The Month of the Rosary

A wise and careful mother, constantly alert to her children's welfare, neither forces them to constant work, nor permits them unbroken play. She neither provides an unvaried diet of the plainest food, nor allows too many sweets and delicacies. Balance, a careful mean, is her rule in the guiding of the lives of her treasured little ones.

So our Holy Mother the Church, far sighted and loving, in her Liturgical year—her seasons of joy and sadness, of fasting and of feasts, ordains a mean for the children of her heart.

We are passing through the closing months of her Liturgical year. October with its beautiful devotion to the Rosary, feeds the soul with the Mysteries of the life of Christ, while we repeat the greatest of all prayers, and then call again and again upon God's mother to aid us in the hour when of all others we need the clasp of a Mother's hand.

The phases of the life of Jesus Christ, appeal to and satisfy souls according to each one's attraction. Lovers of St. Joseph feel drawn to the Joyful Mysteries, for in each of these we find him. Though in the first mystery, while the angelic salutation sounds, his shadow does not fall, still it is part of the mystery—the shadow of the Eternal Father.

His spirit certainly was present through the passion and the resurrection mysteries, and may we not believe the pious tradition that St. Joseph's body as well as his soul accompanied his Divine foster Son to Heaven, and greeted in the form she loved so well, his chaste spouse at the moment of her assumption?

Cherishing the Rosary, and realizing its great treasury of indulgences, Catholics find this devotion a spontaneous source from which to aid the

(Concluded on page 2)

### From an Alumna

Dear Girls:

When assured space within the exclusive confines of your columns I was at a loss for a subject on which to write, and straightway fell to dreaming of the "Hill"—of the beautiful memories of my college days, of the Sisters and girls I knew and loved, of the long walks we used to take, of the little chapel so white and peaceful. Perhaps the vagrant wanderings of my distant thoughts will be of little interest to you, who now walk the halls of learning that once resounded the clatter of my tapping heels—if so, there is always the handy and hungry waste-basket.

It happens, very often, that we take our—shall I say—blessings as a matter of course; we fail to recognize the worth of our daily, monthly, or quarterly publications. I am referring to no less journalistic endeavor than *Inter Nos*. A classmate of mine, here at the University of Oregon, was returning from a week-end spent in Portland, and while on the train she met Father Gabriel of Mt. Angel, Oregon—where *Inter Nos* is printed. My friend mentioned the fact that she knew a former student of a Catholic College, Mt. St. Mary's. Father Gabriel, whose official opinion is worthy of note, made the complimentary remark that *Inter Nos* is one of the finest examples of its size, of Classical scholastic journalism that he had seen. So now I am hurrying to contrive a little something for its classic pages.

Seriously though I have been thinking for some time that my adventures along rather a peculiar, but rather common mental lane might be of some benefit to those whose early training run along lines parallel to my own.

From my kindergarten days I have been accustomed to the tender solicitude and individual concern of the

(Continued on page 4)

*"The child is father to the man."*

Wordsworth.

A man of vision sees into the future and recognizes in the thoughtless boys of today, the leaders of tomorrow; visualizes in the joyous girls of the present the mothers of the future. Builders of empires concentrate on youth, for youth is an empire's foundation. If a nation is to be secure, let its youth be well directed.

Mussolini is organizing the youth of Italy into enthusiastic loyal groups of young Fascisti. These boys will carry his banners into the future. The excited youngsters of today will be his call soldiers of tomorrow. The Soviet regime is concentrating on its youth. Russia knows only too well that if her children are imbued with her teachings and deprived of a knowledge of God, a Godless generation will undoubtedly result.

In like manner the Catholic Church comes forward with a plan which will make the Catholic youth enthusiastic and loyal supporters—soldiers of the Catholic Church. Her plan is to offset the materialistic and pagan attitude of the world in general by the organization of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin—a sodality which is interested in the vital problems confronting the world today.

It has a twofold purpose—personal holiness and active Catholicity. The first is so strongly stressed because without love of God in himself a sodalist can do little to instill this love in others. Active Catholicity is a fit companion for Personal Holiness. It animates the student with a desire to do all in his power to propagate his religion, because the true sodalist lives his religion.

Youth, emerging from the training ground which such a sodality affords, is bound to be permeated with deep, invincible, and lasting principles of religion.

(Continued on page 3)





## COOPERATION

## LOYALTY

## SPORTSMANSHIP

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Sr. M. Dolorosa, C. Kelly, V. Ball  
L. Milligan, B. Brown, E. Gerlach.

### Editorial Comments

Each year during the month of November, our thoughts naturally revert to the holy Souls in Purgatory. With that thought comes still another—the frequent visits that we should make to our chapel throughout the day. We all enjoy having visitors at our homes, and just so does our Lord enjoy having his friends come in from time to time, to talk to Him, if only for a few minutes. There are so many, many things that we could tell Him—things that He is anxious to hear. This month with the thought of the holy Souls uppermost in our minds, let us spend a short while each day with our God Who is always waiting for us in His prison of love.

\* \* \*

Catholic schools and colleges have no other purpose than to spread Christ's kingdom. Realizing this it becomes obvious that whatever we do to further Catholic education we do to help spread Christ's kingdom here on earth. Wonderful opportunities are offered to us who are privileged to attend a Catholic college. The teachers laboring in these institutions have a personal interest in each and every student under their charge—they work not for what they get out of it but rather for what they can give to others. As students of Mount St. Mary's College we have a splendid opportunity to be Apostles in spreading the Kingdom of Christ by being wholehearted supporters and enthusiastic boosters of the higher Catholic education which we are receiving.

\* \* \*

While I was sitting in the library the other day, I chanced to overhear a conversation that went something like this: "Oh, yes, she's quite a person of note. Did you know that her ancestors came over on the Mayflower?" I couldn't help thinking that the family picture would be the best

place for those ancestors. Our pride should be vested in praiseworthy personal performance. It isn't the ancestral shadow that a person casts, but his own achievements, that make for him a place in this world. Register as more than a carbon copy.

### A Bakery Guild in Ancient Rome

Yes, Flavius, I belong to the bakery guild, the best one in Rome. Our goods are very fine, especially our cakes. You must visit me at my shop sometime. No, our union has higher ideals than to protect employees; we worship Vesta. Why, of course, journeymen and apprentices have very little to do with the control of the organization. The master does that, but we have no trouble. Certainly, the government watches trade guilds. They exist chiefly to mobilize industry for the army and the public works. Our chief official is a praetor, whom we elected last fall. Oh, yes, we have a wonderful hall for our feasts and meetings. Yes, there are a great many members in our organization. Most of the workmen in Rome belong to some college, if only to protect their rights. Certainly, I would like to see you. My bakery is on this street with all the other bakeries. But I must go now to hold the banner in the festival today. Vale!

V. Konvicka.

### THE MONTH OF THE ROSARY

(Continued from page 1)

Holy Souls in Purgatory, whose month we now celebrate at the close of the Liturgical Year. Let us not neglect them, and they, confirmed now in charity, will pour from the fountain of their love for God, overflowing graces upon those whose prayers are bringing them nearer to the object of their love.

S. M. D.

### Scistis?

That Cicero was known as "The most tender hearted" of Roman public men in his day.

That wagons, according to Caesar's Municipal law of forty-six B. C. were not allowed in the city in the daytime. Do you know why?

That the first way of telling time in Rome was by the sun dial, imported from Catina, Sicily.

That the money lenders of Rome did an enormous business.

## Between Two Covers

### "Gipsy Wagon"

By Sheila Kaye-Smith

*"I will gather and carefully make my friends*

*Of the men of the Sussex Weald,  
They watch the stars from silent folds,  
They stiffly plough the field."*

—Hilaire Belloc.

Sheila Kaye-Smith knows "the South Country," knows Sussex farm life as intimately and as sympathetically as our own Willa Cather knows American rural life. I like to link the two authors, perhaps the foremost women writers of our time, each with fresh, lovely stories to tell, each telling her stories in her own way, yet each astonishingly similar to the other. In "Gipsy Wagon," Sheila Kaye-Smith traces the history of a Sussex ploughman, through the years from 1924 to 1933, during which time he becomes no longer a ploughman, but a wanderer, with his wife and three children, in a gipsy caravan. Fred Sinden, a ploughman, as had been his father and his father's father, belonged to a sort of aristocracy of the land, rather than to a landed aristocracy. He married Ivy and together they lived in the cottage that "seemed asleep under the trees, resting among them as if it felt the comfort of their sheltering strength." In the winter their first child, a boy, was born. Agricultural problems, that in previous years had been gaining disastrous momentum reached a near climax. "The year that followed brought a kind of slow fading and changing—agricultural life was losing its substance and becoming a dream." In January of 1930, Fred Sinden's farm was offered for sale. "It shouldn't ought to be, he told himself. A working man with three children had no business to feel afraid and awkward before the world." He rented a gipsy caravan at a shilling a week; shortly afterwards, he bought the caravan and horse outright for thirty pounds. The following years witnessed Fred in a new capacity. In seven years the agricultural aspect of England had changed from one of waving wheat fields, to one of hop

(Continued on page 4)



### Good St. Anne de Beaupre

*"To that shrine most holy  
For two hundred years  
Towards Mary's sweet Mother  
The pilgrims' bark steers."*

How many times throughout the year do not the words of that oft repeated hymn pass through the minds of those who have been privileged to go as pilgrims to the shrine of Good St. Anne? One can only attempt to picture the beauty, the tranquillity, and the awe-inspiring grandeur of this famed shrine—the peace and comfort which enter into the soul are something which mere words can never express. It is one of the many gifts of the Mother of the Immaculate Child in whose pleading power she shares.

Situated in the quaint, delightful village of Beaupre, overlooking the broad St. Lawrence river rises the Romanesque Basilica erected in honor of the Patroness of North America. Here pilgrims flock from all parts of the world to kneel at the feet of the grandmother of their Lord. Her statue stands on a high pedestal at the extremity of the middle aisle, and looking up into her kind face, the suppliant can almost hear her say, "I am happy that you have come. Your faith shall not go unrewarded."

From the early hours of the morning until the still dark hours of the night a steady stream of troubled souls files before this powerful intercessor. It is awe-inspiring to watch the same persons come, day after day, pleading, begging favors from St. Anne; and then to see these same persons leave. Not always are their bodily ills cured, but their souls are purged, and they stand in the sunshine of resignation and of peace.

Probably one of the most impressive sights which greets a visitor to Beaupre, is the celebration held annually on the feast day of good St. Anne. During the day Masses are celebrated and Communions distributed from 5 o'clock until the noon hours. Services are conducted in the afternoon, but the crowning event of the day is the procession which assembles as the shadows of evening begin to deepen into the black of night. Twenty-five thousand pilgrims carrying lighted tapers, hundreds of clergy robed in

flowing white cassocks, and numerous little altar boys wend their way along the hillside to the right of the basilica. Along the winding road at regular intervals are life size statues of the Passion of Our Lord, and it is not infrequent to see men and women lifting pitying eyes of love to meet the gentle eyes of their suffering God. The air resounds with voices singing the praises of the beloved patroness of this holy shrine; a person is brought to feel that he is standing near the very threshold of heaven. Slowly the thousands wind their way back to the Church. Inside the confines of the Basilica the mighty organ peals forth the strains of the "Magnificat," and soon every voice and heart is raised in praise of the Creator. It is on this day that St. Anne is most generous with her favors, and the cross of suffering is lifted from many a weary shoulder. Many times as one gazes sympathetically on the deformed body of some more unfortunate fellow-creature, a prayer wells up in one's heart,

*"Behold! here lies a cripple weak  
and helpless,  
The sceptic sees his heart is filled  
with grief,  
Cure him, St. Anne—his case to me  
seems hopeless  
He walks—O God!—In Thee I now  
believe."*

V. Konvicka.

Have you ever wondered just what makes the twinkle of the fireflies when you watched them in the dusk? Scientists have wondered also and have drawn a few conclusions from their studies. This strange ability to shine in the dark has evolved from one of the reactions that underlies ordinary respiration. Instead of giving off carbon dioxide in breathing, a substance called "luciferin" evolves and when it reaches the air it glows. Fireflies are not the only organisms that possess luminescence—the capacity is scattered all over the evolutionary family tree.

B. Brown.

### OUR YOUTH

(Continued from page 1)

The Church is looking toward you, the women of tomorrow, to be active exponents of Catholicity today and in the future day. Support her program!

L. Milligan.

### To John Steven McGroarty

California's golds and blues  
Greens and scarlets  
He makes his favorite colours;  
Playing reverently, he merges  
Them into a lovely thing,  
A Mission Play.  
Against the sombre brown  
Of the Franciscan's habit  
He plays a melody  
That tingles and flashes  
To the measured swing of  
A black uniformed,  
Red-sashed hidalgo;  
To the rhythmic grace  
Of a senorita  
Whose dark hair gleams  
Through the white lace  
Of her mantilla.  
Above the mission tower  
The sun rises;  
Across the blueness of the  
Peaceful waters  
Lies a path of molten gold;  
Across the transept  
Of the chapel  
Gleams a shaft of sparkling  
Sunlight.  
There is the steady, busy  
Murmur of low voices,  
Here the tenderness of a  
Brown-robed father's hands;  
There the radiant, smiling  
Eyes of a neophyte.  
A lesson of love is taught,  
A Latin office is chanted,  
A mellow Angelus is rung,  
Then, day is over.  
He shows us evening  
When above the purple sea  
The sky is  
Shot with gold.

C. Kelly.

### Unter den Linden

Es ist abend. Erloschen ist das letzte Gluehen der scheidenden Sonne. Vergeblich versuchen die kleinen Sternlein den Himmel zu erheitern. Weichen muessen sie dem mannigfaltigen Schimmer der kuenstlichen Lichter, die mit ihrem Glanz die Nacht zu einem andern Tage verwandeln. In Berlin, Unter den Linden, faengt es an zu wimmeln. Buntgekleidete Damen begleitet von befrackten Herren wenden ihre langsamen Schritte durch die geschmueckten Alleen. Im Klange der Feldmusik bewegen sie sich majestaetisch. Sie plaudern, nicken und

(Continued on page 4)



## Seasonal Delights

I love the green and golden dawn,  
The mists that from the jasper sea  
arise,  
The fountain's emerald gossamer  
gown,  
I love the tumbled clouds in sapphire  
skies,  
The scents of heather on the downs,  
Of pine and fir, of rose that lies  
Near the Spring-touched willow tree.

I love the fern-deep trail that leads  
Thru heavy-scented, sun-drenched  
woods of birch,  
The bluff where gray, gnarl'd cypress  
bends.

I love the cosy nook where robin lurks  
The place where blossoms lend  
Their vivid flowery blush unsmirched,  
And the cool breeze's brief caress.

I love the clear and rose-like morn,  
The rush and gush of biting, whirl-  
ing winds,  
The sting of rain, the trees forlorn.  
I love the wild surf's stinging spray,  
the vine  
Bereft of leaf, the vaulted sky adorned  
With icy, crystal, brittle stars that  
mourn,  
And the frosty moon that shines.

I love the ice that hangs upon  
The eaves like glitt'ring silver lace,  
The mad wind rushing on.  
I love the falling snowflake's lithe-  
some grace,  
The row of lilies white that on  
My window pane the frost hath placed,  
And the velvet tulip's cupped face.

V. Ball.

## "GIPSY WAGON"

(Continued from page 1)

vines, to one of grazing land, to one of fruit-growing expanses, and Fred was essentially a ploughman, a master of one trade and jack of no others. However, he now made more money than he had at plowing. Between Ivy and himself, they had about three hundred pounds a week; his children went to school rather regularly; they were well-dressed, well-fed, and the outdoor air in which they lived was very beneficial. "The ghost of a ploughman walked ahead of him over the ghosts of the furrows. Then the sun dipped behind the hedge and the shadows were lost in twilight."

This novel is not the distinctly Catholic novel that "Shepherds in Sackcloth" was, nor the very definite Anglican High-Church novel with a decided Roman trend that "The End of the House of Alard" was. In fact, it is not religious, nor is it political, nor is it even social. It is, rather a kind, respective, sympathetic unveiling of the heart of a simple man of the soil; it recounts the passing of the squire and the yeoman, and the advent of the retired professional man with perhaps a "Sir" before his name, and a "Bart" after it. There is nothing unkind nor harsh, but there is something sad and infinitely pitiful, like, "The ghost of a ploughman walked ahead of him over the ghosts of the furrows."

C. Kelly.

## UNTER DEN LINDEN

(Continued from page 3)

laecheln so lieblich und traulich, dasz es eine wahre Freude ist. Die Nacht ist herrlich. Nichts scheint hier Unter den Linden dem Gluecklichen zu fehlen. Seit den guten, alten Zeiten wie viele andere Menschen, andere Trachten, andere Klaenge und andere Sitten rauschten hier an dem Beobachter vorueber, und ich frage unwillkuerlich wie lange dauert das Glueck der Gluecklichen Unter den Linden?

Jedes Staedtchen, jedes Dorf, auch noch so klein hat seine "Linden." Die Gluecklichen finden sie.

Wollte Gott, das sie stets nur Glueckliche beschatteten.

E. Gerlach.

## FROM AN ALUMNA

(Continued from page 1)

good Sisters in all matters that had to do with my education, so it was but natural that in taking up my post-graduate work at the University of Oregon I should expect to be at somewhat of a disadvantage under the changed conditions and different atmosphere of such a large institution. Also I seemed to have absorbed the idea that a religious training was looked upon by most secular professors as being superfluous and a waste of time. As a matter of fact, nothing could be further from the actual

conditions. It has been my experience and the experience of others that religious affiliations and training—or lack of them—does not enter into the calculations of those who are responsible for education here. Among the many pleasant things I have found at the U. of O. are: a respect of the opinion of others, an earnest desire on the part of the faculty to render assistance to students, and—best of all—a student body composed of men and women trying to make their grades, live on \$1.57 a week, and harboring the pathetic illusion that perhaps, someday, they will get a "job."

Always,

Mary Virginia Bryan, '32.

## A SIMPLE SUCCESS PROBLEM

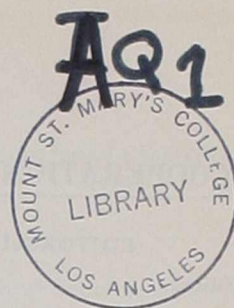
Desire -|- Perspiration -|- Faith  
=Realization.

## A Stout Heart

If men were called to face the work of a whole life at any moment, the strongest, man would fail; but because that work is divided into fragments, the weakest man, if he have courage, is able to carry the load. A stout heart in the old sense of the words, is one of the best gifts—the temper which disposes one to be cheerful, hopeful and buoyant, which refuses to see the dark side of things, to feel the oppression of work, or sit down under the shadow of possible calamities. A stout heart is much more than a cheerful disposition. It is a temper born of faith that there is a God, and that He is taking care of His own. This does not mean that He shields them from great sorrows, protects them from great adversities, or relieves them of great labors. It does mean that He is able to turn all these great and arduous experiences into sources of strength; it does mean that the toilsome road ends in a glorious outlook; that the darkest night has its dawn and the hardest life its beautiful and eternal consummation. Trials and labors, however, overshadowing and severe, can come to us only a day at a time. We are never called to meet them all at once. As the manna was renewed every morning for the need of those that hungered, so is the Divine strength renewed every day to those who look to that strength for their support and guidance.



# INTER-NOS



VOL. VIII., No. 2.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

Los Angeles, February 15, 1934.

## How Shall We Educate Our Daughters?

We face today one of the most critical periods in the history of the world. And besides our personal difficulties we are confronted with a signal danger to our American girlhood—the danger embraced in an education without firm grounding in the principles of authentic Christianity.

How are we to keep their heads clear amid the disorder of so many false theories shouted from our house-tops? How are we to guard against such evils, our young girls—those to whom, as future wives and mothers, our country's hopes are inevitably committed? The problem taxes the wisest of us today.

When the mother and father have done all that they can do in the home, there is a further strong shield to interpose between these buds from the hand of God and their present-day perils; an armor that will defend them against what they must so soon face in the world, alone. And that shield and that armor is a complete and not a truncated, or partial Catholic education.

Such an education means the fortifying of these young minds and hearts with true views of life—not their weakening with the false views that permeate so widely our non-Catholic halls of learning.

A Catholic education inculcates an adequate estimate of the meaning of our civilization because there can be but one correct estimate of a civilization rooted in and sprung from Catholic origins. It means for its pupils a generous pride in that unexampled story of the authentic Christianity which is their own Catholic birthright—a story concerning which the most ambitious of our sectarian and mis-called non-sectarian teachers, are so distressingly ignorant. Only a Catholic education stimulates the interest of its scholars in those incomparable monuments spread along the highway of Christianity with which

(Continued on page 4)

## A Poet's Mother

While much has been written about the bond of sympathy that existed between Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy, little has been said of the lasting influence of the poet's mother who once remarked that the only one of her five children about whose future life she was anxious was William.

We learn of this remarkable influence from Wordsworth himself who tells us in "The Prelude" that the "mute dialogues" held with his mother's heart, as a babe, had trained his sensibility and endeared all life to him. Notwithstanding that Wordsworth's mother was taken from him in early years, and though as a result his mind was troubled with something he could not quite understand, he was not forlorn:

*"The props of my affection were removed,*

*And yet the building stood as if sustained*

*By its own spirit! All that I beheld  
Was dear, and hence to finer influxes  
The mind lay open to a more exact  
And close communion."*

Concerning the dawns of his infant life, Wordsworth inquires, and interprets with reverence. He traces the very dawns of his "being's earthly progress," and every note of this inquiry thrills with spiritual music. His first and dimmest physical sensation, whether sleeping or waking had to do with the arms and eyes and breast of his mother. And this dear presence associates itself with every object of Nature that attracts his childish interest. If he points to a bright flower that his tiny hand is too weak to pluck, the Mother's hand secures it for him, if he is shocked by marks of ugliness, pain, or horror, the Mother's eye of tenderness and pity mitigates the evil. So, strange inmate of this strange universe, step by step, he feels his way into its joys, its sorrows and its mystery, under the guidance of love; and as a result never in

## A Thought for the Month

Two turtle doves, His ransom—the ransom of the poor, yet He was the Son of the greatest King that ever was, or is, or shall be; the Son of God, Lord of Heaven and Earth.

Two turtle doves, so pure, so innocent and helpless. He, too, Whom they redeemed was pure and innocent and in appearance helpless to rebel against the offering of the poor, yet all creation was subject to Him, and when He wills He shall change His creature, water, into wine.

Two turtle doves, the ransom of the poor. Because from all His creature subjects, He chose poverty as the companion of His life, the poor throughout the ages keeping in mind their leader, have come to sanctity.

The casual visitor to the temple, that day, may have turned in scorn from the little group which bore the offering of the poor; but Simeon's aged eyes were keen from longing and from contemplation of the things of God. Gladly rings out his "Nunc Dimittis," as he presses to his heart, the Light of the Gentiles and the Glory of Israel.

S. M. D.

## Vision of the Wounds

Two Hands have haunted me for days,  
Two Hands of slender shape,  
All crush'd and torn, as in the press  
Is bruised the purple grape;  
At work or meals, at prayer or play,  
Those mangled Palms I see,  
And a plaintive Voice keeps whispering:

"These Hands were pierced for thee!"

For me? sweet Lord! for me?

"Yea, even so, ungrateful thing!"

These hands were pierced for thee!"

the future can he separate his impressions of outward objects and human experiences from associations of these infant years and this tender Mother.

S. M. de L.



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## Editorial Comments

We hear much these days about Catholic Action. One of the best means by which we can join in this widespread movement is by cooperation with Catholic editors in their endeavor to develop a virile Catholic press. No Catholic girl's education is complete unless she has familiarized herself with the books of Catholic authors, with the articles contained in Catholic magazines and papers. We should spread the faith by helping the Catholic Press which is, as Pope Benedict said, "an effective auxiliary of the Pulpit in spreading the Faith."

\* \* \*

"Nothing lifts the spirit more than a song, especially the inward song of a worker who can sound it alike at the beginning of his task, in the heat of midday, and in the weariness and cool of the evening."

\* \* \*

It is often that we hear our school mates remark how careless they are about saying their morning prayers. Why is it that we forget them so easily? Is it because we underestimate our spiritual weakness? The girl who kneels down and says her morning prayer guards against temptation, heads off the noon-day demon and provides the happiest of evenings. Sincere words addressed to God as the day begins sweeten and lighten every hardship which might assail us throughout the day.

\* \* \*

"Tomorrow's fate, though thou be wise,  
 Thou canst not tell nor yet surmise,  
 Pass, therefore, not today in vain,  
 For it will never come again."

\* \* \*

Think then you are today what yesterday you were—tomorrow you shall not be less.

## Between Two Covers

## "One More River"

By John Galsworthy

"Greatness, and dignity, and peace, and the greatest of these is dignity." From "Cavalcade", by Noel Coward.

In point of chronology, "One More River" completes the first trilogy of what Galsworthy most probably meant as the beginning of another saga. Critical opinion states conclusively that this new series of novels could never have compared favourably with the "Forsyte Saga," but as a picture of contemporary English upper middle class society, it is a moot question whether any other modern English author could have drawn it so clearly.

"One More River" is essentially a religious novel, that is, religious in the English conception of religion, a conception embracing as its dogmas "doing the decent thing," "not being a cad," and "playing cricket." Probably nowhere else in the world except England do the rules of a game assume the proportion of a national code of ethics.

With the action centering around the brilliant conversation of Sir Gerald Corven's suit for divorce from Lady Corven, nee Clare Charwell, the plot advances swiftly and it is lacking in Galsworthy's dignity except where it touches characters of the past generation, or when it throws an aura of peace about the 'Botticellian' features and loyal soul of Dinny Charwell. Superficially the book deals with a part of Clare's life; essentially, it is the further unfolding of Dinny's story. Dinny Charwell dominates every page; she is the centre of each bit of action; it is she upon whom her father, the General, and her mother depend to take care of Clare's case; it is she upon whom Clare relies, though in the modernity of her manner, she does not admit it; it is to Dinny that Clare's lover, Tony, comes, as does also Sir Gerald Corven, he who raised his riding crop over Clare; to Dinny comes the Honourable Eustace Dornford, and offers her his love; Dinny marries Dornford, having for him something akin to love, something

## Our Alma Mater

Out of the fog rises the imposing structure of Mount St. Mary's College, a ship of knowledge and a fountain of Christian principles. Standing in a setting of shrouded mountains and curtained valleys, it overlooks the city of Los Angeles which appears like the continuance of the great Pacific, because of the low-hung veil of mist which overshadows it. To the right are the Catalina Islands and Palos Verdes, seemingly just dark clouds on the hazy horizon. The damp breeze permeates the air with the tang of the sea. Whiffs of fog curl and twist past the opened windows.

But the picture changes as the heavens part. The sun has come forth. The mountains are covered with deep green vegetation, from which spring yellow-leaved trees. Brightly colored asters and roses grace the terraced gardens surrounding the buildings. A panorama which comprises the Santa Monica Bay, the San Pedro Hills, Signal Hill, and the city with its towering civic hall and well-planned residential districts, touched with golden sunshine, and encased in blue sky and downy clouds, spreads out like a skillfully woven tapestry. Is it not an interesting view that our college commands?

from which love will come eventually having for him respect and trust.

'Very young' Roger Forsyte, the last of the Forsytes, serves as legal advisor to Clare. It is a pleasure to meet again one who has in his nature that which is inseparable from a Forsyte. It is a pleasure, too, to know more fully Dinny Charwell, most loving keeper of Condaford Grange, its house and lands and all its holdings.

It is with a feeling of slight disappointment that one reads of Dinny's marriage to Dornford. Dornford is a Catholic; Galsworthy's treatment of him is quite honest. It is Dornford who is not absolutely honest with himself. Dinny, who is all honesty, and loyalty, and frankness should never have been cheated, even just a little, by marrying him. In people like Dinny rests the fulfillment of Noel Coward's toast to England, "Greatness, and dignity and peace."

C. Kelly.



## Bruges Le Morte

*"In the market-place of Bruges  
Stands the belfry old and brown;  
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt,  
Still it watches o'er the town."*

—Longfellow.

But seen thru a dampening mist of rain at five o'clock of a cold afternoon, no belfry, however romantic, can exercise much appeal to the imagination, hampered as it is by such inauspicious climatic conditions. Our first view of Bruges was somewhat disappointing. However, the following day dawned bright and clear as did all the days thereafter.

It has been said concerning that Belfry standing weatherbeaten and majestic on the south side of the market-place, "For six hundred years this Belfry has watched over the city of Bruges. It has beheld her triumphs and her failures, her glory and her shame, her prosperity and her gradual decay, and, in spite of so many vicissitudes, it is still standing to bear witness to the genius of our forefathers, to awaken memories of old times and admiration for one of the most splendid monuments of civic architecture which the Middle Ages has produced."

In Bruges where all is slumber one thinks of the past, for the past is ever present. The narrow, ill-paved streets with their curious houses, a mixture of gables, towers, and minarets, the lichen-stained and crumbling walls, the lime-bordered canals, the tree-grown quays, and countless picturesque bridges and shrines are all enshrouded in stillness and peace. This deep silence is broken only by the chimes which ring out every quarter hour from the huge Belfry standing guard over the town.

But this was not always so. About thirteen hundred A. D., Bruges boasted of a population estimated at about two hundred thousand people. "The town presented an animated and prosperous sight. The markets, streets, and quays were thronged with crowds of busy people of all nationalities and of all classes, while a great number of the principal merchants came to Bruges from all parts of Europe. It was here that the battle of commerce was fought. Here were to be found those who bought hemp, Dutch flax, English wool, Spanish skins, Italian silks, the

## The Roman's Creed

"Do not put off until tomorrow what you can do today"—a modern application of an ancient Roman ideal. The man, the sovereign of the family, formulated it and excepted no one from obeying it. He performed his own actions with energy, courage, firmness, and labor, always respecting his gods, his country, and his family, and not ignoring his ancestors. Obedience and submission were his sentiments toward law. We have read about the industrious 'agricola' and the staunch 'miles' but their simple life was common to all. Even the wealthy were models of industry who gathered their honey every day. Cato did not approve of any slack in work, whether a feast day had come or an augur had something to forecast. He should be able to employ everything towards financial ends. This custom applied so well that even usury became a popular practice. The father was successfully established in society if he was a seller and not a buyer. He had the control and his powers over his own family were almost unlimited. These ancient Romans were not very free, for they seemed to be overburdened by the sentiment of duty.

V. K.

sheeting and cloths of Brabant and of Flanders, the wines of France, Portugal, and Greece, the ironmongery and hardware of Germany, and a multitude of manufactured articles of horn, ivory, glass, and iron.

It was then that Bruges was "the Venice of the North", the market-place between Novgorod and the east, the capitol of the Hanseatic League, and the busiest and most important port in Europe.

The decline came with the breaking up of the League and the silting of the river Zwin. The town has shrunk to half its former size, and has only a quarter of its medieval population. No longer do lofty galleons, overflowing with the riches of Spain, sail majestically into port. No longer do argosies laden with treasures from the East lie in rest at the quays. Gone is her former grandeur—nothing remains but the skeleton. True indeed is the saying "vanity of vanities and all is vanity"—such is the glory of mankind.

L. Milligan.

## Pompeii

About two hundred years ago when certain men were making a tunnel to carry spring water from the hills, they discovered some blocks of stone covered with Latin inscriptions. Thus the excavating began at Pompeii, which had been buried by Vesuvius in 79 A. D.

This was two centuries ago when the site of the city was a verdant meadow. Ever since that time the excavating has gone on slowly with innumerable stops because of the lack of finances, for the Italians were too proud to receive the money offered them by England and America.

Pompeii is less than a mile and a half wide but many people once lived there. It lies on a slope at the foot of Vesuvius, and although the eruption of the volcano was at that time a great misfortune, it has come to be a special blessing from the hands of fate.

Pompeii no longer looks as it did in the old Roman days. The houses that remain standing are roofless, and the walls are broken. Everything is just as the Romans left it when they fled from the city. Things seem to have all stopped at a certain moment, as if an evil spell had been cast over the little city.

In one large market which is especially interesting, the excavators found the remains of little stalls opening on the street or court. In some of these were buried figs, chestnuts, plums, grapes, glass dishes of fruit, loaves of bread, and little cakes. In a corner of the building was a fish market. Near it in the middle of the courtyard were the bases of columns arranged in a circle around a deep basin in the floor, on the bottom of which was found a thick layer of fish scales. Evidently, after buying their fish at the market, the people cleaned and scaled them here.

In another pen, excavators found the skeletons of sheep, which showed that this stall was used for selling these animals for banquets or sacrifice.

The walls still standing are covered with paintings, and from them it can be told what used to be for sale in the old Forum when Pompeii was a prosperous and populous town.

V. K.



### Subdivision

All nature must be subdivided,  
Says the real-estate man,  
And so the earth  
Is cut into small pieces,  
And sold;  
Cut into smaller pieces,  
Sold, leased, and rented  
Till there is scarcely room  
For a single tree  
To grow against the sky.  
Even the red moon,  
Rising into the black night,  
Is parceled into little squares  
By the great steel beams  
Of an oil derrick;  
And the sun,  
Sinking into the west,  
Barred and crossed  
By telephone lines.

Catherine Kelly

### Hills

Dear gentle hills, so coolly blue  
In the darkening shades of night,  
I throw myself on your scant clad side  
Where the sun's warm glow that has  
gone from the sky  
Has sunk far into the soft brown sod  
Of the hillside where I lie,  
And I'm glad, for the hill is close  
To the home of God.

Catherine Kelly

### HOW SHALL WE EDUCATE OUR DAUGHTERS?

(Continued from page 1)

the vista of Catholic centuries is so richly endowed.

How, one would ask, when the need for present-day protection of girlhood is so urgent, can Catholic parents entrust their children to other than the educational shepherds of their own flock? To do otherwise is too often to entrust them to amiable and well-meaning, or unamiable and ill-meaning, wolves.

I have never known a Catholic girl who cherished the ideals of her convent education to come to irreparable harm. But I have known of more than one, torn from early convent years to reap worldly advantage from illusory associations in other schools and the glamour of the secular university, to compromise fatally their faith and their happiness even in this life; and to return, still young in years and

wifehood, but old and embittered in worldly experience to the altars of their childhood, fearfully chastened.

We sometimes boast of our American girls as being the best in the world. Why not give them the best that can be had in education? It is to be found, from beginning to end, only in our own schools, colleges, and universities.

Frank H. Spearman, LL.D., Litt. D.

### A Journey and a Discovery

My wandering path took me far afield into the realm of John Drinkwater's autobiography. Once there, I stayed; I poked inquisitive fingers into musty corners; I wandered, without purpose, about vague, sleepy English towns; I journeyed across English countrysides redolent of thyme, lavender, and musk; I peered giddily from the window of a careening coach driven by one of the present Drinkwater's ancestors, and, later, I discovered that this coach-driver had "too wide a capacity for Banbury ale." Perhaps that is why my journey was more hazardous than otherwise.

In this nondescript wandering of mine, I learned that the much visited town of Banbury was none other than the famous location to which the equally famous "cock horse" was ridden. You remember the instance, don't you? Some utterly delightful chap (probably one of Paul Revere's contemporaries) "rode a cock horse to Banbury Cross." But this wasn't my major discovery, for the one to follow is a masterpiece, in its own way of course—a sort of criterion in verification, as it were:

*"In my progress travelling Northward,  
Taking my farewell o'th Southward  
To Banbury came I, O prophane one!  
Where I saw a Puritane-one  
Hanging of his cat on Monday,  
For killing of a mouse on Sunday."*

C. Kelly.

In Germany, industriously laboring for improvement and progress, newer developments have come without disturbing the typical and pleasant old-world atmosphere. The visitor there will find romance, history, art and antique beauty, and, in addition, a wonderful spirit of modern progress with all its great achievements. The traveler may fly over thousand-year-old

castles and mountains famous in song and legend, or, he can travel on an express train speeding at the rate of sixty miles an hour to Berlin, the Reich's capital, second largest city of Europe.

Potzdamer Platz, the center of Berlin's traffic, is a rushing whirlpool of hurrying humanity, of clanging street cars, rattling auto-busses and swift-rolling automobiles. Night after night before Berlin's opera houses we see not only big limousines rolling up to the brilliantly lighted main entrance, but the great middle class that walks to the opera to save carfare. The sight of clerks, students, shop-girls and servants crowding the side entrances strongly remind us that we are really in an old world country—the country that produced Beethoven and Bach, Wagner and Mozart.

Some of the strongest contrasts between old and new can be seen in Munich and the Bavarian Alps. There is the famous old Hofbrauhaus, where the hospitality and the costumes of the people remain unaltered amid the changes about them. From this truly old-world scene the traveler may go to the Munich railroad station and board one of the new electric trains that run into the Bavarian Alps. This trip is like a picture book of fairy tales of the old world: quaint, gay colored wooden houses with flowered balconies and heavy stones; moss-covered roofs; cows and goats with melodious tinkling of bells.

A little excursion on the comfortable German train from beautiful Dresden to the ancient city of Bautzen shows how perfectly many achievements of modern Germany fit into the background and atmosphere of the old world. As the train pulls into Bautzen, the traveler sees massive old towers that have withstood the onslaught of armies and of time. Powerful ramparts, gateways and bastions protect an ancient town apparently dreaming of the beauty and romance of the Middle Ages.

As we come directly from the medieval architecture of Bautzen, and step into the Tegel Gas Works of Berlin, we almost fail to realize that a change of scenery has taken place, for the smoke-stacks, towers and massive walls of this very remarkable achievement of modern industrial architecture are built to resemble the towers and gates and ramparts of a medieval city.



140.

Apou.



# STAFF

Howe. . . . . Editor  
 Marshall. . . . . Asst. Ed.  
 Haudy. . . . . Managing Ed.  
 Mann. . . . . Feature Ed.  
 Mann. . . . . Literary Ed.  
 Matka. . . . . Business Ed.

Members of the staff  
 express their appreciation  
 to Wharton and K. Kelly  
 for their kind assistance  
 in this publication.  
 With your school spirit  
 in subscribing to the News  
 moment, and help make  
 success.

## DO YOU KNOW THAT

A well-educated American  
 from 60,000 to 70,000  
 ?

3000 B.C. a Persian  
 who tried to fly by  
 use of trained eagles?  
 Helene and Martha spend  
 days in Watts.

It is, when first known,  
 so costly that it sold  
 its weight in gold.  
 Via Orben spent a night  
 in the new County Hospital  
 sight of the olive trees  
 in the historic Garden of  
 Gethsemane in Jerusalem are  
 said to be over 1000 years

It is said to be  
 lying. Maybe it's be-  
 come many things that  
 can be considered crazy  
 any more.

Conditions of success  
 ways easy - we have  
 boiled a while, endured  
 it, believe a while,  
 and turn back.

Mount Saint Mary's pub-  
 lishes a daily paper, as  
 Annual Arts, we'd have  
 left the first week, a  
 paired editor, one  
 member of the faculty  
 at least one nervous  
 town.

## EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

The desire of every man is to be successful. It is  
 natural that man seeks to perfect himself, and this  
 perfection invariably is measured by certain standards.  
 Business men, statesmen, students -- all strive to a-  
 chieve this end. In some instances a man's notion of  
 success may be the acquirement of material wealth; it  
 may be the engineering of successful diplomatic ventures;  
 or it may be the possession of knowledge.

The desire for success is a good thing. It gives one  
 something to live for, because life would be useless and  
 quite hopeless without a goal. Yet the goal which every  
 man sets up for himself will ultimately determine  
 whether or not he will succeed.

How many great men has history produced who died  
 penniless, but yet who live today, and shall live into  
 time, because of their allegiance to truth, beauty, and,  
 to goodness.

M. Howe, Ed.

## MOUNT SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE ORGANIZES MOTHERS' CLUB

With the organization of  
 the Mothers' Club, a new  
 interest has been created  
 in our college. If your  
 Mother is not enrolled as  
 a member it is your duty  
 to see to it that she at-  
 tends the next meeting.  
 Letters of information and  
 cards for application have  
 been sent out to the stu-  
 dent's mothers. Only  
 through the individual in-  
 terest shown by each stu-  
 dent can the membership be  
 increased. So get your  
 Mother interested and  
 manage to have her meet  
 some one else's Mother and  
 come to the next meeting.

## LIBRARY NOTES

Our Library is growing  
 fast. Since the beginning  
 of this semester over one  
 hundred new books have been  
 added. Among the latest  
 additions, not yet catalogued  
 are:

The First Chapter of the  
 New Deal John Lapp  
 Samuel Pepys' Diary

Willis Parker  
 Tales from Shakespeare

Charles and Mary Lamb  
 Laboratory Manual of  
 General Biology

George Scott  
 The Oxford Movement

Shane Leslie  
 Social and Economic History  
 of United States Garman  
 Diary of Father Font

Dr. Bolton

The enrollment of Mount Saint Mary's College at the  
 beginning of the second semester numbered 228.  
 Of this number 117 are religious and 111 lay students.



## SOCIALS (Cont Pg. 1)

Hotel. Informal initiation took place at Balboa Beach, and the formal pledge dinner at the home of A. Moser. A dance in honor of the pledges was given at the Coconut Grove. The sorority honored as new members - M. Evermann, B. Williams, and H. Cooney.

KAPPA DELTA CHI: Among the mid-semester activities of Kappa Delta Chi was the annual winter formal at the Coconut Grove, Ambassador Hotel on Jan. 17. With the coronation of the first school semester came also the close for the pledge-chips for the Misses G. Long, K. Ryan, and M. Ryan. In addition to the week-end at Balboa Island the formal acceptance dinner concluded the initiation ceremonies for the first season.

## WITH THE ART DEPT.

The History of Art Class is having a rapid survey of the Middle Ages, which will lead to the more varied art of the Renaissance. The costume design class is studying color schemes and motifs suitable to present day modes. The outdoor sketching class is applying the preliminary principles of oils and water color. The free hand drawing class is studying perspective. Lettering and Elementary School Art are being given this semester.

Compliments of  
The Junior Class

## BASKETBALL

Freshmen Victorious 8 - 7/

As the result of an 8-7 victory over the Sophies, the Freshies will still have another game to play to decide the championship. Well Sophies, are you going to let them have it?

Catherine Mueller was given more than a little love tap on the chin. E. Young, while practicing before the game turned her ankle.

## TENNIS

There is an old saying - "never let the grass grow under your feet". Well for goodness sake don't let the weeds grow out on our court. Let's see a little more activity. Help those who have to pick the weeds.

## BASEBALL

The baseball players had better begin warming up, because the bats and balls will be leaving their dusty corners. Let's have a good team this year.

March 8, 1934.

With a 16 - 12 victory, the Sophomores scored over the Freshmen in a (heated) basketball game Thursday afternoon.

M. Ryan: "I always sleep with my watch under my pillow."

K. Hromatka: "But, why?"

M. Ryan: 'Cause I always like to sleep ova time.

MOUNT SAINT MARY'S  
SPONSORS HISTORY CLUB

At the regular monthly student body assembly Mt. St. Mary's College club to be known as the "Eusebian Club" was organized.

The purpose of the club is to promote interest among the students in the field of history. It is so named after Eusebius who was the first known father of Church History. Membership is restricted to upper classmen and those students of the Soph. class who are aspiring to a history major.

The following students were elected as officers: Pres. E. Gerlock, Vice Pres. H. Perry, Sect. Wittler. A charter was drawn up acknowledging the following students as charter members: E. Gerlock, H. Perry, J. Wittler, E. Hanssen, F. Wharton, L. Milligan, H. Maurin, M. Wintroath, and K. Wehmeier.

Teas and lectures will be held by the club and many interesting gatherings are being looked forward to.

The club is the first of its kind to be organized within the student body and it is hoped that its work and ideals will be upheld by its members.

Five cents will cover your subscription to the Supplement for the rest of the semester; but for those who cannot bear to part with a whole nickel, two cents will buy one



## SODALITY

## NOTES

## UNTITLED

Our College can proudly  
 at of an active  
 students Spiritual Coun-  
 'l. This Council was  
 reduced into the school  
 year and has been  
 successful in a rapid  
 progress towards its two  
 purpose:

Personal holiness  
 active catholicity.  
 Its aim is to develop  
 worship among the  
 Catholic lay men and  
 women by starting when  
 they are still youths.  
 Because of the present  
 religious upheaval  
 a great cry is the "in-  
 clusion of the youth  
 movement throughout the  
 Church - Catholic's not  
 to be left out".  
 Now that our nucleus  
 has been planted, we  
 must tend and guard it  
 with utmost care, as we  
 in our small way are  
 trying to make steady  
 a movement that will  
 lead others to God.

M.S.Ms. Garden

My thanks to Miss M.  
 and Miss H. Cooney  
 and Miss G. Boland who so  
 kindly brought fruit  
 to add to Mt. St.  
 a new orchard.  
 Mount certainly is  
 looking out this year.  
 The Acacias along the  
 have proudly come out  
 with lovely yellow flowers,  
 near the Shrine of  
 the roses are bloom-  
 ing. The hibiscus have  
 opened their petals and  
 are turning their beauti-  
 ful faces to the sun.

Compliments of  
 Freshman Class

The Chemistry department  
 is offering two new courses  
 this semester, Nutrition  
 and Diet in Disease, and  
 Physiological Chemistry,  
 which are of especial in-  
 terest to our future diet-  
 iticians and laboratory tech-  
 nicians

Elise Timewell has begun  
 her practical work as tech-  
 nician in blood chemistry  
 and allied fields at St.  
 Vincent's Hospital.

It was with great sympathy  
 that we learned of the auto-  
 mobile accident which re-  
 sulted in Maria Orbea's  
 sojourn in St. Vincent's  
 Hospital. The student body  
 congratulates Marie on her  
 miraculous escape from ser-  
 ious accident.

It seemed like old times  
 to see the familiar faces  
 of Frances Wharton and  
 Margaret Mary Furlong on the  
 campus. We hope that this  
 time they are back to stay.

Theodora Cooney is in San-  
 ta Monica at St. Catherine's  
 Hospital, doing practical  
 work in the Laboratory in  
 blood chemistry and allied  
 fields.

After a great deal of hard  
 work the Seniors came out on  
 top in the recent contest  
 for adds for the annual play  
 program. The interest was  
 99% and although handicapped  
 in numbers, surpassed their  
 sister classes.

Three cheers for the Sen-  
 iors!

Compliments of  
 The Sophomore Class

I see His blood upon the  
 rose  
 And in the stars the glory  
 of His eyes  
 His body gleams amid the  
 shows  
 His tears fall from the  
 skies.

I see His face in every  
 flower  
 The thunder and the singing  
 birds  
 Are but His voice and  
 carved by His powers  
 Rocks are His written  
 words.

All pathways by his feet  
 are trod  
 His strong heart stirs the  
 ever breathing seas  
 His crown of thorns is  
 twined with every throne  
 His cross is every tree.  
 Joseph Plunkett.

Those of us who attended  
 the last Student Body dance  
 know what a good time was  
 had by all. With the close  
 of the Tarten season plans  
 are being discussed for  
 another such affair. Watch  
 the News Supplement for  
 further information.

Compliments  
 of

St. Vincent's Hospital  
 School  
 of  
 Nursing.

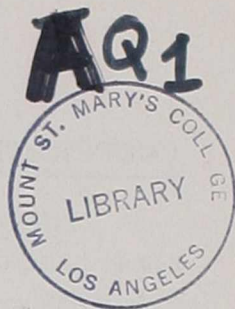
GAMMA SIGMA PHI

KAPPA DELTA CHI

TAU ALPHA ZETA



# INTER-NOS



VOL. IX., No. III.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, MARCH 27, 1934.

## A JOYOUS EASTER TO OUR READERS!

### St. Patrick

It is a mighty stretch of fifteen hundred years since St. Patrick landed in Ireland and Dichu offered him his barn for the first Mass Patrick celebrated there, and yet from that day to this, the Irish nation has bent its knee in deep faith and child-like simplicity to its Lord and God.

Not only did Patrick bring to Ireland the priceless gift of Faith, but he made its conversion so thorough that through the long years, this faith remained with the people, unchanged and unsullied, despite starvation, banishment and even death. It was a conversion effected through force, like that of many of the Germanic States and Teutonic races; it was not a conversion effected through the blood of martyrs. Ireland is one of the few nations of the world that did not kill the Apostle who brought it faith; Rome slew Peter and Paul, but Ireland let Patrick die in peace. He came to Ireland and preached the faith; the sunshine of grace spread itself over the land, and the Irish became Christianized.

They sought no shedding of blood in their conversion; they asked him for argument. To the logic he offered, all that intellectual rage gave assent and bowed before his words.

When Patrick was a boy of sixteen, he was captured by King Nial's warrior-band and taken from his home, near Dumbarton, Scotland, into Ireland. One of thousands taken captive, he was sold to a pagan prince, Milcho, who reigned in the Northern part of the Isle. Here he remained for six years tending sheep and swine on the bleak hillsides of what is now County Antrim. It was here also that he learned to know and love the Irish people. When he again reached his own country, he had many supernatural visions and could not overcome the longing to return and bring to the

(Concluded on page 3)

### To Saint Joseph

On a tiny little shelf  
You stand, St. Joseph;  
And you don't look  
A bit bored.  
If you weren't a statue  
I should think the sun  
Would keep you very warm,  
As it did once, long ago,  
In Nazareth,  
When you were just about  
As close to Him  
As your statue is now.  
Lilies in your hands you have,  
St. Joseph;  
Lilies in March.  
How He must love them—  
They are so white, like Mary!  
Give Him a lily for me,  
St. Joseph, and tell Him  
I love Him, please.

C. K.

### What to Look for Out-Of-Doors

March is the month for the general northward migration of the birds. Look for the robin, "the harbinger of spring for the woodcock, blue-bird, and the phoebe. Many early spring flowers unfold their colorful petals during this month. One of the first to bloom is the delicate-hued hepatica. Other March visitors are the dog-tooth violet, the arbutus, chickweed, trillium, anemone, spring beauty, and dandelion. Many trees are only budding in March, but you will find some whose flowers have appeared in advance of the leaves. Look for the red maple, adorned in "crimson brocade," the pendant red catkins of the cottonwood and the greenish flower clusters of the white elm. If there are ponds or marshes near your home, you will hear the croaking of the frogs that begin house-keeping early. Look for chrysalides of butterflies attached to boards of buildings, and moth cocoons in bushes or trees.

V. K.

### Polite Visiting Hours

*"Let your call be courteous and well timed"—J. E. C.*

He who goes forth into the out-of-doors to seek the thrills of nature need never be disappointed if he but remember that our untamed friends have definite visiting hours and fixed rules of etiquette. Of all animals, perhaps those that present the greatest appeal are birds. Their voices charm us; their form and color delight us; their constant activity is a continual source of fascination. The name of a bird is the detail of least importance. What the nature-lover really desires is a knowledge of the bird's food, and how it is obtained; the kind of home each bird prefers, and what type of nest he builds; the attitude of parents towards the young, and their reactions when in danger from enemies. Certain traits characterize family groups. Furthermore, an individual bird may be recognized from season to season by its personal mannerisms. All valuable knowledge of birds must be gained by personal observation of them in their natural surroundings. A captured bird has lost more than half its charm.

The best time for a visit to bird-land is in the early morning or late afternoon. These are the hours of greatest jollity—when children are hungry, noisy and filled with the spirit of fun. Now parents are busily foraging for food, calling, chirping, scolding. Song and jovial banqueting are in order everywhere. One who observes the proper etiquette may, at these hours, witness many family squabbles and friendly contests, acts of courtesy, youthful coquetry and impulsive fits of temper. Occasionally, the attack from an enemy may elicit reactions characteristic of the species. The immediate response of the young to a danger signal is often astonishing. Instantly, a breathless stillness and death-like inactivity reign, where before all was noise and gaiety.

(Concluded on page 4.)



## EDITORIAL STAFF

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## Editorial Comments

Today we find outsiders ever ready to question and to criticize our beliefs as Catholics. They naturally look to us, students of a Catholic college, to be able to answer their difficulties. They look to us to know the fundamentals of our faith and a proof for them; to know why the Church fits into modern life; what policy she holds in international questions—questions which we as Catholics are supposed to be able to answer. We have every opportunity here at Mount St. Mary's College, to equip ourselves with the knowledge we need to represent the Church as students of a Catholic institution of higher learning. If we are mentally alert during the Apologetics Classes held every Wednesday, if we are attentive to the many discussions held in the various classrooms, we will have no occasion to remark, "I can't imagine myself going out and facing the clever people who are ready to propose objections to some phase of the Catholic religion."

\* \* \*

True courtesy, or politeness, is the outward expression of a sincere consideration for others. It arises spontaneously from a kind heart. In the social world, courtesy and sincerity are imperatively demanded of all who would enjoy the society of their kind. When we have cultivated these two essential qualities we have laid the foundation for real happiness in business and social life.

\* \* \*

In passing we might remark about the Eusebians' Club which has recently been organized within the college. Its purpose is to hold discussions on current events, to have reports from the members on items of common interest—in short to widen the student's scope of the varied affairs of the day.

## Things I Never Knew

In the 13th century of Venetian diplomacy no one could be trusted. An ambassador was required by law to take his own cook with him—a mere preventative measure against poisoning, and his wife, poor lady, was forced to stay at home lest she divulge some vital political secret during a friendly chat. Nor was the ambassador himself to be trusted; a term of two or three months service on a diplomatic mission was considered a long appointment.

The three mile limit, which has occasioned so much controversy, especially between the Coast Guard and the rum-runners in the days of prohibition, was established by Bynkerschoek, the famous Dutch writer of International Law. In his day a bullet fired from a gun could travel a distance of three miles, therefore, it was concluded that a country could protect the waters which washed her shores for three miles out. Such waters were to be considered as territorial or belonging to the said country. Nowadays, a bullet may be fired for a distance of twelve miles and some countries, including the United States, recognize a twelve mile limit.

We moderns discourse at length about the great enlightenment of our age, the grand and benevolent ideals of peace as expressed in our International Conferences, or about our work in arbitration, but did you know that long ago, in the dimness of the fourth millennium before Christ, the kings of Lagash and Umma (two cities in Babylon) called upon their neighbor, the king of Kish, to act as arbiter in the settlement of a boundary dispute between them? The resulting treaty is considered one of the very earliest, if not the first of any known treaties.

E. G.

Upper division students and history majors of the Sophomore class are eligible for membership, but anyone who might be interested in attending the meetings is welcome. If you have some spare time and wish to spend an enjoyable and a profitable hour, you might join the group of students who assemble every Monday afternoon in Room 5.

## Music Through the Centuries

The history of music is a human story. It cannot relate how man first became conscious of the beauty of sound, but it soon tells how he learned to love music.

Sound remained unorganized until man discovered the possibility of forming and shaping it into something concrete. With this step the crude and inartistic beginnings of music came into existence. Probably, it was the pitch variation of the human voice which first suggested melody. Man applied it in war songs and religious chants. From the twanging bow, with its one string, primitive man advanced to crude harps, lutes and lyres.

In music, as in other arts, advance has come from accidents as well as from conscious experiment. Perhaps someone chanced to make a loud noise through the horn of an animal. There followed experiments which resulted, in time, in discovering the possibilities of the horn family. Small animal bones with hollow centers were found to produce sounds. Then someone discovered that a hole in the side of the bone pipe altered the pitch.

Thus, we find the beginnings of the history of music. The progress in all the branches of this art was gradual, but once started it advanced steadily until now we have all types of instruments, and the perfection of the king of instruments—the pipe organ.

*"Music unlike the leaves that fade  
 Lives in the heart and memory  
 In every form and color shade  
 With its enduring melody."*

M. M.

## Cheerfulness and Courage

Spring is the time of the year when life is awakening. The fresh, sweet odor of opening buds, the murmur of living things on wing, the gentle warm winds, the refreshing showers, all bring cheer to the heart. It is significant that Spring ushers in the holy season of Easter, when a discouraged band of lowly Disciples were gladdened by the news of victory over the grave. Just as the Resurrection dispelled sorrow and instilled courage, so Nature's yearly awakening and the recurring anniversary of the first Easter bring good cheer to all mankind and give us strength to carry on.



## Everyone Can Be Artistic

I have often wondered how many people realize the necessity of art in their lives. Many think and believe that art is a waste of time, or only to be studied by those with natural talent. This point of view is entirely wrong, because everything that the hand of man has constructed is based on art in some form. We would have no homes, no furniture, no vehicles, no good roads, no bridges, no beautiful clothes, were it not a natural instinct in man to look upon beauty and art with an eye toward consequent constructive development.

As a fundamental process, art goes back further into antiquity than any written language.

Many people say that they "cannot draw even a straight line", and that therefore they are not artistic. Such a theory is wrong. To be artistic, they should have an appreciation of the lovely things about them; they should be able to evaluate their surroundings in order that they will be consciously uncomfortable in the presence of all that might be termed inartistic, crude, or ugly; surroundings should cause them to be conscious of proportion and symmetry to the degree that there will never pass unnoticed or unappreciated any structure of beauty or engineering merit. In short, men should seek to develop accurate and discriminating appreciation rather than skill.

There is, too, a practical aspect to art appreciation; for a little study of colors and their complements, of lights, of various catalogues written to aid the amateur decorator, plus a little appreciation for beauty, will result in a home of individuality and charm for the young married couple unable to pay an expensive interior decorator.

Beautiful surroundings aid in developing fine instincts and in furnishing inspiration, and people reared in an atmosphere of beauty and culture, and surrounded by works of art, absorb something which elevates their intellectual nature, and thus civilization is gradually lifted, step by step, to higher levels.

Margaret Jayne Norblad

## Between Two Covers

### "Days Without End"

By Eugene O'Neill

*"Halts by me that footfall;  
Is my gloom, after all,  
Shade of His hand, outstretched  
caressingly?  
Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,  
I am He Whom thou seekest!  
Thou dravest love from thee, who  
dravest Me."*

From Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven."

Strangely enough, Eugene O'Neill's latest play is one in which love is the predominant theme, not the depraved, disillusioned, passionate infatuation which enslaves the senses, but the honest love, respect, and appreciation of a man for a woman.

Supplying novelty is the author's treatment of his principal character, John Loving, who as John is "Dr. Jekyll," and as Loving is Mr. Hyde," until in the end, the character of Loving is but a mask lying at the foot of the Crucifix, while John, rising above the brute in his nature, asks for and receives from the God of the Crucifix a new influx of life and grace.

John's wife is an idealist, a type of individual not as rare as our ultra-modern novelists would have us believe. She is kind to her friends who are on a distinctly lower moral plane (and hate themselves for being there), but she will not descend to their level. One cannot help admiring her unyielding firmness so tempered by gentleness and pity for those among her associates who through false pride, spite, and lack of steadfastness have surrendered their bodies to filth, their minds to the contemplation of filth, and their souls to the actuality of sin and to the gods that be—for the moment. The thrilling and tragic denouement comes when she realizes that her husband, of whom she knows only the "John" part is a member of this mad, depraved crowd.

John Loving's uncle is a priest, a thoroughly convincing character, a lovable man, and a gentleman in every sense of the word. With his help, John, the Conqueror, becomes a much

(Concluded on page 4)

## ST. PATRICK

(Continued from page 1)

people of Ireland his richest treasure, the light of Christianity.

When the great day dawned and he was sent by Pope St. Celestine as their Apostle, his joy was supreme. His first act on landing was to light the Paschal Fire on the Hill of Slane, opposite Tara. It was prophesied by the druids that should any fire other than theirs be lighted there, that new fire would never be extinguished in Ireland. The perpetrator of this daring act, St. Patrick, was sent for and when he appeared before the king and his court in all their royal grandeur, Patrick plucked from the green fields a shamrock, explaining by its triple unity the mystery of the Trinity. He spoke; he enlightened; he conquered. The Irish, though pagan, were a highly intellectual and cultured race. They led, in science and art and their laws have never been superseded. Poets and musicians had the first places at their royal feasts.

Though great travellers, the Irish were never out for the conquest of material possessions of other lands. They had higher ideals. When they received the precious gift of faith, however, their desire for conquest was unbounded—the conquest of souls for God. No sacrifice was too great, no journey too arduous to share this gift. The errors of paganism had fled Ireland's shores at the coming of the true faith and it soon became known as the "Isle of Saints and Scholars." Many churches and schools were erected in her green valleys and she sent forth missionaries to spread the light of civilization all over Europe, even as far as the shores of the Mediterranean. In every corner of the world, followers of St. Patrick could be found, and for the past one hundred and fifty years of our own history, we, too, have felt the influence of Ireland's missionaries. Decade after decade America has received consecrated victims from Irish altars. Every Christian nation in Europe has brought us some contribution, but Ireland's particular contribution has been a love of sacrifice and a beautiful and simple faith.

Among the saints of nations there is not one so honored in the high courts of heaven, or so loved and revered upon earth as the Apostle of Ireland.

M. C. D.



### Russian Culture

The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries witnessed the cultural development of Russia, for previous to seventeen hundred, Russia had been too deeply concerned with matters pertaining to her welfare as a nation to devote much time to the cultivation of literature, music, or art.

Russian civilization, dating from Peter the Great, was not a plant of the native soil, nor had it any real roots in the land. Rather, it was like a thing presented on a dish. It had first to be adopted and assimilated before it could give its own fruit.

The two predominating influences of the eighteenth century were those of Holland and France. However, the forced culture of these two centuries had no chance to evolve into other forms due to the fact that it was pitilessly annihilated by the Bolsheviks. The progress of Russia culturally, intellectually, artistically, and socially was governed by the encounter of two currents, namely, the imported thing coming from the outside, and the thing that springs from the soil.

On the one hand, Peter the Great, an ardent lover of the sea and of ships, was motivated by the desire to conquer the Baltic and to secure an outlet onto the Black Sea. Having obtained possession of these two shores, a fleet became necessary, and Dutch artisans were imported as instructors and Dutch models were used.

Catherine the Great, on the other hand, admired France tremendously. Her court imitated Versailles, and pageants, fire-works, fetes, masquerades, and theatricals came into vogue. The Empress took a lively interest in costumes, make-up, and details of decoration, but even among all these frivolities, thought managed to enter, and it was essentially French thought. Catherine wrote to Voltaire, "If I have a notion of anything, I owe it to you." The second part of the eighteenth century under Catherine was truly as French as the first part under Peter had been Dutch. The character of education in Russia was essentially French, for the governesses were all French, the letters of the time were in French, and French was the language of the home. Melle Calame, aunt of a famous Swiss landscaper, said that during her forty years in Russia, she

had heard Russian spoken only by the servants.

The nineteenth century was motivated by the spirit of the "empire," an epoch when tears were shed over the fate of a dying rose or a butterfly, and the harp became the confidant of women's sorrow. Poushkin and Lermontov continued to regard Napoleon, even after the invasion, in the light of a splendid hero, and Poushkin wrote of him that "Before the urn in which thy ashes repose, the hatred of nations lies appeased, and the flame of eternity shines."

Before 1861, landlords employed on their properties a staff of workers in all kinds of applied art. Count Wolkonsky says, concerning this serf-art, that "all that art which sprang up in the residence of the landlord, not in the village, is one of the most characteristic and interesting features of our culture."

After 1861, the women took an interest in the development of Russian culture, and it is to them that Russia owes a tremendous debt. Under their auspices a system of rural art was established; tissues, embroideries, lace, woodcarvings, and ceramics became objects of special study; museums were founded; illustrated catalogues were published; exhibitions were arranged; commercial relations were established with other countries; and finally, responsibility for most of the teaching and medical activities of the period rests with them.

Unfortunate Russia! She has suffered greatly through the last few years, and has lost much that was once hers—cultural life, as we understand it, has gone with the rest, dying as the empire decayed. L. M.

### "DAYS WITHOUT END"

(Continued from page 3)

more compelling figure than John, the Business Man, the Novelist, the Husband, or the Immoralist.

John's slow, steady, fighting-every-inch-of-the-way transition from the unhappy atheist to the penitent finding love, peace, and happiness at the foot of the Cross is the plot for this tremendously powerful drama, a drama with not a dull line in it, one with a wealth of sound material behind it, one that you can read in an hour, and think of for days—such is "Days Without End." C. K.

### POLITE VISITING HOURS

(Continued from page 1)

To obtain these charming bits of birdlore, three important rules will serve the debutante: *First, dress in neutral colors.* The visitor must become one with the background if he is not to be intrusive. *Secondly, walk slowly and as quietly as possible until a suitable location is selected; then remain quiet.* The disturbance caused by slow, deliberate motion is only temporary. A motionless stranger invariably stimulates the exaggerated curiosity of the bird, prompting him to investigate at close range. At these times "close-ups" may be secured with a small camera and studies of exact coloring or markings may be made. *Thirdly, avoid all quick, sudden motions.* Birds have both microscopic and telescopic vision which enables them to distinguish objects and to interpret motions at a much greater distance than we. A sudden motion or thoughtless word may forestall a more unique drama than has yet been penned. All these rules are to be most closely observed when visiting the tiny bird whom we shall call

### A Superlative

The tiniest and sauciest,  
The swiftest bird in flight,  
Most changeable, most curious,  
The readiest for fight  
Is our beloved "hummer"  
Who is ever on the wing.  
Belligerent, conceited,  
He's rife for anything.  
He's bravest and boldest;  
Large hawks are chased and pecked,  
They cower like mighty giants,  
Who treat him with respect.  
"Be this a bee, or be it bird?"  
So asked Columbus' men.  
"He's tinier than tiniest  
Of European wren."  
His wings outrate propellers  
Of fastest aeroplane.  
When flying south for nesting,  
He always heads the train.  
The nests, most chick and dainty,  
With softest cobwebs lined,  
Afford the coziest resting place  
Two pure, white eggs could find.  
And "Hummer" is ours, justly ours,  
This continent's own boast,  
With colors rare and saucy air,  
He reigns from coast to coast.

S. G. J.



# MISSION MESSAGE

November 1, 1934

Vol. 1 No. 2

## FATHER HUBBARD LECTURES ON PICTURE

Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J., the famous "Glacier Priest" from Santa Clara University, presented his picture, "Conquering The Aghileen Pinnacles," Wednesday night, October 24, at the Carthay Circle, and lectured while the film was being shown. A large crowd attended the presentation.

In the past eight years Father Hubbard has explored the six hundred miles of the Aleutian Islands, or the Alaskan peninsula, charted two bays, and rendered a great service to geology by his research work in the study of numerous volcanoes and their formations.

On his lecture tour, which began about two weeks ago in Seattle and ends on March 31, Father Hubbard will average one lecture a day in various cities of the United States. In April he will return to California for the premiere of his picture "The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes."

## NEW DISHES

New dishes and new service made their debut in the cafeteria on Monday, October 22. A plate lunch consisting of soup, salad, a bun, and the entree can now be purchased for twenty-five cents. The dishes are of the green glassware so popular at the present time, and add greatly to the cheerfulness of the cafeteria. These dishes were purchased with the money procured by raffling off a large box of candy a few weeks ago. The candy was won by Miss Fitch, and Sister Rose Beatrice was able to buy thirty-six plates and thirty-six cups.

## CARD PARTY

STUDENTS! You are all cordially invited to attend the card party sponsored by the Junior Class and the Sodality which is to be held Fri., November 9, at 12:30 p.m. It will be a dessert bridge, and you are asked to bring your mothers and friends. Admission is 50¢

## HALLOWEEN PARTY

Witches, ghosts, and skeletons were in evidence at a Halloween party given last Tuesday evening for the boarders at which the juniors were hostesses. Upon entering the lecture hall, the guests were greeted by the clank of chains and various other mysterious and ghoulish noises. Ghosts directed them to chairs which were placed in a circle around a witch seated before her cauldron which hung over a blazing fire. When all were seated, the witch directed them, one by one, to select their fortune from the cauldron. The fortunes were rhymes written inside grinning paper pumpkins. The pumpkins were numbered, and the rhymes told each guest the number of her partner and where they were to go. There then ensued a mad hunt all over the campus for the cards, which had been put in various places, and the first ones to return to the room were to receive a prize. The



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"To wear, or not to wear; that is the question!" In our opinion we should decide upon one or the other, for the manner in which we are dressing at the present is haphazard, to say the least. Most of the girls wear the uniform in some fashion or other, but there are those who have yet to make an appearance in one. If they would consider what it does in adding to the attractiveness of the school, and to any number of them personally, we cannot see why the garb has not been adopted by all. Enough deviation from the original style has been allowed so that the individuality and so-called "dress-consciousness" will not be stifled. Other schools including Marymount, Westlake, and Marlborough, enforce the rule to the extent that if you do not "choose to wear the uniform," you do not attend the school. Our faculty has been very lenient with us in this respect. Let us show appreciation by wearing our uniforms NOW.

# HALLOWEEN PARTY Cont.

winner, Kathleen Patz and Miss Dwyer, received a bouquet of flowers. The losers, Beata Bowman and Alice Laubacher, each received a mounted spider. When all had returned to the room a punch board was passed around, and each guest had to go up on the stage and do whatever her slip of paper indicated. This caused a great deal of merriment. Refreshments were served in the cafeteria. They were contained in a large white box and placed upon daintily decorated tables. In the boxes were sandwiches, salad, olives, potato chips, doughnuts, and apples. Each girl received a glass of cider and a basket of candy. The girls returned to the lecture hall and danced for the remainder of the evening.

Last week field trips were taken by the sociology and economic classes. The first year sociology unit visited the Los Angeles Orphan Home, in Boyle Heights, which is under the supervision of the Sisters of Charity. This is the second institution for orphans that the group has called upon.

The state asylum for mental deficient, which is located in Norwalk, was the laboratory for the advanced sociology students. Reports are to the effect that it was one of the most interesting places yet to be studied by the department.

Members of the economics class journeyed to Douglas Airport where they went through the airplane factory. Different phases of aeronautics were told them by the guide, also figures on the cost of building and running.

# WE ARE TWO

Our student body grew this year  
 We now two busses boast  
 A year ago 'twas only one  
 That ride we dreaded most!

We ambled down the boulevard  
 And people stopped to stare  
 "Mount Saint Mary's College bus?  
 They're all so packed in there."

That was last year--one lone bus--  
 But now that we are two  
 We ride in pride to school each day  
 In busses--old or new.?

Helene Breen



Kathleen Patz, freshman, music major, entered this term from Our Lady of Peace Academy, San Diego. Miss Patz lives in La Jolla.

oo00oo

Lucille Kentner, who lives in Carlsbad-by-the-Sea, California, attended Oceanside High before her entrance here. She is a music major.

oo00oo

Marguerite McLaughlin graduate of Redondo High School, is a freshman pre-nursing student. She lives in Redondo Beach.

oo00oo

Winifred Eadington, freshman taking a business course, lives in Fullerton, where she attended the High school and junior college.

oo00oo

Louise La Porte, freshman music major, was graduated from Excelsior High. She lives in Artesia.

oo00oo

Leonor Lorrinaga, Beverly Hills High graduate, is a freshman, Spanish major. Miss Lorrinaga lives in Westwood.

oo00oo

Roberta Dolan, Los Angeles girl, is an Alumna of St. Mary's Academy, and a freshman sociology major.

oo00oo

Lyndell Rice, freshman, is a history major here. Miss Rice was graduated from Los Angeles High.

oo00oo

Sophomores at Tennessee University bent on initiating freshmen seized a young professor by mistake. Hazing has been abolished. Such Carelessness!

\*\*\*

"Artistic Loafing" is a new course being offered at Steven College, Missouri. There is no homework. Some fun!

\*\*\*

Coeds at an annual dance held at Indiana University for the past few years called for their escorts, paid for the tickets, and all incidental expenses. Calling for their escorts was too much, however, so that feature has been excluded. Oh, well, it was merely an idea.

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Chico State College was once a Utopia. The college, back in the last century, once boasted of the fact that there was not a Sophomore on the campus!

\*\*\*

After submitting a thesis on "Four ways to Wash Dishes," a woman was granted a Master's degree at the University of Chicago.

\*\*\*

The faculty and students of Mount Saint Mary's College extend their kind sympathy to Ann Elizabeth Scott and family.

Marge dear:

Here I am again, it's Hallowe'en top, and we are in the throes of lining up the erst-while men-of-the-hour for the dance Saturday eve, and recovering from the one just past. The latter was at the Bev. Athletic Club, and is reported as being the "Nicest Loyola party yet"--- that's encouraging. Among those gliding about were: Maria Orbea and Glen Carbonni, football recruit from the east Kay Ryan and Bob McMahon; Bernice Miles with Dominic Nasreri, incidentally, we understand this is becoming Quite the thing. Judging from the phone calls received on the "hill", there aren't going to be any "wall-posies" at the Riviera. Marg McLaughlin will be there, with her brother chaperoning, so she says. We are anxious to see Clarendell Borchard's new "find". Morrey Van Drees is to accompany Ann Portillo. Saw Catherine Goodrich at the HiHo submerged in a deluge of sandwiches and malts. Vivian Sampson has gone in for midget races and southern accents, we have been told. Peggy Bonney has been seen at the Biltmore with a different man every Friday night for the past two months or so. Can you top that! No more ranting, 'Tis late.

Bye,  
Tam



"Le Coq D'Or," and "The Secrets of Suzanne," open the opera season, starting November 6, at the Philharmonic auditorium. Doris Kenyon, of film fame, and Nelson Eddy sing the leads.

ooOoo

Mr. Will Garroway, voice teacher, is directing the Capella Choir this year. The Choir is learning a mass in honor of Saint Therese, The Little Flower, which was composed by her brother.

ooOoo

St. Cecelia's feast day will be honored by a musical program prepared by M. R. Darcourt. This will consist of an orchestral arrangement and a vocal octet.

ooOoo

Fritz Ariesler renowned violinist was heard in a concert last week at the Philharmonic. The virtuoso was given a stupendous ovation and at each performance received encore after encore. Kriesler still holds forth as the greatest of his time, and as the years mellow a violin so have they mellowed his playing. The Saturday 27, matinee was a diversified program of Beethoven, Tschai-kowsky number won hearty approval, as did the Beethoven, but the last group, his own works, including Cavatina, and Shepherd's Madrigal, brought forth cheers and a reluctance to leave on the part of the audience.

According to Maria Mankiewicz, president of the Girl's Athletic association, this organization has added three new members to its board. These girls, Margaret Derr, freshman; Barbara Williams, sophomore; and Frances Borchard, junior, were elected by their respective classes and are to represent them in all G.A.A. activities.

Archery and swimming were inaugurated with the new term and will continue throughout the year. An archery tournament will be held at the end of the year and the highpoint girl receives an award. Volleyball is to start in the near future with Catherine Mueller in charge. A new volleyball and basketball have been added to the equipment, and a good turnout for these sports is expected.

A tennis ladder is being planned in order to keep tennis going continually. Contestants from all classes will have their names listed in the form of a ladder. Any contestant may challenge another within the three places above her. If she wins, she changes places with the defeated girl. An award will be held at the end of the year to the girl whose name is at the top of the ladder. Margaret O'Connor, tennis manager, is in charge of this ladder.

Virginia Mueller, G. A. A. secretary, is to keep a file of the points made by every member of the association.

(The Message will be glad to be of service to the students and answer all questions submitted.)

Q. HOW MUCH MONEY DID WE MAKE AT THE LAST DANCE AND WHY WASN'T IT ANNOUNCED AT ONE OF THE STUDENT BODY MEETINGS?

A. There was a net profit of \$149.00 made at the last dance given here. The approximate returns were announced.

Q. SHOULD I USE AN ASTRINGENT TO CORRECT LARGE PORES AND BLACK-HEADS?

A. A mild non-alcoholic astringent is helpful, but this will do no good if your face is not properly cleansed. Skin blemishes are generally caused by an internal condition. Watch your diet and do not eat too many starches and too many sweets. Wash your face thoroughly at least once a day with warm water and a pure soap, and rinse with cold water. If the condition of your skin does not improve, consult your physician.

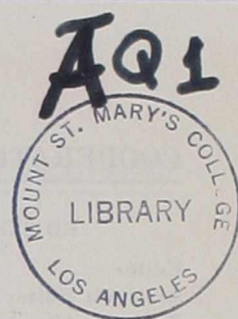
DIRTY HANDS: Thank you for the reminder. You will find some soap there now.

#### NEW STAFF MEMBERS

For the past year we have had a number of new staff members. The following are the names of the new members who have joined the staff for the current year.



# INTER-NOS



VOL. X, No. 2

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, MARCH 10, 1935.

## BOOST YOUR COLLEGE!

### Stephen Collins Foster

*"Creator of American Folk-Music"*

The seventy-first anniversary of the death of Stephen Collins Foster was commemorated on January thirteenth. America's beloved Troubadour has been called the "Creator of American Folk-Music." Although there are purists who maintain that folksong loses its rating when the author can be identified, Stephen Foster wrote songs which are nevertheless folk songs even though composed in our own era. Every folk song is first born in the heart and brain of some one person whose spirit is so finely attuned to the voice of that inward struggle, which is the history of the soul of man, that when he seeks for his own self-expression, he at the same time gives a voice to that vast mute multitude who die and give no sign. Foster's music has come into existence without the influence of conscious art, it has come as a spontaneous utterance, filled with characteristic expression of the feelings of a people. An individual who wrote songs for a whole people; who created music expressing the soul of a folk he did not know; scion of a family of ardent anti-abolitionists, he became the spokesman for the misunderstood negro; a musical best-seller whose compositions, translated and sung in every tongue, brought him no affluence—this contradiction in terms was Stephen Foster.

Selecting the Swannee River from the Atlas, not for its importance but because it fitted his rhythm, he put it into a class with the Rhine and the Danube as rivers celebrated in song. Let us not confuse the realm of geography with that of imagination. The real Swannee River does not rise in any part of Georgia. It rises in the highest mountains of the human soul and is fed by the deepest springs in the human heart. It does not flow through the swampy regions of Florida, but

*(Continued on page 4, Col. 3)*

Simeon led by the spirit to the temple  
Had seen the sunlight pale  
Before the glowing brightness of a Babe.

And then he turned to look upon the Mother.

What vision steeled that aged arm  
To raise a sword and thrust it to her heart?

Gazing into those eyes  
Scarce closed on childhood  
He saw a maiden pure, one  
Who had quested for the priceless pearl.

Seeing, he knew that she could bear the wound.

For she had gone down through humility's abysmal depths.

Yes, far beyond. And there within the silent reaches of God's love  
She found Him.

Sr. M. D.

### Beau Brummell—His Years As Fashion's Arbiter

While still a very young man, Beau Brummell gave up his captaincy in the regiment of the Hussars and began his rule over the world of fashion. He had already established himself in the most fashionable part of London, obtained a cook who was an artist and a valet "who performed the complex ritual of his master's toilet with the solemnity of a priest." He now began to give small but exceedingly select dinners to which only the chosen few were invited. In these dinners, as in everything else, he betrayed the perfection with which he carried out all that pertained to correct style in outward appearances or manner.

One of the amusing things that he insisted upon was the shining brilliance of the sole of the shoe. It became quite the thing, in his time, for gentlemen to place their feet on the sofa, the better to display this unusual luster. A not uncommon sight was Mr. Brummell being carried along in his sedan chair to pay the Prince

*(Continued on Page 2, Col. 2)*

### Las Mañanitas

"Estas son las mañanitas  
Que cantaba el rey David,  
Pero no eran tan bonitas  
Como las cantan aquí."

(This is the little morning love song  
Which once King David sang,  
But his was not so lovely  
As the one that is here sung.)

In Mexico one is awakened at the early dawn of a feastday or a birthday by this stanza sung to a sweet melody by several of one's friends accompanied by the strumming of guitars. Whether or not this morning song is lovelier than the one King David supposedly sang, I do not know, but of this I am certain, that both are equally simple. The melody flows naturally and easily from bar to bar as in genuine Mexican music, forming a hauntingly beautiful whole. The words, too, are amusingly naive, the delicate sprinkling of diminutives which add so much to the vast treasure of the Spanish language, create a feeling of tender ingenuousness: "rosita," little rose, "pajarillos," little birds, "amapolita," little poppy, "linternita," little lantern, and the word "mañanitas" itself with a sound akin to a whispered caress.

"Si el sereno de la esquina  
Me quisiera hacer favor  
De apagar su linternita  
Mientras que pasa mi amor."

(I wonder whether the night-watchman at the corner  
Will do me the favor  
Of putting out his little lantern  
While my love passes by.)

The characteristic simplicity of Mexican songs is charmingly demonstrated in this folk-song beloved by our southern neighbors from the Río Bravo (Río Grande) to the Susciates. One may hear it sung beneath the finely wrought iron balconies of a granite mansion in Mexico City, under the arches of a low, tile-roofed "hac-

*(Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)*



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## Editorial Comments

If you have ever lived near a dock you have noticed that every year the ships are put into dry dock and given a thorough overhauling. The barnacles which may have attached themselves to the ship are scrapped off, old paint is covered over by new and worn-out parts are carefully replaced.

Like these ships we also need a yearly overhauling. We have accumulated many barnacles by our daily contact with the world; the shining purity of our souls has often been dimmed by sin. The holy season of Lent is our time to be put into "dry dock." By serious thought and by little acts of self denial, by added prayer and by daily meditation on the Passion of Christ, we can help to repair the damage which the past year has wrought.

During Lent, our Holy Mother Church offers us numerous opportunities to prepare our souls for the reception of the Risen Saviour on Easter morn, and how foolish we would be not to avail ourselves of these spiritual advantages.

A new "offensive" has been launched against the youth of America, and of all other nations by the indefatigable militants of the Third Communist International in Moscow. Its main object is to create in the student, both the university students and the worker students, a contempt for all existing and for all historic culture; and a fervent desire to spread the new militant atheist culture of Soviet ideology. Are we sufficiently alert to do our part in combating this menace?

The sadness of which poets sing "knells in that word 'alone'." As charity grows cold, men become disunited; distrustful of one another—they are alone.

BEAU BRUMMELL—HIS YEARS  
AS FASHIONS ARBITER

(Continued from page 1)

(later George IV) a visit at Carlton house. This sedan chair was lined with white satin and while Mr. Brummell was reposing on the seat Mr. Brummell's much shining soles were resting on a pillow of white fur in order to protect their fashionable luster.

He introduced into London the art of washing and ironing because faultless linen was an absolute necessity to his well being. However, he was best known for the remarkable manner in which he wore his cravat. The dandified Byron spent many sleepless nights attempting to solve the secret but without success while the Prince of Wales, who was the only one allowed to attend the Beau's toilet, came away with the mystery still unsolved.

Brummell wished, above all things, to be original and inimitable and for these reasons tried to shun outward peculiarities of dress and trust alone to that "nameless grace of polished ease." In this he succeeded admirably and no person or event was ever known to ruffle his calm composure or rob him of his supercilious manner. His originality, however, often led him into vulgar and rude remarks the effect of which, had it not been for his tact and hardihood, he would hardly have been able to overcome.

One day he came upon Lady Hester Stanhope talking to a young colonel and when the youth had left the Beau asked her whoever had heard of the boy's father. She returned by asking him who had heard of his father and he answered, "Ah, Lady Hester, who indeed ever heard of George Brummell's father, and who would have heard of George Brummell himself, if he had been anything but what he is? If I did not impertinently stare Duchesses out of countenance, and nod over my shoulder to a Prince, I should be forgotten in a week; and if the world is so silly as to admire my absurdities, you and I may know better, but what does it signify?"

It seems that he used self knowledge as a basis for his insight into human nature.

He was extremely disdainful and an adept at wounding people in public. These qualities accounted for much of

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

## "On a Great Wind"

Hilaire Belloc

Hilaire Belloc in his essay "On a Great Wind", sees the wind as a mighty spirit trying first to conquer land, then when driving over the bogs and low lands, "it is like something of this island that must go out and wrestle with the water or play with it in a game or a battle. He enlarges on this thought of the wind being a spirit by finding in "the rising and falling of such power, its hesitations, its renewed violence, its fatigue and final repose," the attributes of a human mind. However, it is the exaltation and "Innumerable sounds" produced by the wind that inspires the author to great emotion.

Just as one is tempted to disagree with the writer when he states that a great wind does not produce terror in the lines, "if there is cruelty in the sea, and terror in high places, and malice lurking in profound darkness, there is no one of these qualities in the wind, but only power", one comes upon Mr. Belloc's definition of terror which explains the sense in which he employs the word. "Terror of the abyss or panic at remembered pain, and in general, a losing grip of the succors of the mind." Since I am abnormally frightened in high winds, I fear for the condition of my health, for Mr. Belloc asserts, "It is health in us, I say, to be full of heartiness and of the joy of the world, and of whether we have such health our comfort in a great wind is a good test indeed"

The author has associated the emotions of travel, discovery, and exploration with that experienced in the wind, when as the author states, "No man has known the wind by any of its names who has not sailed his own boat and felt life in the tiller. Then it is that a man has most to do with the wind, plays with it, coaxes or refuses it, is wary of it all along." Then in the end the author assures us that the wind is still calling us to such things as adventure and discovery even in our modern cities but that our reading has blinded us to the possibilities.

The writer has expressed his feeling for the wind in a straightforward manner, refusing the aid of quo-

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 2)



## LAS MAÑANITAS

(Continued from page 1)

ienda," outside a hut fanned by breeze-fringed banana leaves in exuberant Michoacán. Indeed, I have heard this "aubade" in the immense deserts of Chihuahua, by the window of a dawn-tinted abode house in a desolate railroad flag-stop, sung to the accompaniment of a guitar, a small harp and a flute.

"Las Mañanitas" has all the simple romance so dear to the heart of every Mexican and so often mistaken for cheap sentimentality. The Mexican is essentially romantic and idealistic, half of the time in love with love. He dreams and is satisfied in imagining his dream fulfilled in the heart of a flower. He can be swept to the heights of ecstatic happiness by the possession of a few tuberoses, (his favorite flower) and some musical instrument, preferably a guitar, to which he can communicate his moods. The fact that he may have only "aguacates" (avocados) to spread on his "tortillas" tomorrow does not dull the joy of today—"mañana es otro día." This inhabitant of the "land of mañana" is often accused of lacking ambition and is said to reverse the well-known axiom to "never do today what you can do tomorrow." No doubt his so-called lack of ambition lies in the fact that he inherits from the Spaniard the fondness of ease and the Moorish attitude toward life, including, to a certain degree, the fatalism of the Orientals; but the Moor's love of luxury is, in him, tempered by the frugality of the Spaniard, and the fatalism is counterbalanced by the courage of the Indian. His Indian blood too brings to him the precious heritage of an exquisite sensitiveness which perhaps accounts for his alternate moods of extreme happiness and extreme melancholy. Yes, the Mexican forever dreams of tomorrow and its fresh, high hopes, weaving the innocent beauty of an opalescent dawn into the quaint pattern of his "Mañanitas."

"Qué bonita mañanita! !  
Como que quiere llover,  
Así estaba la mañana  
Cuando te empecé a querer."

The lover recalls the morning with the fragrance of coming rain when

## Sea Change

The sea at dawn  
Is an age-old pewter cup  
Curling wisps of steam rise up.

The sea at noon  
Is a shining glass  
Reflecting myriad birds that pass.

The sea at sunset  
Is a gypsy queen  
In red and yellow and gilded green.

The sea at night  
Is a howling beast  
With sharp teeth at a gruesome feast.

B. B.

The highest mountain is called Success. Few reach the top save those who watch sharply for the passing of the spirit of the mountain. Opportunity, who carries upward all those that seize hold upon him.

The region where no man hath ever set foot is called Tomorrow.

The greatest desert is called Life, and it hath many oases. These are called Hope, and Ambition, and Love, and Charity, and Home. And of them all the last is the most beautiful. Besides these are many others, smaller in extent, whence the travellers obtaineth refreshment during the weary journey through Life.

he first realized he was in love; then, eager to see the face of his loved one, he pleads:

"Despierta, mi bien, despierta,  
Despierta, que amaneció  
Que amanece, que amanece,  
Rosita blanca de Jericó."

(Awake, my love, awake,  
Awake, for it is dawn,  
It is dawn,  
Little white rose of Jerico.)

In the "little white rose of Jerico" lies captured the essence of the "Mañanitas"—a disarming simplicity, a soft, shy sweetness, the fragility of a cobweb.

G. S.

## Taedifer

Enthusiasm, coupled with the desire on the part of students to learn more about Latin, while studying Latin itself, has culminated in the formation of a club, to be known hereafter as "Taedifer", a torch-bearer. Its interest will center about the cultural elements, such as the discussion of Roman life, history, and customs, familiarity with which should be a part of the mental store of all students of Latin. Papers will be read and discussed at each meeting and nothing will be left undone to create an atmosphere of ancient Rome as a background for the study of its language.

Like Eugene Field in his "Plea for the Classics", The Taediferae look upon Latin, not as a dead language because it is spoken by no living nation, but as one of practical worth to the modern world. Though the club has been in existence but two months, during that time it has done much to uphold its motto: "Latina vivat."

Barbara Williams has been elected President and Eleona Darien, Secretary.

A Latin play is in the course of preparation, and when completed and ready for production, it will in all probability be adopted by the college as a traditional feature.

M. D.

## Do You Know?

The average child acquires eighty percent of his education through his eyes, says the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness.

Albino Indians were kept in Zoological gardens by native Mexican rulers, and sacrificed to the sun at the time of an eclipse.

To increase the deeping qualities of Swiss cheese, one company in this country is "veneering" its product before wrapping, with pasteurized sheets of hole-less cheese.

The commercial products of a large walrus are worth less than \$50 as oil, skin, and ivory.

Greek women were the first to raise pot-plants.

In the good as well as in the evil life, less depends upon what befalls us than upon the way in which we take it.



BEAU BRUMMELL—HIS YEARS  
AS FASHIONS ARBITER*(Continued from Page 2)*

his prestige. The following conversation clearly illustrates his invincible disdain and effrontery. "Brummell, where were you yesterday evening," asked a friend, "we did not see you." "The fact is," replied the dandy, "that I was dining with a certain F——. Apparently he wished me to take some notice of him hence the invitation. As he wanted to have something for his money he begged me to choose the other guests myself. I therefore sent a word to Mildmay, Pierpoint, Alvanley, and some others. The dinner seemed likely to be most excellent and agreeable but you can imagine my surprise when you hear what I have to tell you. Would you believe it, my dear fellow, the said F—— had the impertinence to sit down and dine with us!"

All went well until Brummell began poking fun at the increasing heaviness of the Prince. He nicknamed him "Big Ben" and seemed to do all in his power to ridicule his benefactor and friend. The Prince stood so much and no more and one evening at a ball completely ignored the audacious dandy. This did not ruffle Brummell in the least but provoked him, in his turn, to ignore the Prince as, inclining to one of his friends, he asked in a very audible voice, "Who is that fat man over there?"

It is beyond doubt that Brummell could have continued in his rather lofty position, even without the approval of the Prince, had it not been for his increasing debts which were in a fair way to ruining him. His losses at the gaming table were severe and his many creditors were losing patience so that finally it became necessary for him to leave his beloved city—Whites, Watiers, and the fashionable circle in which he moved.

The evening which saw his departure also saw him, clothed in the "full glory of his blue coat with its glittering buttons and faultless cut, the billowing mass of spotless white beneath his lordly chin, looking finer than ever," sitting in his box at the opera appearing, to all the world, as unconcerned and disdainful as ever he had in the past. Yet below waited the coach that was to take him away

on the first stretch of his journey to France.

His last years are tragic and witness the complete downfall of a Prince's companion and model, fashion's dictator, and the man who, seemingly was fortune's favorite.

His unfortunate losses in France soon landed him in a debtor's prison, and although his friends immediately rescued him, he never completely recovered from the shock.

His mind began to deteriorate and he began to suffer from delusions. He imagined that he was receiving brilliant society in the exceedingly modest lodging where he lived at the end, gave orders to illusory servants, had candles lighted, accosted Lords and Ladies with a grace that was already old fashioned and was about to order music—then the illusion faded and the aged Beau cried like a child—utterly alone, forsaken, and forgotten.

He who had introduced the most extravagant refinement in the matter of linen was obliged to button his shabby coat up to his chin so as to conceal the absence of a shirt and not even the most devoted care could make smart the worn shoes or return them to their old-time luster.

The first picture of an arrogant, disdainful, self-assured man is, to my mind, completely lost in the later picture of that same man—old, poverty stricken, broken, sick in mind, feeble in body, and forgotten, his patron dead and his society a thing of the past, "not remembered for what he did but because he had lived."

L. M.

## "ON O GREAT WIND"

*(Continued from page 2)*

tations to strengthen his arguments. The use of long sentences broken by a semi colon appears continuously throughout the essay allowing the author to expand a thought and avoid the terse choppy effect produced by many short sentences. Because of the weight of thought and the contemplative tone of the essay, it verges on a philosophic type. However, as it distinctly expresses the personality of the writer as it enumerates his reaction to the wind, the essay becomes primarily personal and informal in style.

S. T.

## STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

*(Continued from page 1)*

through the pleasant, sunny lands of memory. It does not empty into a material sea, but into the glorious ocean of unfulfilled dreams.

It leaves the shores of childhood. Its current ripples with the low, sweet melody of recollections softened and made misty by distance. There is such mystical power in its waters that whoever finds himself wearied and worn by the struggle of living has only to quaff and gain courage.

It is far, far away, but the heart is ever turning to it because there's where the old folks stay. On its banks may be only a hut among the bushes, but the bees are still humming round it by day and the banjo is still tumbling there in the starlight, and so they will continue to do while memories of home and simple hopes and affections are the most prized possessions of mankind. This plaintive ditty has become one of the greatest songs of all times. The surveyors who would find the true Swanee River must hunt not among the Florida Swamps, but among the majestic streams of infinite tenderness and love.

It was not until after he had composed "My Old Kentucky Home," "Oh! Susannah," "Old Black Joe," "Massachusetts in de Cold, Cold Ground," "Oh, Boys Carry Me Along" and more than a hundred others that he saw the plantation life of which he had sung. A few years later he went to New York, where in poverty and obscurity he died at the age of thirty-eight. Yet he remains, because of a handful of songs expressing universal longing and loneliness, far more famous than his father who was twice mayor of Allegheny City, and his brother who built the Pennsylvania Railroad.

"The Little White Cottage" in Pittsburgh, where he spent his childhood has been preserved as a memorial. Plans for a Monumental Music Pavilion at the University of Pittsburgh are under way—thus America may testify its gratitude to Stephen Collins Foster who lived to write its songs.

S. M. W.

The greater the degradation of the human mind, says Hettinger, the greater also the degradation of art. The only door leading into the sanctuary of art is truth and goodness.



# INTER-NOS

VOL. XI, No. 1

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, DECEMBER 5, 1935.

## HOLIDAY GREETINGS TO OUR READERS!

### Horace—An Appreciation 65 B. C. — 1935 A. D.

The feast day celebrated on the eighth of December is one very dear to Catholics, as it was founded to honor the great privilege of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of God.

This year, however, it is fitting that "Inter Nos" also recalls to us another anniversary. The eighth of December nineteen thirty-five is the bi-millennium of the birth of Horace, one of the outstanding poets of the world, whose work has been considered "more truly representative of the idea of Rome than any other work except the Aeneid, and which bears the stamp of immortality—artistic perfection—more surely than any work except the Georgics." (1)

The Odes of Horace show a lyric quality, in which delicacy of touch mingles with musical power, and restraint contrasts with vivid imagery and descriptive enchantment. A strong moral sense, relying on spiritual convictions, a keen intellect and a sane critical power of analysis, sets Horace, as it were, apart from the majority of his contemporaries.

His satires, while emphasizing faults and foibles of the day, guided by his kindly humor, lack the bite and sting of Lucilius, his greatest predecessor in this field, and of Juvenal, the greatest satirist to come after him.

The familiar wisdom and experience, set forth in many lines of this great poet, suiting, as they do, a great variety of modern tastes, afford us singularly happy quotations. The cultivated reader, at least, in reading Horace feels that he meets a friend, and finds an attraction in a kindred spirit.

The influence of a good and wise father follows this loyal son throughout

(1) cf. Sellar, W. Y. *The Roman Poets of the Augustan Age*, Clarendon Press, 1892, p. 197.

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)

### Alumnae Activities

The time was when I used to actually feel sorry for the poor alumna, regarding her as a person who had been disinherited, as it were, by Alma Mater at graduation, and thereby condemned to social and intellectual stagnation. There are very probably others who now bestow upon us a similar undeserved sympathy. Am I not right? So let us see just what there is to make life interesting for the alumna.

We formally take our intellectual stimulation at weekly meetings of the Alumnae Study Club, directed by the Rev. Charles Leahy, S. J. Our program has been elastically constructed so as to admit of the introduction of current topics to parallel abstract principles, thereby preparing us to make intelligent deductions concerning the swift march of present-day events.

Socially, we meet every three months at the College, and the pleasure derived from renewed relations with the sisters and old classmates makes the first Sunday of each quarter a "date" to be contemplated with anticipation. In October we were the invited guests of the sisters, and at a glorified alumnae meeting, attractively termed "home-coming," participated, sixty strong, in the celebration of the College's tenth anniversary.

On the one hand, we are united to the College in a particular manner by the recent establishment of an Alumnae Scholarship Fund, conceived in a spirit of loyalty and gratitude, and intended to publicize the College by the awarding of scholarships through competitive examination; and on the other, we are united with graduates from numerous Catholic colleges in the Pacific Coast Conference of Catholic Alumnae and Alumni, whose object is to secure the material and spiritual benefits which accrue from numbers united with common purpose.

In the vocational field, we are rep-

(Continued on Page 2, Col. 3)

### Giving Music a Real Place

On this night of nights, the greatest message ever listened to by mortal man was set to music: "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will to men" was the angels' song. Down the ages this most beautiful thought has been conveyed through music. Mere words may touch only the mind; music touches the soul. Music, then, is the universal language of mankind. It is the common inheritance of the past. It has power to express every human emotion—love, hate, aspiration, achievement, defeat. No matter what the vernacular, mankind understands the language of music.

We are coming to recognize the fact that this basal study, this universal medium of expression of the ages, must have an increasingly larger consideration in our educational program. Music has indeed advanced beyond the stage of consideration for its aesthetic and entertaining value and has reached recognition for its intellectual worth. We have almost reached the place where it is believed that a student who can translate Wagner and Chopin is as valuable to society as the contributor from any other field.

The late Honorable William H. Woodin, former Secretary of the United States Treasury, once said: "There are songs in the soul of every man. Some have many, some have few. But consciously or unconsciously, there is a deep-seated desire in all of us to express something which can only be expressed in music."

Why should not music be a basic part of the educational program? What better preparation can there be for a richer and happier life than an appreciation of music and the ability to express it? After all, that is the great purpose of music: to teach an appreciation of the things that are beautiful, through expression as well as impression. Music subconsciously puts a mysterious initiative, resolution

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 3)



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## Editorial Comments

Mark Twain states that people talk a great deal about the weather, but nobody does anything about it. Paraphrasing this we might have something like this: We talk a great deal about Catholic Action, but what does each one of us individually do to further the interests of Catholic Action which, in the final analysis, are the interests of Christ.

In answering this let us ask ourselves one or two very simple questions. How often do we exert ourselves enough to climb the flight of stairs in order to make a visit to Christ in the Blessed Sacrament? Or, do we ever think to utter even an ejaculation for those who are really laboring in the interests of Christ and His Church? Think it over. Do we not take life a little too easy most of the time?

Is that quality of co-operation and loyalty as expressed in the two words "School Spirit" lacking among members of our student body, or are we merely thoughtless and a little careless in our actions?

But how can the new attitude toward College and Sodality activities be explained? Is it that we are merely lazy and unconcerned in matters which should hold our attention? The enrollment in our College has increased considerably; it is our part as individuals to increase the sense of loyalty and the spirit of co-operation on the part of our fellow students.

We are all members of the Student Body of Mount Saint Mary's College; let us show it by entering wholeheartedly into the activities of both the Student Body and the Sodality.

"The word Bethlehem signifies 'House of Bread'; but the Arabs call the village 'Beit-lahm,' the 'House of Flesh.'" The meaning is, however, the same, for "the Bread that I will give you is My Flesh."

## Ex Libris

## "The Candle-Stick Makers"

BY LUCILLE BORDEN

Like a clean, cool wind the idealism and freshness of *The Candle-Makers* sweeps away the filth and much of so-called modern realism. The cheap, crude selfishness of present-day materialistic philosophy is condemned for its blighting, warping effect on human souls and lives. Perhaps the one fault in Lucille Borden's work is that of a too exalted ideal, a too lofty characterization.

We who are accustomed to an apathetic and unthinking acceptance of modern thought and philosophy may be inclined to regard her characters as possessed of unnatural perfection. And yet the catholic ideal of manhood and womanhood, of the sacredness of marriage and the blessing of children is not overdrawn.

Illustrating in vivid and logical detail the far-reaching effects of the subversive doctrine of birth control through every stratum of society, the story stimulates thought if it does not entirely convince. Presenting the scientific and economic defenses of birth control the author has convincingly outweighed them by the presentation of the moral and social evils attendant upon the system. Even the scientific and economic unsoundness of the doctrine must be admitted by the thinking man.

That which God wills no man has a right to prevent. Thousands of selfish, irresponsible men and women are denying the right of existence to souls who might, had they lived, given immeasurably to the civilization of the world.

B. C.

How wonderful is the human voice! It is indeed the organ of the soul! The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye; and the heart of man is written upon his countenance. But the soul reveals itself in the voice only, as God revealed himself to the prophet of old, in "the still, small voice," and in a voice from the burning bush. The soul of man is audible, not visible. A sound alone betrays the flowing of the eternal fountain, invisible to man!—Longfellow.

## Do You Know?

That it was in wood that the graceful forms of Grecian architecture first unfolded their beauty, and that there is reason to believe that at the time when Xerxes invaded Greece most of her temples were still of this perishable material.

That two Irish Monks are said to have discovered America in the sixth century.

That Anacreon relates that when a certain goddess rose out of the sea some of the foam which clung to the spot, where she first touched earth, contained within it the germ of a rose, which, at once taking root, shot up into a tree to adorn the favored spot, and to perfume with its fragrance the air which Venus first breathed.

That some American tribes manifested great fear on seeing a rose, because they believed that the flower was composed of fire.

That in the beginning the rose possessed no thorns, but that as time wore on, and mankind began to treat its beauty with rude indifference, thorns appeared as a fence to guard it from ruthless hands.

That the white rose is regarded as the emblem of silence.

That in Turkey, the graves of young girls are always marked by a rose, carved either in wood or stone; while in Poland, a child's coffin is always covered with roses, and roses are thrown from the windows as the funeral procession passes through the streets.

That at the Synod held at Nismes in the third century, it was ordered that all Jews should wear a rose on their breasts to distinguish them from Christians.

## ALUMNAE ACTIVITIES

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

resented on the faculties of various schools, in social welfare work, in nursing, in the legal profession, in religion—and have recently contested for the bouquets of three brides.

Hence graduation after all really was "commencement"—the beginning of life with all its complications, responsibilities, joys and sorrows.

F. M. T.



## HORACE—AN APPRECIATION

*(Continued from Page 1)*

his life, and to him, Horace attributes everything he possesses of moral worth as well as his intellectual habit of studying and judging character.

His love of Nature, satisfied so fully by the munificence of the wealthy nobleman Maecenas, dominates many of his themes. In a quiet recess of the Sabine hills, made fertile by the stream Digentia, and crowned by Mount Lucretiles, Horace enjoyed his farm and immortalized its donor, who furnished that ease and independence necessary for full development of his literary genius. Of it he sings: "To me a little farm and the light breath of Grecian song, Fate not lying gave," and again "Of the gods and my powerful friend, nothing more I ask. I am happy in my own Sabine farm. Why change my Vale for burdensome riches?"

Here in his quiet study, he analyzed Greek melodies, absorbed them and made them his own. Sappho and Alceus in particular found a worthy imitator in Horace. With skill thus far unsurpassed, he manipulated their intricate classic measures, and adapted them to themes typical, not only of early Imperial Rome, but strikingly typical of our own day.

Illustrative of his belief in immortality there are striking passages as, "You loyal souls, repose in joyful abodes." Of patience amidst trials he writes, "How much better it is to endure (willingly) whatever is to be," and "Whatever difficulties it is not right to avoid, patience makes easier to bear." And again: "Remember, Delli, you who must soon die, preserve a peaceful mind in trials, as well as in good fortune, a mind restrained from excessive joy."

Of his place among poets and the enduring character of his work, Horace seems to have little doubt, and thus writes his epitaph:

"I have raised a monument more lasting than bronze. I shall not wholly die, who from a lowly station have emerged a powerful leader, in bringing Aeolian song to Italian measures."

S. M. D.

Brownson House Settlement  
Work

I used to envy leaders. Now I lead. My promotion to the position of leader came as part of my training in Social Service. Every Monday afternoon I go to the Brownson House settlement, and here, for two hours, I lead my special group of girls. The principal characteristics of this branch of settlement work are more or less generally known: the forming of various types of clubs for children; the promoting of activities in the club best suited to the characters of those who form it; and last, but not the least important, the development of characters along the ideals befitting a young Catholic girl.

As the club which I have charge of is formed of girls aged eight to eleven who have no special ambitions or preferred activities, it has no definite, clear-cut aim, as has the cooking club, dressmaking club, dramatic club, etc. Consequently, we can constantly change our activities, which range from shrine-building to serving and athletics. But to get back to my work. My first duty as leader of twenty small children is to quiet them to such an extent that they will all be able to hear me explain the plans for the afternoon. And when speaking to such a group, one must always be careful to use only the simplest and most commonly-used words. For example, after speaking for over five minutes of plans to build a shrine to Our Blessed Mother, I had to begin my speech over, preceded by an explanation of the word 'shrine'. After telling of the work planned for the afternoon, the girls usually hold impromptu and informal meetings in groups of two's and three's which meetings I have to immediately and firmly adjourn, for promoting sociability is one of the chief objectives of settlement work. We then perform the activity planned for the afternoon. If it involves group work, as does the shrine we are constructing, I have to see that each child is kept occupied doing something on the project. This requires not a little ingenuity. If the work is of such a nature that each child is to do the same thing, as working on Christmas presents, I have to be sure to answer each question asked of me, separately.

*(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)*

## GIVING MUSIC A REAL PLACE

*(Continued from Page 1)*

and courage into the normal individual. Great rulers and military leaders have recognized and used the stimulating effects of music on their followers.

We hear much in these days about the duty of the college to view the educational curriculum in the light of social utility for the post-school life of its graduates. If social utility is one of the valued bases upon which the curriculum is to be built, then music must stand somewhere near the head of the list. The means of satisfying this demand are multitudinous. Never has there been such an amount of good music to be heard for the asking. "Good music" is hard to define, but so are good literature and good art. After we have definitely stated the rules of the desired goodness there remains a quality which the discriminating person knows is either present or absent. The real basis of discrimination in each case must be a wide acquaintance in each field. In music there are two kinds of enjoyment—the passive pleasure possible for people who are musically inexperienced, and another type of active enjoyment which comes from participating, whether as a performer or a creator. The individual who has sung in a worth-while choir has a basis of enjoyment which no mere listener will ever have. One who has gained real performing ability has, aside from vocational opportunities, acquired a wise use of his leisure, a use which will afford pleasure to others.

And so we return to the question. Because of its utility in the post-graduate life of the student, what place should be given music in the curriculum?

S. H. C.

The country life is to be preferred, for there we see the works of God; but in cities, little else but the works of men; and the one makes a better subject for our contemplation than the other. . . .

The country is both the philosopher's garden and library, in which he reads and contemplates the power, wisdom, and goodness of God.

—William Penn.



## BROWNSON HOUSE SETTLEMENT WORK

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 2)

There is nothing more conducive to the lessening of interest in any form of group work than is the apparent disregard of the leader for the individual.

The last twenty minutes of the club period are allowed for a business meeting. This meeting is conducted by the girls themselves very formally. It is opened by the President; the minutes are read by the Secretary; and the Treasurer attempts to collect the penny dues. The rest of the meeting is very informal, although heated discussions take place on the subjects brought up, which usually include such topics as the next party, the next project, current events, riddles, and new games which ought to be tried out. While the meeting is going on, I have to check the attendance, the dues, and glean some ideas for the next week's activity. I usually give my instructions, which cannot appear to the girls as instructions, after the arguing has subsided somewhat. At this time I am able to exert my leadership to the extent of giving the girls some practical ideas on general conduct.

After working with the girls on three afternoons I am sorry to say that I am unable to note any actual results from my labors. But I feel that my efforts are beginning to penetrate, and I look for some results before long. By speaking of results, I mean those factors which will have bettered the girls for having belonged to the club: the furthering of the spirit of friendliness, obedience, helpfulness, personality, and manners.

M. B.

The two greatest men the world has ever seen were both horsemen. Aristotle was the world's first schoolmaster and the world's first scientist. He taught school out-of-doors, and all of his pupils were taught to ride horseback.

Aristotle was the tutor of Alexander the Great. He taught Alexander to ride the wild horse, Bucephalus.

Aristotle wrote a book of a thousand pages on the horse. He said all there was to say on the subject, and no man can ever write at length about the horse without quoting Aristotle.

## Echoes

## For Costin

There are some tasks still left to do  
Before I put my life aside  
And cross the darkened causeway  
Of mortality.

Once, long ago, I was afraid—  
I did not want to see beyond  
Not knowing

If my success was balanced  
By too many failures  
For this just God to let me in.  
My footsteps might have been  
Reluctant, then,  
And hesitant.

But you—courageous singer of gay  
songs

Have made it easy for me.  
I hear the brisk echo of your steps  
Fading in the dark  
Your gallant whistle piping sweetly  
dim

And I am not afraid,  
When my time comes  
To lay aside my tasks.  
My footsteps shall not falter—  
I shall go swiftly through the dusk  
Knowing that at the end  
Of that dark corridor called death  
You'll take my hand  
And we shall laugh a little.  
Yes, I have conquered fear.

B. B.

## Santa Monica Shore

We had a picnic supper  
On the beach.

Behind us rose the hills  
Enveloped in their misty  
Silver shawls

Against the impudent caresses  
Of the wind.

A lone gull winged his way smoothly  
Down the sky.

Maria spilled the coffee into the fire  
And it sputtered indignantly  
As we laughed.

A fragile crescent moon  
Slipped out and peered at us,  
Attracted by our laughter.  
But he was shy and we ignored him  
So he went back into heaven  
And closed the door quietly  
Behind him.

B. B.

## A Canyon

A rough gravel road winding back and forth at the foot of towering mountain peaks brings us to a canyon somewhat similar to the Royal Gorge. We see before us the result of the work of the rushing waters of a great river. Although the wearing away of the rock has required the work of ages or, perhaps, of centuries, yet the relentless force of the turbulent water never ceases to exert its power.

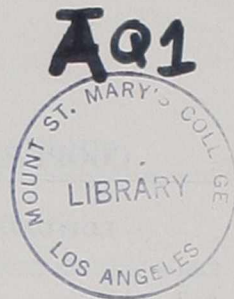
We do not drive on the floor of the canyon but go upward, none too gradually, along its very walls. As we follow the course marked out for us many years ago by trappers and Indians we are sometimes on the brink of a sheer cliff and a false move might cause disaster. But this is not always the case, for at other times fields with stacks of new mown hay lay below us. And for one not too fearful there is afforded many an opportunity to view the rush of swirling waters, a train wending its way along either side of the river, or a staunch rock refusing to be vanquished by the onrush of water. These are inspiring sights, but they also furnish food for serious thought. Further, at intervals along the river banks there are small shelters made of boughs and leaves, from the roofs of which something is suspended. This reddish-looking object, we learn, is salmon that the Indians are drying and smoking for commercial use.

Yet not all the beautiful scenery lies below us, but we find some on every side. By turning our gaze to the left we now and then see small dwellings built of logs or clapboards nestled among a group of trees or standing in a little clearing. The surrounding countryside in many ways is comparable to that of the Alpine region. Before us the peaks of the mountains we have yet to climb soar heavenward bathed in the crimson rays of the setting sun. And as we turn to view the panorama of the deep gorge through which we have traveled, the entire picture becomes more beautiful veiled with the purplish haze of eventide.

G. B.



# INTER-NOS



VOL. XI, No. 2.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, JANUARY 29, 1936.

## Boost Mount Saint Mary's This Next Semester

### Iolanthe

"Tripping hither, tripping thither," the students participating in "Iolanthe," this year's Dramatic presentation by the College, are rushing preparations for production to completion. This well-known Gilbert and Sullivan opera, to be presented on January 29th, at the Wilshire Ebell Theatre, promises to be a great success. The usual friendly contest between the Classes, each one striving to surpass the other in obtaining 'ads' and selling tickets, furnishes further incentive to work and worry.

The charming comic opera, "Iolanthe," was written in 1882 by an ex-army officer, Sir William Schwenk Gilbert, and an organist, a graduate of the Leipzig Royal Academy of Music, Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan. It is the love-story of a shepherdess, Phyllis, portrayed by Catherine Mueller, and a creature, half-mortal and half-fairy, Strephon by name, aptly depicted for us by Ellen Gertrude Witteborg.

Some twenty-five years before, Strephon's mother, Iolanthe, in the person of Toots Kentner, had married a mortal and had been banished from Fairyland by Jeanne Callahan, who is cast in the part of the Queen of the Fairies. As the curtain rises, the fairies are seen pleading with the Queen to recall Iolanthe, who had taught them all they knew of the joy of fairy life. At last the Queen consents and Joyce Milward, spokesman for the fairies, sings to Iolanthe to tell her to return from her exile. In response the banished fairy rises from a fountain and greets her former playmates with a joyous song. Iolanthe then introduces her son, Strephon, to the fairies who sympathize with him because the Lord Chancellor's refusal stands in the way of his marriage to Phyllis. Meanwhile Phyllis sees Strephon talking to Iolanthe, and, unable to believe that Iolanthe is his mother, she refuses to

*(Continued on page 3, Col. 3)*

### The Pope and World Peace

Do we fully understand what war really means? We read about it in the papers, still life goes on as usual. It is one thing to read about war, and an entirely different thing to hear the bullets whistle past one's ears.

Ethiopia is so far away, but is war so impossible for America? No one wants war; everyone wants peace, still everyone talks war. As a terrible disaster war looms. War is terrible, horrible, dreadful, yet war threatens and does its deadly work in a strange land. In Ethiopia boom the guns, roar the machine guns, and fall the young vigorous men by the hundreds, by the thousands, just as they did scarcely twenty years ago on the battlefields of France.

Is nothing being done to avert this war? The League of Nations meets often. Much is spoken, much written. There are many serious faces, for these are wise men. They look and they regulate. They try to regulate everything to the furthering of their own selfish interests. Will they succeed in bringing about world peace?

They do not look to the only man who can help, because he is the representative of the King of Peace Himself, the Pope of Rome whose call sounds over the earth and who points out the only way: love, trust, prayer. But they do not hear nor do they see.

But we see; we hear. We can do more than the League of Nations, especially we Sodalists. We can pray; we must pray for peace. Pray with all the ardor of our young souls, pray urgently, insistently with the great confidence of youth. Because of ten just men, God would have saved Sodom and Gomorrah. The eternal and unchangeable God can also, because of our prayers, save the world. Therefore, we should pray in answer to the summons of Our Holy Father with the whole Catholic world, with all Christendom. But we must do more than

*(Continued on page 3, Col. 2.)*

### Did She Find Her Car-Book?

The yellow street-car rumbled to an impatient stop at the corner. The three persons in the safety zone—an elderly business man, a white-aproned waitress, and a high school girl in a dark uniform—scurried to the entrance of the car to be hoisted aboard by a nervous conductor. Behind the street-car, the horns of a long line of automobiles tooted loudly and impolitely. With a malicious jerk the street-car started. The business man and the goddess of the menu paid their fares quickly and departed for the empty seats. The high-school girl stood as if nailed to the floor. A look, blank and surprised, overspread her face. She couldn't find her car book! At last, animation returned. To the conductor, standing expectantly near his little box, she gasped, "Can you wait a moment until I put my books down? I can't find my car-book."

He looked at her quizzically—was she trying to chisel a ride? At last, he decided in her favor. "Well, hurry up!" he barked ungraciously.

She sank into the nearest available seat and placed her books on her lap. Holding her Latin book upside down, she shook it, but only several closely written translations of the worries of Aeneas dropped out. Her English book yielded nothing, and her beautifully clean physics book produced a slip of paper with a diagram that only Doctor Millikan could have understood. By this time the red in a danger sign was but a pale imitation of the color in her cheeks. She could feel the conductor's hard glance boring into her back. Despairingly, she turned to her bulging purse, and emptied the contents in her lap. Out came a comb, a rosary, a compact, two League-of-the-Sacred-Heart leaflets, three snapshots, an address book, a handkerchief, and—a car-book.

MARGARET MORAN.



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## Editorial Comments

The first half of this school year has gone on the 'fleeting wings' of time. Another semester lies before us, ours to use as we will. If we use our time profitably, we will "come through with colors flying;" if not, well, it is our own misfortune and nobody will weep but ourselves.

Father Faber says: "Kind words are the music of the world." Since this is true, even though we are not great musical artists or composers of great masterpieces, yet we can contribute to "the music of the world."

The melody of our "music" will linger on, bringing joy and happiness to people, perhaps, some of whom we do not know. And there is no need for talented genius that the meaning and sentiments of the 'composer' be interpreted correctly, for kind words furnish their own interpretation—they are the interpreters.

Everyone likes and appreciates music, each in proportion to his knowledge and understanding of it. And so it is in regards to kind words. Yet to really acquire an understanding of music, long and arduous study is required. Not so in the appreciation and understanding of "the music of the world." One kind word leads to another; we become joyful by seeing other people happy, for happiness and gaiety is contagious. Soon, without our being aware of the fact, we have become not only very appreciative of music but even "great musicians."

During this year, 1936, let us pledge ourselves to carry out this motto: Loyalty to our principles, our college, and our friends; and a kind word for everyone.

There is a God! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountains, bless Him; the insect sports in His beam; the bird sings Him in the foliage; the thunder proclaims Him in the heavens; the ocean declares His immensity;—man alone has said, There is no God!—Chateaubriand.

## Chemistry and Its Value In General Education

According to the long-established definition of the mental powers, which are the intellect, memory and will, the intellect is that assemblage of faculties which is concerned with knowledge and understanding. The systematic development and cultivation of this faculty by proper training and discipline is known as an education.

A general education consists of acquiring factual information or at least an acquaintance with the fundamental principles of the natural and social sciences, and an appreciation of the languages, history, art, English, and philosophy. Clear thinking is the main purpose of this type of education, and involves two important factors: one, observational skill, which depends upon an accurate memory and the power of concentration; and the other, the quality of being systematic.

Chemistry, as we know, deals with our expanding universe. Natural and manufactured products are studied and analyzed; elements are converted into compounds, and their reactions and relationship to one another are observed in the laboratory.

The first lecture which the student of chemistry attends usually deals with the subject of atoms and molecules. Here the imagination is put to work as the instructor explains about the molecules and their subdivisions. The mind immediately conceives tiny particles which divide themselves into still more minute portions of matter.

In the laboratory, the performing of experiments develops a keenness of observation, as one must ascertain what has transpired and how much has occurred of what one expects to happen. Change in color, temperature, size, shape, taste, and odor, all bring into play some one of the five senses, thus developing their power of differentiation. Observational skill is of general educational value, as it involves concentration, and the power of retaining and appreciating information obtained through the use of the senses.

The student of chemistry is trained to be exact, neat, and systematic. He is taught to have patience and perseverance, for if an experiment is not successful he must try again. It has often been said that a student's per-

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)

## Insomnia Blues

I knew it would be like this. I knew if I went to bed at eight-thirty it would be just like this. "The play's the thing to catch the conscience of the king." Look. There it is again. What a tidy little phrase. It's been popping in and out of my cheese-cake brain since eight o'clock. I don't know what I've done to be subjected to a thing like this. I've always been a good girl.

I have to get to sleep. I can't go on like this. Here I am twenty and in the morning I'll look as if I've been awake since the Civil War. I'm going to have circles. I'm going to have wrinkles. I have to sleep. Dear Saint Jude, send me sleep. "Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care." What am I having? An evening with Shakespeare? They tell me if you think of just blackness, you'll go to sleep. I've tried that. Do you know what happens? The blackness becomes a black velvet curtain. The first thing you know footlights appear. Then a full orchestra is churning around in the pit. And in just about ten seconds I have the whole finale from CARMEN in full swing on my stage. Try to sleep with that in your bedroom. Woo Morpheus with the sextet from RIGOLETTO booming out from behind the dressing table. Go on. Try. I'll never sleep again. My eyes feel like marbles. I'll never sleep again. I'll just go on like this. "The play's the thing to catch the conscience of the king." Uh-huh. I was waiting for you. Don't tell me that again. I know what the play is. I ought to. The play's the thing to drive you roaring, screaming, falling down, foaming at the mouth, nuts. I know.

That's it. I'm going insane. I have to sleep. Look, Saint Jude, if you help me get to sleep just this once, I'll never go to bed again. I'll lose all my friends. They'll all be sleeping when I'm champing around in solitary splendor. I'll go down stairs just once more. It must be two o'clock. Uh-huh, it's two o'clock. Millions of people all over this city are asleep. What's the matter with me? Am I black? Am I a step child? Somebody put an egg beater in my pillow. No normal pillow ever felt like this. Maybe if I get up and take a good run full tilt at the wall, I'll knock myself out. But then I'd lie all crumpled up on the floor all night.

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 2)



## COOPERATION

### CHEMISTRY AND ITS VALUE IN A GENERAL EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 2)

sonality and character can be discovered by watching him while he is performing an experiment.

The student's training does not end in the laboratory. He must write up the experiments which have been performed. And this requires analytical reasoning and an orderly arrangement and selection of facts in the compilation of his notes. Chemistry is one field in a general education in which dishonesty is not tolerated, for the person who resorts to such a thing is soon discovered. Scientific studies also strengthen a person's character.

By reading the lives of great scientists and chemists we find that they are gifted in more than one line. Some have avocations, such as, art, poetry, literature, and music. The reason for this may be found in the fact that science, especially chemistry, strengthens the creative and imaginative powers of its students.

And thus we find that chemistry is of great value in a general education.  
—Cyrilla de Groff.

When the low violet of humility withers, all our other flowers will die.  
—Anon.

"The greatest object in the universe said a certain philosopher, 'is a good man struggling with adversity,' yet there is still a greater, which is the good man who comes to relieve it.  
—Oliver Goldsmith.

To awaken each morning with a smile brightening my face, to greet the day with reverence, for the opportunities it contains; to approach my work with a clean mind; to hold ever before me, even in the doing of little things, the Ultimate Purpose toward which I am working; to meet men and women with laughter on my lips and love in my heart; to be gentle, kind and courteous through all the hours; to approach the night with weariness that ever woos sleep and the joy that comes from work well done—this is how I desire to waste wisely my days.  
—Thomas Dreier.

## LOYALTY

### THE POPE AND WORLD PEACE

(Continued from page 1)

pray. We must also work to answer our Pope's exhortation. We must bring love and trust wherever we go. Every spark of distrust, every impulse of envy or dislike we must strive to subdue and thus work for the great cause to which Our Holy Father has summoned us, one and all.

NELLY JANSEN.

### The Desert From a Train Window

The fleeting views framed by the window soon attracted my interest and readily I gave over my attention from the pullman group to gaze listlessly at the fugitive scenes. Penetrating through the desert haze from the dusty white road that paralleled the tracks, I outlined the distant Rockies and twisted gnarled, fleeting cactus into grotesque formations. At intervals, spotted brown and white steers, miraculously lurching on green mesquite patched on red adobe, presented drowsy pictures of rare interest. I marveled at occasional settlements that darted by and imagined the life in a tiny western town, whose romance lies alone in the simplicity and heat of everyday existence. The entire panorama of the desert before me afforded a study in colors—a mute rhapsody in brown: Brown faces animated brown mud homes; dull emerald patched the khaki valleys between rugged peaks that aspired to a blue sky canopied the dust of a thirsty land. I hurled indictments at the aridity of parched brown river beds, traitors to a wasted desert fertility.

At sunset the pictures before me were emblazoned in gold and scarlet, then meticulously mellowed to delicate pastel shades, as day gallantly manifested all its splendour in its dying efforts. Twilight enveloped the extravaganza in a purple mantle and briefly reigned, before nightfall brought the cloak of darkness and fastened it over all with diamond pins from the starry firmament. The silence of the wasteland shouted through the black and the engine answered with a persistent chug, vainly trying to lull me to slumber as mental views of a scattered, mountain-fenced expanse re-envisaged themselves during the delightful, sleepless, rocking hours of the night.  
—M. Lucille Coffield.

## SPORTSMANSHIP

### IOLANTHE

(Continued from page 1)

marry him. Accordingly, she agrees to give her hand to the "richest and rankiest" lord of the court. Thelma Coleman, as Lord Tolloler, and Mary Grace Bell, as Lord Mount Ararat, vie for this great honor. The Lord Chancellor, whose pompous movements are presented for our entertainment by Natalie Breen, would also like to marry Phyllis, but his high position prevents his so doing.

As the play progresses, Strephon confesses to Phyllis that he is half-man, half-fairy. And this fact shows that it is possible for Iolanthe to be his mother, as he claims. Their lover's quarrel is now patched up and Iolanthe promises to try her luck in persuading the Lord Chancellor to give his consent to the marriage. When she sees him, however, she recognizes him as the mortal whom she had married and again incurs the death penalty for having spoken to him. The Queen does not know what to do to avoid killing Iolanthe until the rest of the fairies confess that they also have married mortals. Because she does not wish to kill all the fairies, the Queen changes the law to read, "Death to any fairy who does not marry a mortal," and she herself marries a soldier of the guard.

As the curtain falls, we see the mighty Lords of Parliament sprout wings and fly away with their elfin wives to Fairyland.

BARBARA WILLIAMS.

If life is to be happy, we must cease to view it too closely or watch the various pulsations of everyday experience.—Canon Sheehan.

To be happy, do not try to change things; change yourself.—Anon.

Literature is the noblest of all the arts. Music dies on the air, or at best exists only as a memory; oratory ceases with the effort; the painter's colors fade and the canvas rots; the marble is dragged from its pedestal and is broken into fragments; but the *Index Expurgatorius* is as naught, and the books burned by the fires or the *auto da fe* still live. Literature is reproduced ten thousand times ten thousand and lodges its appeal with posterity. It dedicates itself to Time.



## Boulder Dam

Statisticians whose chief delight consists in laying things end to end have gone into ecstasies ever since Boulder Dam was started. But in spite of all their comparisons, no one who has not seen the dam itself can possibly have the remotest idea of its immensity.

Can you imagine a solid concrete shaft rearing two and a quarter miles into the sky? Few people have any conception of how much water would be required to cover the state of Connecticut to a depth of ten feet, or to supply five thousand gallons to every living soul in the entire world. Yet that much water will soon be pressing against the upstream side of Boulder Dam.

These are the kind of things statisticians have figured out, but they might as well have saved the paper and pencils. When you stand on windswept Observation Point and see what man has dared to conceive, you obtain your first understanding of Boulder Dam, regardless of how many words you have read or how many pictures you have seen.

Although the dam itself is virtually completed, one of its chief reasons for being is just now coming into existence. On the downstream side of the towering wall of concrete is a U-shaped building, dwarfed and insignificant from above, but actually about four blocks long and five stories high. This is the power house which, in the next fifty years, will pay for the dam and earn a surplus of \$165,500,000.

Like everything else connected with the dam, the power project defies the imagination. To bring water to the turbines it was necessary to build a steel fabricating plant at the canyon, because pipe sections too large to be shipped by rail or truck are used. These sections, twenty feet long and thirty feet in diameter, weigh one hundred and fifty tons, a weight exceeding that of many railroad locomotives.

The mighty Colorado has been

## Echoes

## Soul and Sea

Look out on yonder fitful sea, my soul  
View mirrored in the broken, tremulous sheen  
And shade of hollow and crest, your changing mood.  
Today is calm. In peaceful intercourse  
The crests uplifted meet the stooping sky;  
The mist and clouds are mingling softest hues  
Of green and blue; of scarlet, purple, gold.  
The gentle spreading tide with sweet caress  
Enfolds the friendly strand and then is gone.

The distance sounds a warning voice!  
The floods have lifted up their waves. A storm!  
The sea is tossed on massive rocks that lift  
Their Titan heads above the baffled brine.  
They writhe and foam—those eager, frantic waves—  
In broken ranks with ever restless tread  
Of savage troops. Bold Satan's wily hour.

Soul of mine, who but an hour past  
Held sweet communion with your God and Lord,  
Lose not your trust. Let passion's waves gleam white  
With rage. For He who bade gentle wave  
So fondly kiss the sleeping shore, allows  
The pent-up waters threaten e'en the rock.

—S. M. de L.

## INSOMNIA BLUES

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)

How can I dash my head and get back in bed before I pass out? "The play's the thing to catch the conscience of the king." Hello, honey, so you're in again. Well, I know what I'll do. I'll give names and dates. The signing of the Magna Carta—1215. The Battle of Hastings—1066. The landing of the Pilgrims—1620. "The play's the thing to catch the conscience of the king." All right, I know when I'm beaten. I won't even try again. I'll get up, and go down stairs, and make me a big cheese sandwich, and I won't ever sleep again. I'll just go on, like the Wandering Jew. And nobody will like me, and I'll look like a mummy. "The play's the thing to catch the conscience of the king."

—Zan Joyce.

tamed by a dam—a piece of engineering genius which no one should miss seeing.

—Kathryne Hromatka.

## Nunc Dimittis

When will He come, the Christ of the Lord? So long ago was I promised that I should see Him. Mine eyes are weary with years and with longing; my weak and trembling limbs would rest. Today was I near to yielding, but the Spirit stronger than my flesh, yearned for just one more glimpse of God's holy temple, and now again I stand close, so close to the Holy of Holies.

But see, adown that shaft of sunlight streaming through the gold encased doors, there comes a vision—a Mother and her Child, Heaven's glory shining from their eyes, so bright a glow that scarce can I look upon them. Close guarding them from the rude jostling crowd, a man so poor, but graced with majesty, mysterious, sublime.

Does aged Simeon still live, or does he even now see Heaven open?

They come to me, while floods of grace engulf my soul. The Mother gives her Babe to these poor arms of mine, outstretched to receive Him.

Christ of the Lord, mine eyes at last have seen Thy Glory. I press Thy little heart to mine. Joy without end. Dismiss Thy servant Lord!

But stay! A shadow falls, blotting out the sun—a shadow of a cross. In pain and pity now I look into that Maiden Mother's eyes, deep wells of peace and purity; the while my poor heart bleeds, I read the message.

"This Child is set for the rise and fall of many in Israel, and thine own heart a sword shall pierce."

Is it a sword, or do I see a cross transfixing that young Mother's heart?

The Child is in Her arms again. What matters else!

Now they are gone, with Joseph, shadow of the Father guarding both. I am alone and darkness falls. Life fades away.

"In peace, O Lord, dismiss Thy servant!"

—S. M. D.



# INTER-NOS

VOL. XI, No. 3.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, MARCH 25, 1936.

## Best Wishes For A Holy And Happy Eastertide.

### One Hundred Years in America

March twenty-fifth, the feast of Our Lady's glorious Annunciation, marks the one hundredth anniversary of the arrival in America of the Sisters of St. Joseph. As Mount Saint Mary's College is one of the many institutions conducted by this religious congregation, the editor of Inter-Nos has requested an article for the current issue of the paper, to take cognizance of this centenary.

The Congregation, which dates from 1650, may be said to owe its origin to the need for an active religious order, in an age when a rigid rule of enclosure was generally accepted and embraced by women desiring to consecrate their lives to God. St. Francis de Sales in founding the Visitandines indicated his leaning toward an unenclosed order, but in deference to the opinion of his colleagues, yielded, though against his own judgment, to an alteration of his rule, which enforced enclosure. It was left to two ardent admirers of the saintly Bishop of Geneva, of the next generation, to carry out his plan by establishing a congregation of religious women with simple vows and without the rule of enclosure, whose work, teaching and care of the sick, necessitated an active rather than a strictly contemplative life.

Henri de Maupas de Tours, Bishop of Le Puy, and Rev. John Paul Medaille, S. J., were chosen by God as the inaugurators of this new congregation to which was given the title Sisters of St. Joseph. The first members were given the Habit on October 15, 1650, in the chapel of the Orphanage at Le Puy, which became their first religious home, and which offered them the first work of their charitable ministrations.

The community grew, prospered, and spread through many cities of France until the outbreak of the French Revolution. Then, the Sisters, refusing to take the infamous civil

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

### The Passion of Christ

Offered space in INTER-NOS, I choose to transfer it to another hoping to make others familiar with the simplest and yet most beautiful piece of English ever written on the Passion of Christ. Oscar Wilde wrote his "De Profundis" from the depths of his prison cell, where abject grief and shame gave birth to a repentant spirit. His peculiarly sensitive nature soon attuned itself to the Soul of Christ.

"There is something to me almost incredible in the idea of a young Galilean peasant imagining that he could bear on his own shoulders the burden of the entire world; all that had already been done and suffered; and all that was yet to be done and suffered. —For pity and terror there is nothing in the entire cycle of Greek tragedy to touch it. The absolute purity of the protagonist raises the entire scheme to a height of romantic art from which the sufferings of Thebes and Pelops' line are by their very horror excluded, and shows how wrong Aristotle was when he said in his treatise on the drama that it would be impossible to bear the spectacle of one blameless in pain. Nor in Aeschylus nor Dante, those stern masters of tenderness, in Shakespeare, the most purely human of the great artists, in the whole of Celtic myth and legend, where the loveliness of the world is shown through a mist of tears, and the life of man is no more than the life of a flower, is there anything that, for sheer simplicity of pathos wedded and made one with sublimity of tragic effect, can be said to equal or even approach the last act of Christ's passion. The little supper with his companions, one of whom had already sold him for a price; the anguish in the quiet moon-lit garden; the false friend coming close so as to betray him with a kiss; the friend who still believed in him and on whom as

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 2)

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following letter was omitted in the previous issue of INTER-NOS due to the fact that it was received just after we had gone to press.

Miss Margaret Donovan  
Ass't Editor "Inter-Nos."  
Mount Saint Mary's College  
12001 Chalon Road,  
Brentwood Heights,  
Los Angeles, California

My dear Miss Donovan:

Please accept this letter as a response to your suggestion that I write something for the scholastic publication of Mount Saint Mary's College.

A very important matter in the study of literature is the avoidance of what might be called provincialism in time. All of us, but especially the youngest of us, are likely to assume that in literature the latest is necessarily the best. Of course, it isn't; nor is it necessarily the worst. But that truth we are prone to overlook.

In reality time has very little to do with literary excellence, except that time is a necessary factor in determining assured greatness. It takes years for a tree to grow and centuries for a genuine and lasting literary reputation to be established.

As Lowell pointed out in the last century, "Reading new books is like eating new bread." We need variety in our intellectual diet. Perhaps it would be a good thing to make a rule for ourselves somewhat like this: For every new book I read I shall read at least two old and seasoned ones.

If some such rule were followed—not slavishly, of course—I think there would be more cultural progress. After all, how can we tell whether a new book is good or not unless we have literary standards? And how can we have dependable standards unless we have immersed ourselves in the best books written—no matter when?

Hence, wise readers do not ignore  
(Continued on Page 4, Col. 2)



## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor ..... G. Boland  
 Asst. Editor ..... M. Donovan  
 Asst. Editor ..... B. Carls  
 Business Manager ..... K. Hromatka

## Editorial Comments

One hundred years ago, on March 25th, the Sisters of Saint Joseph of Carondelet were established here in the United States. From a little log cabin, the first House in America, the Order has spread throughout the length and breadth of this land. We, the students of Mount Saint Mary's College wish to offer our sincere words of praise in honor of the Foundresses of the Order in America, those Pioneer Women who braved everything, even death itself to spread the teachings of Christ in the New World. We are products of that same spirit of Courage and Perseverance, for the successors of these women, our teachers, are imbued with the same love for Things Divine and the same spirit of self-sacrifice.

Our College, the youngest of such institutions conducted by the Sisters of Saint Joseph of Carondelet, exists because of the fortitude, not only of the beloved Pioneers of the Order in the New World, but also of the present Superiors of the Order who possessed foresight enough to see Mount Saint Mary's not today when it consists of only one building, but in future years when the ranks of the Alumnae will have been swelled to untold numbers and the 'Pioneer Days' will have passed.

Let us hope that all of us may carry away with us into our daily lives the Christian principles taught us during our years at the 'Mount'. We are indeed privileged to receive a Catholic Education amid surroundings so inspiring and peaceful. Perhaps, through some little effort on our part, we can make others realize that a Catholic Education is the only true Education in the world today, because it imparts to us the principles of right living.

Do your work with your whole heart and you will succeed—there is so little competition!

## Children of the Household

OUR SUNDAY VISITOR, of March 8, states: "The holy season of Lent is always a time of wonderful graces. Its penances and mortifications are stumbling blocks to strangers, but to the children of the household they are stepping stones to the home eternal."

In keeping with this thought there is on the bulletin board of Mount Saint Mary's College a poster bearing the question: "Do You Dare Join the Lenten Crusade of Penance?" Thirty faithful Sodalists have proven themselves "children of the household" by joining this crusade and pledging themselves (privately to the Sodality Prefect and Secretary) to these five conditions: No shows, dances, or parties on Wednesdays or Fridays; extra time each day before the Blessed Sacrament, saying the Stations of the Cross, Rosary, or other special prayers; five to fifteen minutes examination of conscience each night; extra acts of kindness and of charity at home.

May these faithful Sodalists carry out these conditions in all sincerity so that this Lenten Crusade of Prayer and Penance may prove for them another "stepping stone to the home eternal."

—June Brosnan.

## In Politics?

A politician is an intriguer or a schemer who is so well-versed in the science of government and the art of governing that he is capable of manipulating the governmental forces for his own good, regardless of the morality of the means.

Is it not a contradiction to maintain that a man is all that the definition of a politician implies if he strives to secure social justice for all; if he pleads for the natural rights of thirty-two million people; if he attempts to restore to Congress its original right to coin and regulate the value of money?

Is it politics to further the passage of bills which will aid the destitute farmer, and the almost non-existent independent merchant? To bring the "skeletons of our Congressmen out of their secret closets and expose them to the public eye" is no politics. We, the voters, who put the representatives in

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 3)

## The Mardi Gras

One of the few festivals in this country which reflect old-world glamour and color is the carnival, Mardi Gras, in New Orleans. For a week a modern city is transformed into a veritable fairy-land of care-free, laughing people. This is the only place in our commercial world where, for a week, all work-a-day matters are ignored and a city full of people pursues the elusive spirit of sheer joyousness. The streets become lanes of fairy-land with the merry people frolicking in their glittering, brilliant lights.

Crowds of masqueraders swarm the streets, while elaborately decorated floats from wonderland fill the "Canal" Street, the main thoroughfare of the city. These floats are filled with exquisitely costumed people. Grotesque creatures, too, people these elfan barges. The streets are illuminated with flaming torches borne by red-garbed negroes. The very sidewalks are turned into a bedlam of laughing, singing, dancing merrymakers.

The largest parade is that of Rex, King of the Carnival. Rex, costumed in royal robes of white satin, reigns supreme on his golden throne. He carries a diamond scepter in his hand, and pages of the royal court scatter souvenirs among the crowd. The float bearing the smiling ruler is drawn up to a high balcony on Canal Street. A beautiful girl who is to be his Queen awaits him on the balcony, with arms outstretched toward Rex. The King breaking a bottle of sparkling golden champagne, drinks a toast to his Queen. The parade moves on and enters old Bourbon Street, a narrow passageway leading to the old French Opera House. The King is escorted into the traditional building, where the world of society awaits amidst a whirl of glamour and excitement, for this is the beginning of the Costume Ball. This Ball draws the curtains on the Mardi Gras, a fairy festival in a city of lights, music, romance and excitement.

—Margaret Ryan.

You will succeed best when you put the restless, anxious side of affairs out of mind, and allow the restful side to live in your thoughts.

—Margaret Stowe.



## ONE HUNDRED YEARS IN AMERICA

*(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)*

were imprisoned. Seven of these happy prisoners won the martyr's crown. The Superior, Mother St. John Fontbonne, with two companions, after eleven months of imprisonment, was saved from the guillotine by the fall of Robespierre, on the very day on which the sentence of their execution was to have been carried out.

Great was their sorrow, but God's design reserved them for further usefulness in His service.

After peace returned to France, Mother St. John undertook the work of gathering together the scattered members of her Community, founding a house at St. Etienne. This was followed a short time later by a foundation at Lyons, which became the Mother House of the Congregation. Mother St. John Fontbonne was chosen first Superior General, in which office she was retained until her death in 1639.

Because of her work of reorganizing the congregation and her influential part in its development, Mother St. John Fontbonne is looked upon as the foundress of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and is revered as such wherever, in the Orient or Occident, there is found a house of the Congregation.

Three years before the saintly foundress' death, she had been petitioned to send Sisters to America. Bishop Rosati, a Vincentian, and first Bishop of St. Louis, applied for sisters for his diocese, then, in part, a wilderness.

From a number of volunteers, Mother St. John selected six, two of whom were her nieces. Her nephew, Rev. James Fontbonne, also volunteered to accompany the group and engage in missionary work.

The expense of this heroic undertaking was borne by a saintly noblewoman, the Countess de la Rochejaquelin, noted for her charity and her interest in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

The little band arrived in St. Louis on the evening of March 25, and after a visit to the Cathedral were given hospitality by the Sisters of Charity until their house at Cahokia, Illinois, was ready for occupancy. Mother Febronia Fontbonne, Sister Febronia, and Sister St. Protas opened this mission. Sister Felicite, Sister Delphine, and Sister Philomene remained in St.

Louis, devoting themselves to a study of the English language while awaiting the securing of the house destined for them by Bishop Rosati—an orphanage conducted by the Sisters of Charity, situated in the little village of Carondelet which lay to the south of the town of St. Louis.

Carondelet, named for the last Spanish Governor of Louisiana, was at this time a village numbering several hundred inhabitants made up of French families, who lived in log or stone houses, on the thickly wooded bluffs which rose from the west bank of the Mississippi River.

The log cottage to which Sister Delphine and Sister Felicite came on the evening of September 12, 1836, was poor in the extreme. It consisted of two rooms, with an attic reached by a ladder from the outside. Two sheds, one serving as kitchen and store room, were included in the "plant," to serve both for living quarters and class rooms, and to form the nucleus from which developed the Mother House of the Sisters of St. Joseph in America. "Hardship—Happiness—Holiness"—abstract terms, but fully descriptive of the lives of those noble pioneers.

In September of 1837 the number in the little band was increased by the arrival of two Sisters trained to teach the deaf, Sister Celestine and Sister St. John Fournier. They had been three months at sea, and had been given up for lost, so that their safe arrival gave double cause for rejoicing and for gratitude to God, on the part of the community in France, and not less so on the part of Bishop Rosati and the two Sisters who formed the little community at Carondelet.

In addition to the knowledge of their safety, their arrival furnished much-needed supplies of clothing for the Sisters and the orphans under their care. Mother St. John Fontbonne had thoughtfully cared for these needs and had also sent linens and other things proper for the adornment of the altar.

October of this year was signalized by the reception into the little community of Anne Eliza Dillon, the first postulant, who sacrificed a fortune to embrace a vocation to poverty. Her religious name was Sister Francis Marie Joseph.

In the spring of 1841, a small modern house which had been erected north of the convent proper, was ready

for occupancy, and opened its doors under the name of Madame Celestine's School. Sister Celestine was at that time superior. In 1842 a block of ground to the south was given to the Sisters as a Christmas present by Bryan Mullanphy. With funds obtained through a building loan, a new and rather commodious academy was erected. It was called St. Joseph's Academy.

Gradually from this centre there went out Sisters to establish orphanages, institutes for deaf-mutes, parochial schools, and academies, at first through the St. Louis diocese, then in Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Canada, Virginia and New York, and finally throughout the United States.

Space does not permit details regarding these various foundations,<sup>1</sup> but their spread was so rapid, and their distance from the Mother House in France was so great that it was deemed necessary to establish General Government for the houses of the United States. This was accomplished between the years 1858 and 1867. Mother St. John Facemaz was chosen first Superior General, and St. Joseph's Academy, Carondelet, continued to be the Mother House.

The approbation of the rule, and the new form of government was sought and obtained from the Holy See, final approbation being given in 1867 by His Holiness Pope Pius IX through petition made in person by the Superior General Mother St. John and her assistant, Mother Julia.

Among the many favors conferred upon the two superiors by the gracious pontiff was the priceless gift of relics which now fills the wing of the chapel in the Mother House known as the Martyrs' Chapel. Foreseeing the troublesome times ahead for the Church of Rome, the Holy Father perhaps was seeking in a new country safe sanctuary for these treasures.

On the return voyage the Sisters made the acquaintance of Bishop Amat of Monterey and Los Angeles, who petitioned for sisters for his far-western diocese. At the time, subjects were too few to supply the needs of missions nearer the Mother House, and it was not until fifteen years later that the first house in California was founded, at San Diego, and called Academy of Our Lady of Peace. The first house to be established in Los Angeles, the

*(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)*



ONE HUNDRED YEARS IN  
AMERICA*(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)*

Episcopal city, was St. Mary's Academy, which dates from 1889.

At present the governmental units emanating from the Mother House, as their center, comprise five provinces, each with its own Provincial House. These are located at St. Louis, Missouri; St. Paul, Minnesota; Troy, New York; Los Angeles, California; and Atlanta, Georgia. The conducting of colleges, academies, hospitals, parish schools, orphanages, Indian schools, and homes for deaf-mutes constitutes the work undertaken by the Congregation.

The Western Province embraces California, Arizona, Idaho, and Washington. Its first mission was founded at Tucson, Arizona, in 1870. The history of this pioneer movement is more fascinating than any romance of fiction. The journey lay overland from St. Louis to Omaha, thence to San Francisco by rail, by ocean travel to San Diego, by wagon trail through Lower California, north to Yuma, and on through the desert and Apache-infested mountains to Tucson. There a cordial welcome awaited them from the Bishop, clergy and people, though a Sister wrote of the latter, that as they spoke neither English nor French, she did not know what they were saying.

In 1904 the Provincial House with its novitiate, formerly at Tucson, were established in Los Angeles, at St. Mary's Academy, then on the corner of Twenty-first and Grand Avenue. In 1911 this institution was transferred to the new Academy erected at 3300 West Slauson Avenue.

The Western Province at the present time conducts thirty institutions including three hospitals, an orphanage, a home for deaf-mutes, three Indian schools, four academies, seventeen parochial schools, and a college. The latter, called Mount Saint Mary's College, received its charter in 1925, on October 15, the birthday of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet. S. M. D.

The interested reader may consult Savage, Sister M. Lucida, *The Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet*, Herder, 1923.

## THE PASSION OF CHRIST

*(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)*

on a rock he had hoped to build a house of refuge for Man, denying him as the bird cried to the dawn; his own utter loneliness, his submission, his acceptance of everything; and along with it all such scenes as the high priest of orthodoxy rending his raiment in wrath, and the magistrate of civil justice calling for water in the vain hope of cleansing himself of that stain of innocent blood that makes him the scarlet figure of history; the coronation ceremony of sorrow, one of the most wonderful things in the whole of recorded time; the crucifixion of the Innocent One before the eyes of his mother and of the disciples whom he loved; the soldiers gambling and throwing dice for his clothes; the terrible death by which he gave the world its most eternal symbol; and his final burial in the tomb of the rich man, his body swathed in Egyptian linen with costly spices and perfumes as if he had been a king's son. When one contemplates all this from the point of view of art alone, one cannot but be grateful that the supreme office of the Church should be the playing of the tragedy without the shedding of blood; the mystical presentation, by means of dialogue and costume and gesture even, of the Passion of her Lord."

Oscar Wilde died on a pauper's bed in Paris. A Catholic friend rushed out and brought in Father Dunstan, an English Passionist. We are not surprised, rather expected it, that Oscar Wilde should die a Catholic. The Young Galilean Peasant had shouldered his burdens. J. A. V.

LETTER FROM MISS MARGARET  
DONOVAN*(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)*

the classics. By a classic I mean any book, written at any time or in any language, which has something important to say about human life and human nature and which in an unusual degree unfolds to us a vision of beauty.

Do forgive this sermon; but you asked for it! Sincerely yours,  
(Signed) Brother Leo.

Better mend one fault in yourself than a hundred in your neighbor.

## Rain

I like rain,  
Its soft patter on the roof tops  
And its sharp rat-tat-tat on the  
window panes  
When driven by the wind.  
When the first drops flatten into dark  
spots on the pavement,  
My thoughts join the elements in their  
revolt.

I love to walk against the rain,  
I seem part of a fierce struggle,  
I sing and shout,  
Straining harder and harder against  
the wind.

Rain drops pelt me in the face,  
My body bends to the wind,  
I am free,  
No troubles, no cares,  
They are washed away by the rain.  
I am free as a gypsy.

I laugh,  
Watching my rippling reflection in a  
puddle.

Water running fast down the gutter  
Urges me to run too.

The trees hide behind silvery sheets.  
The sidewalks are black mirrors.  
Dark doorways conceal high adventure.  
A passerby is a mysterious stranger  
On his way to a secret rendezvous.  
I have been on a stolen holiday,  
I was born in the wind and rain.

—Anna Jane Marshall.

## CHILDREN OF THE HOUSEHOLD

*(Continued from Page 2 Col. 2)*

Congress have a right to what they are doing, if anything, to better our condition and whether or not they are keeping the promises they made when they took the oath of office.

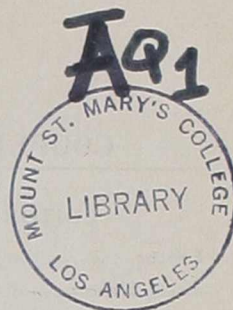
In brief these are the most important principles for social justice advocated by Father Coughlin in his addresses on Sunday afternoons over station KNX, Los Angeles. His principles are based fundamentally on those set forth in Pope Leo XIII's Encyclical, RERUM NOVARUM. Father Coughlin is working for our interests. He is striving to drive the "money changers from the temple" and to make "America safe for Americans."

—Rosetta Mallen.

The men who try to do something  
and fail are infinitely better than those  
who try to do nothing and succeed.  
—Lloyd Jones.



# INTER-NOS



VOL. XI, No. 4.

Mt. St. Mary's College

LOS ANGELES, MAY 25, 1936.

## The End of the Renaissance

The end of the Renaissance is the end of Humanism; the latter was the spiritual basis of the former.

Humanism was not only a re-birth of antiquity, a new morality and a new movement in the sciences and in the arts, it was a new view of life, a new relationship with the universe, an intellectual vagrancy, as it were, in which man knew nothing of an authority higher than his own.

When human power was unleashed by the Renaissance, the man of its creation was indifferent to divine sanctions. He tore himself from his religious center to which all life had been directed during the Middle Ages and he would go forward freely on a free highway. But when he broke away from the spiritual moorings of his life, he tore himself from the deeps and went to the surface and ever since he has become more and more superficial. As he ceased to be a spiritual being, he formed a false center as the periphery of his life, and, unfortunately he lost his identity.

In the Middle Ages man found his form and his activity under the action of religious principles and energies; the confusion in which he is, having lost these, cannot be re-ordered by purely human efforts. The making of a reservoir of effective energy supposes the preservation of forms of human identity, keeping intact the boundary lines which separates man from formless, and, therefore, lower orders. For when man loses his form and his limitations, there is nothing left between him and the evil endlessness of a disordered world.

At its inception the Renaissance could not be wholly pagan; its trumpet bearers had drunk at two springs—the Christian religion and antiquity; and, while they borrowed from the perfect forms of classical art, the spirit which pervaded their work was still Christian, and hence their productions were a combination of the Christian and the antique. This accounts for the complexity and richness

(Continued on page 4, Col. 1)

## Honor Society Elects Members

At the spring meeting of the Scholarship Society of Mount Saint Mary's College, the following students were elected to membership: Marion Bell, Gertrude Boland, Maria Mankiewicz, and Catherine Mueller.

The purpose of this society which was founded in the spring of 1932, is, to quote the constitution, "the maintenance of intellectual and spiritual ideals, by setting a high standard of character, scholarship, service, and leadership."

The selection from each graduating class is usually restricted to one eighth, but this year, due to the equality of grades of two of the candidates, the members voted for the admission of an additional candidate. The grade point average requisite for admission ranges from 2.3 to 3. Students who have received the high scholastic honour of membership in the society are: '32 Mary Angela Hannin, Helen Schubert, Frances Taylor; '33 Ruth Edwards, Mary Flynn, Ellen McLaughlin; '34 Elizabeth Gerlock, Elsie Timewell, Shirley Timewell; '35 Barbara Brown, Virginia Konvicka, Mildred Maxfield.

Notice has been received from the Editors of *First The Blade* that poems have been selected for insertion in the current number, from the four girls who submitted work. The contributors were: Jeanne Laurendeau, Genevieve Savaedra, Joy Pinkerton, Mary Condon. Genevieve Savaedra tied for the Lyric poetry prize, called the Luther Burbank Memorial Prize.

Our College ranks first in this year's PHI BETA KAPPA Alumni Essay Contest since we were awarded a first, a second, and a third prize. Occidental College is second, having received a first and a third prize. Harriet Weaver received the first prize in the Field of Sociology with her essay entitled "Daughter of a Depression." The third prize in this Field was awarded to Marguerite Flood for her essay, "I Met The English." Elizabeth Ann Joyce writing in the Field

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)

## "Ah Yes!"

In the heyday of that once silent Hollywood—that mart of sky-rocketing successes and dearth-like failures—fame flirted with me; tapped my shoulder as she skirted by. Following the usual Hollywood custom, I found a retreat, a smart bachelor's menage atop a hill.

Here George came to me. He had recently landed off a Hawaiian liner—had scarcely regained his land legs and was exceedingly bewildered and confused. The proverbial Japanese cousin brought him to my door. Young and blond he was, and foolishly servile.

I needed a house-boy in my establishment—"why not a new untried one to complete this new experiment!"

The silent cousin made the brief arrangements efficiently, and quickly whisked himself away.

George smiled expansively; he threw his arms out to the hills, embracing them reverently, and stepped over the threshold.

His English consisted of a stiff "Yes sir, no sir," and an expressive "Ah! Yes!" As he entered his new domain, his "Ah yeses!" grew in length and warmth, and in satisfaction.

George adopted me. His devotion was day-like and as noiseless. Rapid, dexterous, he soon learned all the intricacies of the household. He cleaned, cooked, and served meticulously, and happily with affectionate grace—an unobtrusive robot.

Gradually English words increased his vocabulary; peculiar Japanese phrasing caught his fancy. He learned to read and, one day, to his delight, discovered my name in glaring, brilliant, letters on the front of the most glittering of movie palaces.

Henceforth, he would stand in the evening and look down into that gaily lighted, subtly deceptive, boulevard, carefully spelling out my name as it winked back at him. He was content, proud, loyal—I was content, proud, royal!

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 2)





## COOPERATION

## LOYALTY

## SPORTSMANSHIP

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor ..... G. Boland  
 Asst. Editor ..... M. Donovan  
 Asst. Editor ..... B. Carls  
 Business Manager ..... K. Hromatka

## Editorial Comments

Commencement time is here once again. Those of us who must take our leave of the old friends and familiar haunts look back upon the few short years that have meant so much. How swiftly they have flown! Has it really been a full four years since we matriculated?

Yes, 'time flies.' We have all grown wiser intellectually as well as spiritually under the guidance of the Sisters of Saint Joseph. Yet, if we had used every moment at our disposal, could we not have learned a great deal more? But as in everything else, we did not fully realize what it meant to be studying in surroundings such as we were fortunate enough to have been placed in. The degree of wisdom and knowledge which each of us has attained during this past year as well as during the three previous years stands in direct relation to the manner in which each applied herself and attempted to use the time at our disposal.

"Graduation" holds a tinge of sadness, but, let us hope, not of regret. We no longer will be mere students, but will be members of society and will be in the midst of the melee. We have been imbued with principles of right Christian living. Now, it is up to us to fill our destined places in the world. We will, perhaps, never fully realize what it has meant to us to receive a Catholic Education. But as we see others floundering about for principles upon which to base their actions, we will the more fully appreciate what these past four years have given to us. Others educated in the so-called great Universities of the country fail to find any support in the time of difficulty, whereas those of us fortunate enough to have been taught the principles of Catholic Philosophy can meet and find an answer to almost any difficulty with which we are faced, at least in regard to determining the course of action to be taken.

It is our wish that Mount Saint Mary's College may continue to grow and to send forth students capable of

(Continued on page 3, Col. 1)

## California Wild Flowers and Their Gardeners

A too-experienced itinerant halted his dusty, luggage-bulging sedan for the inevitable California state border delay; bided his time, then, with a strange expression—half kindred to a contented smile of anticipation, half related to a scorn of remembrance of things past—he whined off in low gear eastward. All of which was an ordinary occurrence, but those at the border station remembered, not the man as his features or mannerisms marked him, but the author of a farewell which he had taken such pains to etch clearly on the car's dusty finish, the creator of the expression that the Chicago TRIBUNE'S editorial page snatched gleefully for one of its periodic tirades on our state and its inhabitants: "Good-bye to California, land of lemons, prunes, and nuts."

We can deny the overly generous epithet, especially as to the first two accusations, but facts pile up to prove our seeming guilt of the last. As residents of the state we must bear the characteristics that have been advertised of us. And we cannot quiet the fact that our state outranks all others in the production of, according to our traveler, "nuts"—not the fruit that grows on trees, but those erratic, two-legged creatures of the 'homo sapiens' species. The reason for it all we understand, but still can offer defense. Exploited as a land of miracles, California is chosen for residence by outsiders who, filled with hope and glorious expectations, fall as easy marks before fantastic schemes.

It is said that outsiders become native in ten years, a period no doubt necessary to acquaint a new-comer with all the tricks of the trade. When we have our quota of winter rain, the vernal valleys are resplendent with wild flowers. But no matter what the weather man gives us, year round there blooms in our southland a category of wild plants defined by Webster's seventh and eighth definition of wild: "Fantastic; visionary; crazy, as wild project; erratic; wide of the mark." The planters and the keepers of these products are of two types: the cunning and the stupid.

But what are some of the plants? Little difficulty is encountered in giving examples. Many we retain for

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)

## What is True Culture?

The following excerpt from an article in the October, 1933, issue of THE ANTHONIAN expresses better than any words of mine the meaning of true culture as well as how true culture and refinement is obtained.

"Culture, like charity, covers a multitude of sins—and a multitude of shams; for both are sometimes abused beyond endurance. Perhaps charity is chiefly abused by those who claim that they need it, and culture chiefly by those who claim that they dispense it. But the reason for the abuse in both instances is, of course, the same: there is a false charity and a false culture.

"If we are to write on culture, therefore, we need a definition. Yet the dictionary, so far from helping, might easily confuse us. It calls culture merely 'the refinement of the mind, morals, or taste'; not discriminating between that refinement of mind, morals and taste which may be the most horrible curse that could arise from the pit, and that which may be the most wondrous blessing that could descend from the skies. For we can judge any refinement only by its results. If we remember the original, or metallurgical sense of the word, there can be a false refinement, in which the precious ore is drained off and thrown away, and the base residue is allowed to remain and harden, later to be presented as the concentration of treasure. Or there can be a correct refinement, in which the dross is drained off and discarded and the precious metal retained.

"To test refinement of mind, morals and taste by its effects on thought and conduct, therefore, is our only course. And we find that false refinement removes from the mind and soul of the boy or girl all that is really worthwhile, and leaves only waste and clinkers. This is sometimes called modern education. The natural yearning for a true knowledge of God; the native respect for genuine religious truths; the instinctive urge to give heart and soul to the service of an ideal—all those rich ores that reside in the human amalgam, a false education can smelt out and throw on the slag heap. Such is the smelter of the bottomless pit. Such is Godless education. It retains the rock and discards the radium. It holds the husks and throws away the kernel. It trains

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 3)



## EDITORIAL COMMENTS

*(Continued from Page 2, Col. 1)*

competing with any from the other Universities and Colleges. May her students always be representative of her spirit and teachings. May her graduates always be worthy of the name Alumnae of Mount Saint Mary's College.

We wish success and good fortune to those who follow after us.

## HONOR SOCIETY ELECTS MEMBERS

*(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)*

of Personal Experience received second prize for "Awakening on Wheels."

We take this opportunity of extending our congratulations on behalf of the Faculty and the Student Body of Mount Saint Mary's College to our Scholars, Poets, and Essayists, who, each in a different way, are representative of the work being accomplished amid the peace and serenity of the "Mount."

## CALIFORNIA WILD FLOWERS AND THEIR GARDENERS

*(Continued from Page 2, Col. 2)*

ourselves, nurturing their life with our enthusiasm. Others we send out of our boundaries, with the 'trade-mark' of our nursery clearly imprinted. In the gypsy mass are the Epic project, native of our productive soil that flourished so spasmodically and threateningly, and the still throbbing, though wilting Eutopian Townsend Pland. We could point out the fact that there exists in California more of a variety of religions than elsewhere and leave the impression that we are a fervent people. But truth soon makes its embarrassing presence felt and unmasks health cults and general ballyhoo that camouflages itself behind the name of religion. The annual sprees on so-called fashion, beauty diets and devices, colonies of this and that organization, and diversified amusements are not to be overlooked as having received their initial impetus here.

In view of these facts, a revival toward sanity is imperative. Intelligent followers are needed. In all probability the movement will come, but, underneath the guise, some schemer will

## "AH YES!"

*(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)*

But there came another day—another Hollywood, a shrieking, talking Hollywood! I, who spoke in pantomime, who gazed with arrogance from my high vantage ground, found myself forced into oblivion.

Perforce, George and I parted—I put Hollywood, fame—all luxuries—behind me. For years I drifted; ambition thwarted by despair. Inevitably, I retraced my steps and crept into Hollywood one cold drab afternoon. No one recognized me—I was the "forgotten man."

In a pensive mood I plodded up the hill to my old home—mine no longer—impelled by the desire to revisit the domain which had held success. I wished to see once more the winking lights which had spelled renown. I wished to view again the elusive city and its boulevard to fame or failure.

I knocked timidly; the door opened to a smiling George—a George grown heavier, older, whose small Japanese stature seemed to assume at once height and dignity. "Ah! Yes! Sir! Delighted expectancy. Dinner awaits in speed. If you please."

No surprise was evident except in the intensity of his beam, the sparkle of his narrow black eyes, the quickened step.

I had been gone years. I returned older, spiritless, penniless. George closed the telling gap with a deft Oriental stroke of the hand.

We talked—explanation cleared the mystery. The Japanese cousin had been the mythical buyer of my estate—in proxy for George. George, the indefatigable, worked by day and kept the home fires burning by night.

Some place he had read of a "Come Back," and faith held him to his purpose. That day would come. With pride and with joy he handed me a local paper.

Once again I saw my name in bold black print—"United Pictures Seeking Roland Rollins for Lead in 'Man of Yesterday!'"

With that George rushed to the phone. Dialing excitedly, he said: "Mr. Golden, Mr. Golden, Ah! Yes! he is here. Ah yes, a 'Back Come.'"

—Harriet Weaver.

be playing on our gullibility and selling us—more wild flowers.

—M. L. Coffield.

## WHAT IS TRUE CULTURE?

*(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3.)*

scoffers and warps scholars. Its results are pessimism, suicide and decay of the mind. It calls itself refinement, and so it is; it is a process of disembodying, of isolating, of finding an ultimate desired core. Only what it has found is the death-head, not the seraph-head, the symbol of death not the symbol of endless life; what it has found is that grinning skull from which all flesh and beauty have been torn, not that glorious, radiant, bodiless thing which is Wisdom on the wings of Love lifting itself toward realms of light.

" . . . The Church, and the Church alone, can produce and maintain an enduring culture . . . "

"It would be relatively easy to show that the various cultures which preceded Christianity failed and decayed because of the germ of mortality that was in their very birth. They were essentially of man—with all his aspirations for immortality, it is true, but also with all his mortal shortcomings. A bookish essay might point out the course of the river of thought and language that rose in the Asiatic Plateau and, dividing at its source, flowed east and west; or discuss the religions that sprang up in the valleys of the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Indus, the Ganges, the Hoang-Ho and the Yang-tse-Kiang. We have not the space here to generalize on the cultures of Egypt, Assyria and Babylon, Persia, Greece and Rome. But we note that throughout all the vast accumulation of thought and of hallucination which flowed amorphous in the minds of men, the symbol which I have mentioned, the death-head, was ever appearing. Asiatic philosophy looks unblinking into the empty skull. Egypt's mightiest works are tombs. Greece's greatest thinker cannot discern the immortal part of man; and Greece's greatest sculpture is eyeless, for the soul is missing. Death, mysterious, fathomless death, seems to have a morbid fascination even for such men as Homer and Virgil. And there can be no enduring culture which has not glimpsed eternal life through the portals of death. A culture which cannot lift itself cannot lift its worshippers. A culture which cannot burst the tomb cannot see the Resurrection.

"And the Resurrection of Christ is  
*(Continued on Page 4, Col. 3)*



## THE END OF THE RENAISSANCE

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

of their creative power. As the religious state of the Renaissance man became one of coldness and indifference and ended finally in his separation from the Church, it was not by chance the individuality of the 16th century was found expressing itself in foul crimes. Humanism may have liberated energies, but it cannot be said to have lifted man spiritually—it emptied him. While the Renaissance has accomplished many great things and brought many precious values to human culture, it has failed because the problem that it posed was insoluble. For man in his limited and relative earthly life is capable of bringing about the beautiful and the valuable only when he believes in another life unlimited, absolute, eternal. That is "the law of his being." The subsistence of human personality is impossible without the life-making streams of religious asceticism, which differentiates, which separates, which puts first things first.

The fathers of the Renaissance could not have foreseen in their creative initiative the dire consequences of their new view of life, of their break with the spiritual depth and the sense of the Middle Ages. Our Era, the child of the Renaissance, with its machines, its positivism, its socialism, and its anarchism wherein we see the exhaustion of the very creative energies that were let loose and the triumph of the natural over the spiritual man, has brought sterility, the destruction of Humanism by its own self: the end of the Renaissance.

Humanism was an imposing scheme of trying out the powers of man in free play. It was imagined the whole of life could be a matter of art. In order to make man greater it took away his likeness to the divine and subjected him to natural necessity; it uncovered the creative powers of man as a natural being, and the natural man has drained himself dry and only the arid surface of life is left. Humanism led man far from the source of his life and in so doing has betrayed him: When man became content with the image and likeness of nature, he returned to the influence of lower powers, and this turning of Humanism against man is the tragedy of Modern times—it is the cause of the de-

## Kitchen Echoes

Dear little pan with silver coating,  
When on my dishwater you are float-  
ing,

You will receive a gentle rubbing,  
And if you're burned, a severe scrub-  
bing.

Many a nail I've broken on thee,  
While bracing you upon my knee  
And scraping away each wretched  
spot,

Dear little darling, sweet little pot.

Dear little pan held close on my chest,  
While I rub away with much vigor and  
zest

Why do you suddenly slip and splatter  
My face, hair, and arms with gravy  
or batter?

And why when once rinsed and set to  
drain

Do you slip in the water again and  
again?

Oh I've polished and scrubbed you, my  
dear little pan,

Won't you please keep as clean as you  
possibly can?

—Gemma Purcell.

## The Wind is a Robin

The wind is a robin  
Out of the south,  
Singing a Malay song.  
The song is a hymn  
From out of the mouth  
Of an ancient Malay gong.  
Oh! The wind blows deep  
And the wind blows low,  
And the wind recrosses the sea,  
And from out of the mouth  
Of a Malay gong  
Brings back this song to me.

—Joe Pinkerton.

feat of the Renaissance. And all the while God watches man's futile efforts to fill with earth's sorry pleasures the hearts created for himself: "My people have done two evils, They have forsaken Me, the fountain of living water, and have digged for themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." (Jer. II, 13).

—S. A. B.

## WHAT IS TRUE CULTURE?

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)

the center of all true culture; for it is the foundation-stone of all thought and hope. He Himself made it so. He made His Resurrection the test of His Divinity, and the divine character of His teaching. Saint Paul with awful truth says: 'If Christ be not risen again, your faith is vain.' In the light of Christ's Resurrection man read backward and learned the marvelous beauty of His life and the divine stamp of His teachings.

"... It was the successive generations of men and women working toward the full development of the body of doctrine which Christ taught His apostles that reared the colossal and beautiful structure we call Christian culture. And it was because Christ remained with His Church that that Church and His culture have endured.

"And what is this Christian culture? It is true, genuine refinement of mind, morals and taste. It forms a man or woman from within, from conviction—therein lies its strength and immortality. Non-Christian culture works from without, has appearances for its motive—and therein lies its weakness and its transitory nature.

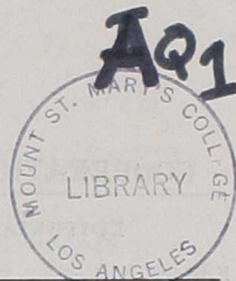
"... It is to the masses we must go for the final test of any system that claims to have a universal doctrine of uplift. Genuine refinement of soul is seen in our conduct towards others—towards the stranger, the outcast, the down-trodden. Many a man might have the trained intelligence to build a beautiful cathedral, yet not the native delicacy of mind to be considerate of his fellow-men."

These few thoughts from "The Church, Mother of True Culture" by Fr. Isidore O'Brien, O. F. M., makes one realize that in the world today there are a multitude of men possessed of highly trained intelligence yet lacking "the native delicacy of mind" which shows true culture. Our architectural, engineering and scientific achievements bear witness to the intellectual development of our country. But the sad plight of so many of our citizens attest the lack of true culture and refinement in the world about us. To bring order out of chaos, we must do away with "Godless education" and imbue the minds of youth with the principles of true Christian culture and refinement.

—Gertrude Boland.



# INTER-NOS



VOL. XII, No. 2.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, MARCH 27, 1937.

## Easter Greetings To Our Readers

### He is Risen

"But go tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth before you into Galilee; there you shall see Him as He told You."

St. Mark XVI, 7.

"The Lord has risen indeed and has appeared to Simon."

St. Luke XXIV, 34.

"They knew Him in the breaking of Bread."

St. Luke XXIV, 35.

Yet neither Simon Peter, nor the two disciples of Emmans had watched on Calvary, the last dying flicker of those weary eyelids, the last drop of flow from that pierced heart.

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, Mary, His Mother."

St. John XIX, 25.

When her beloved Son was dead, she received Him into her arms, tenderly washed and anointed His wounded livid Face, and gently removed the terrible crown of thorns.

We are told that the woven thorn branches formed a cap rather than a crown, which when struck by the brutal soldiers pressed its long sharp spikes deeply into Christ's sacred Head, even piercing the eyes.

His Mother had to cut the crown away from the Head of her Son, then as she could, extract the embedded thorns.

Art has pictured Mary in her desolation, leaving Calvary's hill, supported by the strong young arm of John the Beloved.

One devotional and impressive scene, represents the Mother in a little room where all is darkness except for a glow emanating from a table on which are lying the sacred relics of the crucifixion. The crown of thorns, the nails, the sponge are there before the gaze of the Mother of Sorrows. We can well believe that though the room be darkened by the shadows of that dreadful gloom Mary's spirit glows with a flood of celestial light. For her untarnished innocence comprehends

God's plan of redemption. She knows that on the third day her Son will rise again. Thus, while every fibre of her being sorrows through participation in the sufferings of her Child, hope and unwavering faith encompass her soul.

Some think it strange that the Gospels make no mention of an Easter morning apparition of Jesus to His Mother. Is the explanation of this omission that the fact was too obvious to need recording, or was reverence the motive of this sacred silence of the Evangelists?

Whatever the reason, we may be certain that, in that earliest morning hour when Jesus rose glorious and immortal, His Body freed from all subjection to time and space—in that instant when He broke the bonds of death He stood radiantly beautiful, before His mother. She worshipped Him her God, and He pressed her to His Heart.

SISTER M. DOLOROSA.

### Lourdes and Lisieux

Nothing has made a deeper impression upon my mind than the beautiful sight which greeted us upon our arrival about nine o'clock at night at which time the evening procession was in progress. This procession takes place in front of the Basilica which is built on the hill. The Basilica is, as it were, like a large three layer cake, the bottom layer being the tomb of Bernadette and the top being the main Church. There are, of course, huge stairs leading from one to the other; but there are also wide ramps for wheel chairs and stretchers on wheels. In front of the Basilica there is a long elliptical driveway which leads to the foot of the hill. It is on this driveway and the ramps that the procession of thousands of people, each carrying a lighted candle, takes place every night. A huge organ renders a hymn to the Blessed Virgin which each individual sings in his own tongue. There are hundreds of voices of every language.

When we were there, there was a large number of English speaking people because of a pilgrimage from Liverpool. Our first glimpse of Lourdes from the train was these thousands of moving lights with the sound of the hymn in the distance. One realizes how universal our Church is after taking part in one of these ceremonies.

The following afternoon, as every afternoon, Benediction was given in front of the Basilica where stretcher after stretcher and wheelchair after wheelchair were lined up. The Monstrance was brought to each invalid and each individually received the blessing. There were hundreds of invalids as well as the large number of healthy individuals present.

The shrine is filled with a mass of candles lighted by the faithful. On the side of the shrine there are rows of canes and crutches hanging on the rocks.

Shortly before coming to Lourdes we had visited the home of St. Theresa at Lisieux in Northern France. There is certainly a difference in the two places. The home of St. Theresa is beautifully kept, both the garden and the house itself, and so many little things, such as toys, are being taken care of by the nuns. The home of Bernadette is more of a one-room attic, not kept up at all. We had to search for a few hours before we could even find it. It is rather dilapidated and cobwebs have made themselves quite at home.

At Lisieux they are building a beautiful Basilica where they plan to hold the next Eucharistic Congress.

CLARABELLE BORCHARD.

### St. Theresa of Lisieux on Conquering Egotism

"The attraction to penance was given me, but I was permitted nothing to satisfy it. The only mortifications I was allowed consisted in mortifying self-love, which did more than corporal penance."



## COOPERATION

## LOYALTY

## SPORTSMANSHIP

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor ..... B. Williams  
 Assoc. Editor ..... M. Donovan  
 Valeria Morena

## Editorial Comments

As an outstanding feature of this year's work, Mount Saint Mary's will publish the Tenth Anniversary edition of *First the Blade*, an intercollegiate anthology of student verse, sponsored by the "California Fellowship of Creative Art." The volume is being edited by The Parnassians of this college. For the first time in its ten years of publication, *First the Blade* will be edited and published by a Catholic college.

The staff and editor of the anthology are deeply gratified by the encouraging response made to the appeal recently made to the Associated Students. Not only those who contributed poems, but the rest of the Student Body as well, showed a magnificent spirit of cooperation and interest in the venture of ordering advance copies of the volume.

Although the poems submitted were unsigned, we are familiar with the customarily high quality of the literary work done at this college and we feel confident that the Student Body will be well represented in the list of prize-winners.

## Ideals of Christian Marriage

"We should not fail to call to the attention of youth the specific ideals of genuine Christian marriage. Outstanding among these are certainly the following: Marriage is a divine institution; marriage is a sacrament; it is a symbol of the union of Christ and His Church; its prime purpose, in final analysis, is to beget and rear children for an eternity of happiness with God."—*Youth—Leadership and Catholic Action*.

## Meet Mona Lisa

I think I may safely say that of no painting of the great Renaissance has there been in our times so much said, so much written, so much conjectured as of Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*.

Does Mona Lisa smile a sinister and enigmatic smile as though she mocked her beholders? Or shall we say with some, that she looks ironically and disdainfully thru all the centuries of admiration or critical analysis?

It is not my purpose to analyze the picture as a painting and to add my insignificant praise to what is acknowledged a superb masterpiece of portraiture, but just in a casual way to give you my interpretation of the painting and the smile. I do not profess to have pierced the veil of the years; I know only the meagre bit which history tells us: that Mona Lisa was a Neapolitan matron, the wife of a rich merchant, a friend of Da Vinci's, but as I sit before a copy of the painting I form my own theory of the subject.

She occupies the center of the canvas and compels by the restful dignity of her pose. Far away in the background streams and mountains wind and are lost in a haze of mystery. The harmonizing transparent envelope which the lapse of centuries has drawn over the bit of landscape subdues and mellows it, throwing the figure almost into silhouette. And there she sits: hands graceful and relaxed; the right one leaning on the arm of the chair, while the left, exquisitely drawn, with its foreshortened arm, rests with a feeling of entire poise over the other. The face is strong and almost square until it reaches the lower curve of the cheek, where it rounds into the rather delicate chin. The brow is high and fine and the absence of marked eyebrows makes the eyes perhaps more significant. Was she not looking quizzically at the painter and wondering how successful he would be, and did not Leonardo catch the doubt in her eyes? Then, because she was beautiful, and waited, with critical eagerness, to view the result, her lips take up the doubtful expression of the eyes, and I wait to see her rise, and go over to the artist, when her long pose is over, to appraise his work.

SISTER M. IGNATIA.

## Socrates the Thinker

Socrates was born in 469 B. C. at Athens. We know very little of his early life, only being told that he received the ordinary Athenian education in gymnastics, geometry, music. However, a "divine call," inspired him to devote his life to the moral and intellectual reform of his fellow citizens. "From a sculptor of statues he became a teacher who strove to shape the souls of men." His unconventional and tactless method of teaching brought Socrates as much unpopularity as did the stand he took on the political questions of the day. The opposition to him finally culminated in formal charges, of impiety and deliberate corruption of Athenian youth, by teaching things not in accordance with the popular mythology. Socrates met the charges in a spirit of defiance and enraged his antagonists even more by publicly refusing to retract or apologize for anything. He was condemned to drink the deadly hemlock, and, when the time came, Socrates met his fate with a calmness and dignity which have gained fame throughout the ages. He died in 399 B. C.

The picture drawn of Socrates by Xenophon is almost ideally perfect: "No one ever heard or saw anything wrong in Socrates; so pious was he that he never did anything without first consulting the gods; so just that he never injured anyone in the least; so master of himself that he never preferred pleasure to goodness; so sensible that he never erred in his choice between what was better and what was worse. In a word, he was of all men the best and happiest." Plato said practically the same thing of him. However, Socrates did not rise above the moral level of his contemporaries in every respect. There was in him a certain inconsistency between the external and internal man which is not at all Grecian. Socrates often spoke of divine voices which, he said, advised and guided him. These so-called divine voices were probably his conscience, for Socrates was a very devout man and would naturally designate as divine his inner voice of individual tact.

Socrates struck the first blow to the negative teaching of the Sophists. He stated that man can know things with truth and certainty. The mind is a  
 (Continued on page 3)



## COOPERATION

### SOCRATES THE THINKER

(Continued from page 2)

storehouse of truth which only needs to be developed and man will have all true and certain knowledge fitted to his needs. "Know thyself!" was the great Socratic precept.

Socrates' method is the heuristic or finding method. It involves 1) the ironic process, in which the seeker "clears his mental decks for action" by ridding his mind of prejudice and misinformation, and, 2) the maieutic process, in which truth is drawn out of the mind by dialogue and discussion.

Socrates did not concern himself very much with physical questions but he did study the adaptation in nature. In regard to his theology, Socrates seems to have adopted Anaxagoras' idea of an Intelligent Cause ("nous"). However, he went further and proved the existence of such a cause, and therefore God, from the fact that there is adaptation in living organisms. He taught the existence of one, supreme, all-perfect God who is the efficient and final cause of the universe. He does not identify God with the world as do the Pantheists. He teaches that God is omnipresent, that He directs and governs the world and that this world is the best possible world. In the course of his argument he formulated a principle, since used as a major premise in every theological argument, that is: "Whatever exists for a useful purpose must be the work of an intelligence." Nevertheless, in practice Socrates adopted the current mythology.

There can be no doubt as to Socrates' belief in the immortality of the human soul, but he advances no proofs for this. "If Socrates taught men to think it was with the ultimate intention of teaching them how to live." Socrates was the first philosopher to be given an analysis of happiness and virtue which was capable of further systematic development. The supreme good of man is happiness, he taught, but by happiness he meant not one which depends upon accidents of fortune, but a well-being which is conditioned by good action. To attain this good man must refrain from excesses in the use of material things, for moderation is the cornerstone of virtue. However, virtue is the same as knowledge. No man intentionally does

## LOYALTY

wrong for he would intentionally be depriving himself of happiness. Knowledge, therefore, is the only virtue and ignorance is the only vice. Sin is always the product of ignorance; if a man knows what is right and true (knowledge) he cannot help choosing it and acting in consistent accordance with it (virtue). Thus all study, all striving after knowledge, is also striving after virtue; all study is ethical study. "Know thyself!" is not only the fundamental intelligent principle; it is also the basic moral precept.

The beauty of Socrates' ethical plan is marred only by his inconsistency in basing all moral precepts upon the motive of utility. Nevertheless, Socrates deserves great credit for attempting to build up a system of ethics and to give it a rational foundation. For all its errors, Socratic philosophy was a great step forward in the development of true philosophy.

Turner, *History of Philosophy*.

BARBARA WILLIAMS.

### A Business Woman in Franklin's Day

An interesting instance of a woman's business ability is given in Franklin's autobiography. In 1773 he founded a printing office in Charleston, S. C., under charge of one of his journeymen, and was to receive one-third of the profits. Franklin says: "He was a man of learning, but ignorant in matters of account, and though he sometimes made me remittances I could get no account from him nor any satisfactory state of our partnership while he lived.

"On his decease the business was continued by his widow, who being born and bred in Holland, where, as I have been informed, the knowledge of accounts makes a part of female education, she not only sent me as clear a statement as she could find of the transactions past, but continued to account with the greatest regularity and exactness every quarter afterward and managed the business with such success that she not only reputably brought up a family of children, but at the expiration of the term was able to purchase of me the printing house and establish her son in it. I

## SPORTSMANSHIP

mention this affair chiefly for the sake of recommending that branch of education for our young women as likely to be of more use to them and their children, in case of widowhood, than either music or dancing."—T. L.

### The Poet's Prayer

(Horace, Bk. I, Ode XXXI)

What does he humbly ask of Apollo  
enshrined  
The poet ardent pouring from the  
chalice  
Autumn's vintage rare? Not the  
golden  
Sowing of fertile Sardinia.

Not the pleasing herds of the sunny  
south,  
Not the gold or ivory of India so far,  
Not the fields which Liris, silent river,  
Eats away with peaceful, flowing waters.

Let those press with the Canean sickle  
Whom Fortune has given the ruddy  
vine;  
Let the wealthy merchant, drain from  
cups of gold  
The vintage bartered for finest Syrian  
wares.

Traders these, who, dear to the gods,  
Three and four times yearly revisit  
without peril  
The Atlantic Sea; but the olive feeds  
me,  
And the endive, and yea the light  
mallow.

Latona, I implore, grant me with  
strong body  
To enjoy what I possess, with sound  
mind  
To pass my days, not in a tottering  
old age,  
Nor in years lacking the poet's song.

Frances Williams.



## COOPERATION

### Desert Wind

The desert wind whispers across the arid earth, and caresses the crumpled leaves of the seared blossoms. It brushes across the gleaming soil scarcely disturbing the exhausted slumbering of the dreamless sands. It hovers above a resting pool, and the water stirs from repose. Stopping to brush a drop of dew from a forgotten petal, it moves on, and is lost in the hush of the night.

*Cecile Jeanne.*

### Death

Below a gloom-enshrouded sky  
Last night we walked, young John  
and I . . .

We did not hear the dismal knell  
Struck by some hated hand of Hell  
Until Death flung us wide!

"Stop! John! You must not die!  
John! Stay!" My anguished cry  
He heeded not, nor seemed to hear;  
And sorrowful at my great fear,  
John turned and left my side.

"John goes," I thought, "he leaves  
with Death."

But when a flaming, shuddering breath  
Seared not as on my soul it blew,  
Vaguely then, somehow I knew  
It was not John who died.

*B. J. Mitchell.  
Kathryn Laurens.*

### Quicksilver

Shadowy eyes reflect a soul—  
So beautiful I dare not look  
Lest my own eyes reveal  
Years of wasted time and foolish  
dreams.

*B. Ha.*

### Metropolis

White lights in strands,  
like diamond necklaces  
on the throat of night.  
Scattered white lights,  
mirrored in the serene blackness  
of the sky.  
White beams of light  
(from gigantic reflectors)  
sweeping the heavens.  
White lights glittering—  
they are the ceaseless turmoil  
of jesting life.

*Genara.*

## LOYALTY

### Song of a Gael

Gael bard singing fills my heart with  
fire,  
Irish minstrel strums his golden  
lyre,  
Beltane feast is ringing with his song.  
Rise, O Gaels, to right the ancient  
wrong!

Far ancestor lights the Druid flame,  
Brave chiefs chanting, "Fight for  
Erin's name!"

Dark clouds gather over Irish sod,  
Irish men beseeching Ireland's God.

Dane ships come from out the angry  
sea,  
Green decked hosts assemble on the  
lea,

Strike Norse shields with swords of  
Celtic men,

Rise, brave lad, to lift that sword  
again.

Faint far echo of Brian's mighty fight  
That kept Europe's candle glowing  
bright,

Sings soft melody with martial beat,  
Gael man's harp will sound a victory  
sweet.

*Margaret Moran.*

### The Fall of Day

The fall of day, and rise of night goes  
on,  
Through centuries old, and bears no  
song  
Of what we say, or think, or do;  
But takes within its starry fold  
The day, just spent, to dwell with  
those gone by.

*Virginia Lynne.*

### ENOUGH

Oh, what a fool were I  
To fret the Lord with prayers  
For wealth to raise me high,  
For gold with which to buy  
Release from wordly cares,  
If I may only, when  
The fields are gemmed with dew,  
When mist lies on the fen  
And joy is in the glen,  
Go forth and know that though  
The busy day my heart  
Shall harbor hope, that night  
Shall find that I, in spite  
Of every bruise and smart,  
Have bravely done my part.

*Cath. Sentinel*

## SPORTSMANSHIP

### Fog

The world is a curtain of mist,  
Ending at the silhouette  
Of a once verdant hill.  
Beyond that grey haze, I know  
Lies a glamorous city;  
But now it has vanished from my view,  
Just as I, in my insignificance,  
Must fade before the glory of God.

*D. Gibson.  
Genara.*

### Gossip

In common with the rest of men  
I have my faults, and then again,  
I have some little virtues, too,  
I try to cultivate, 'tis true.

And one of these, if you don't mind  
My saying so, is being kind  
And ready with a word of praise,  
It's so uncommon nowadays.

For I've observed, and you no doubt  
Have noticed going round about,  
How freely people will refer  
To some poor fellow's character.

If he's unfortunate enough  
To slip and fall where going's rough  
they're sure to notice what he does  
And make it known with hems and  
haws.

Or if he wins the public eye  
Why, bless my soul if they don't try  
By innuendos or a wink  
To hint he's not what people think.

Sure, after hearing one of them  
Adjudicate and then condemn,  
A fellow goes away perplexed  
And wonders if he'll be the next.

According to these favored few  
Our motives are exposed to view;  
The convolutions of the brain  
Are only wrapped in cellophane.

Misereatur Dominus  
On ninety-nine per cent of us!  
For, even those who pass their test  
Are only tolerable at best.

To such, if they can read at all,  
May I suggest they read St. Paul  
Whose words of crystal clarity  
Define the scope of Charity.

O, then perhaps, these people would,  
(Let's hope there is such likelihood;)  
Discover that more mischief lies  
In gossiping than calumnies.

*P. J. McG.*



# INTER-NOS

VOL. XII, No. 3.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, MAY 30, 1937.

## First the Blade

Before the current issue of "Inter Nos" comes from the press, "First the Blade" will have made its 1937 appearance.

The book, an anthology of verse, is sponsored by the Intercollegiate Fellowship of Creative Arts. None but California College students are eligible as entrants.

The present year celebrates the tenth anniversary since the founding of the fellowship, and the first time that a Catholic College has been honored with its Presidency.

Naturally the honor carries with it a burden, both literary and financial, for the association, lacking endowment, can contribute nothing but its cheerful and unfailing moral support.

It may, then, be in order, at the present writing, to congratulate our student body, whether "intra" or "extra" English departmental on its whole hearted interest, and material cooperation, shown in the form of one hundred subscription pledges from among its members.

Our deep appreciation is due to our Most Reverend Archbishop John J. Cantwell, D. D., for his generous donation of the prize for a religious poem, likewise to Mother Margaret Mary, to the Press Club of Occidental, to the Loyola Student Body and to Mount Saint Mary's Student Body, who respectively donated prizes for the best ode, the best sonnet, the best ballad, and the best poem of the collection, taken as a whole.

To the judges who unselfishly gave the benefit of their time and their experience we express our sincere gratitude. These judges were The Honorable John Steven McGroarty, Mrs. Evelyn Clement, Captain C. M. Brune, Lucia Trent, and Mrs. Snow Longley Housh, chosen because of their literary ability and their integrity. None of the judges is a faculty member of any college, and as all manuscripts submitted lacked any identification mark, we feel that their impartial votes will receive full approbation from contributing institutions.

A word of congratulation should also be offered to our editors and managers, Barbara Williams, Elizabeth Ann Joyce, Jeanne Laurendeau, Marian McGrath, Margaret Donovan, Vivian Martin and to the faculty

(Continued on Page 2, Col. 2)

## The Vigil Light

*The sanctuary light burns in its wine-red cup.*

*Casting a golden halo on the chapel ceiling.*

*Oh, God,*

*Make my devotion burn constant in the blood-red cup of my heart.*

*Let it keep eternal vigilance before Your presence.*

*Let it never die: let the flame leap higher with each new devotion*

*Until it casts a small warm circle of love*

*On the ceiling of heaven.*

ANN JANE MARSHALL.

Anna Jane Marshall '37, has the honour of having been chosen as the prize-winner from entrants submitting religious poems in the First the Blade Contest for 1937. Our reverend Archbishop, graciously donated this award of twenty dollars, the highest prize offered.

## Month of the Sacred Heart

On June first, Our Divine Friend will be expecting a gift from each of us. Though nothing we can give Him will compare with the inestimably precious and countless gifts He has bestowed upon us, He will gladly accept our meagre offerings and reward us for each of them a thousandfold. The highest offering we can give to Our Lord is a month of Masses and Communion. For those who cannot promise this, a Litany of the Sacred Heart said each night, a visit to the Blessed Sacrament and a Spiritual Communion made each day, a Holy Hour made once a week, or a daily act of self-denial throughout the month of June will please Jesus greatly.

An especially lovely June gift is the promise to say faithfully a certain prayer to the Sacred Heart every night. One of the nicest of these prayers is that which one offers oneself to the Sacred Heart and then offers the Sacred Heart to God the Father. It reads as follows:

Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, filled with infinite love, broken by my ingratitude, pierced by my sins, yet loving me still, accept the consecration of all that I am and all that I have. Take every faculty of my soul and body and draw me nearer and nearer to Thy Sacred Heart, and, there, as I can bear the lesson, teach me Thy blessed ways.

Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Sacred Heart of Jesus, with all its sufferings and all its merits.

To expiate the sins I have committed this day and during all my life,  
Gloria Patri.

## Scholarship Society Elects Members

The annual meeting of the Scholarship Society took place on the afternoon of May 18. Barbara Williams, June Brosnan, Thelma Coleman and Clarabelle Borchard were elected to membership.

## I Climb a Hill (Selections)

Service and knowledge are hard taskmasters, and the young cannot always see clearly. So again the growing mind of this girl-woman reached out carefully to explore. Jeanne wanted to find peace and rest

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)



## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor ..... B. Williams

Associate Editor ..... M. Donovan

## Editorial Comments

In an immeasurably short time those of us who are Seniors will be called upon to close the portals of our college years and, with confidence and courage, face a new and strangely different world. For the past four years we have stood aside and watched the changes in the institution called Society. We watched and were unafraid, for we were in but not of the world. Our minds and hearts were filled with the gracious influence of our President, Mother Margaret Mary, the Sisters, and other members of our faculty; our dreams were those of lasting friendships and scholastic achievement; and, our ideals were fostered by the gentle, abiding Catholicity that surrounded and protected us. Now, all that is changing. Soon we must cease merely to look on—we must take our places as integral parts of society.

To each of us God has given an inherent capability to follow a certain vocation in life. No matter what they are, we have been well trained for the different tasks awaiting us. We realize the completeness of the preparation with which our college has tried to endow us. We know that confidence, not trepidation, is the order of Commencement Day. Still the happiness and satisfaction with which we Seniors shall receive our academic degrees will be tinged with sadness and regret. We shall be sorry to say good-bye to the halls and classrooms that have grown so dear, to the experiences and joys of our college days, to our loyal friends and familiar college-mates, to the Sisters of Saint Joseph, to Father Vaughn, to whom we owe much of our growth in mind and soul, and, most of all, we shall regret losing the sweetness and solace of our little temporary Chapel, where always awaited us, our Unchanging Friend. We say temporary Chapel with the prayer that benefactors may, in the near future, make Mary Chapel a reality.

In the years to come our minds may forget the wise precepts learned at Mount Saint Mary's, our dreams may become those of worldly achievement and material success, but our ideals, with God's help, will always remain as pure and high as the spiritual influence which engendered them.

## Alumnae Notes

At the last Alumnae meeting Florence Conway Adams was elected Secretary-Treasurer, following the resignation of Mary Malone from that position. Miss Malone has moved to Imperial Valley to take a teaching position there in the public schools.

Inez Feeney is a member of the Philharmonic chorus which has recently given the *Bach St. John Passion* and "Ninth" Symphony.

David Keppler is in the business office of the Telephone Company.

Martha Everman, too, has found the call of the Southland irresistible. She has returned here recently from San Jose, where she was engaged in teaching at a San Jose Hospital.

Virginia Mueller is coming home! She has been working in Honolulu for the past year. She has booked passage for May 23.

Maria Mankiewicz is contemplating marriage sometime in June. Maria has established a favorable record at U. C. L. A. where she has done a year of graduate work leading to a Secondary Certificate.

Lillian May Evans has completed a new house in Monterey Park. She teaches at Alhambra High School. She has two children, Bobby and Patricia.

Mary O'Connor is recovering from a severe case of "flu."

Gertrude Boland has become very versatile; she has been teaching folk-dancing in a school in the eastern part of the city. She is now engaged in teaching a class of mental defectives.

Enthusiastic congratulations are in order to some of our young matrons from whom have come important announcements: of a new little daughter, Mary Linda, to Mr. and Mrs. T. Von der Ahe (Dorothy Lieb), that Mr. and Mrs. George E. McClure (Mary Agnes Scannell) are rejoicing in the arrival of little Mary Agnes, Mr. and Mrs. Walter O'Malley (Annetta McCann) in the coming of little Walter Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Richards (Helene Breen) in the arrival of wee Michael Joseph and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crawford (Alice Buckler) in the arrival of their second child, a daughter whose

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)

## FIRST THE BLADE

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

adviser, Sister Marie de Lourdes, and last but by no means least to our contributors and to Mr. Ward Ritchie, our printer without whose painstaking labour, "First the Blade" for 1937 could not have become a reality.

SISTER MARY DOLOROSA.

## I Go Technicianing (Selections)

"I am going to be a laboratory technician." Whenever I say this to people interested in my future, the statement invariably requires an explanation. If I don't elucidate, my inquisitors class me as something halfway between a dietician and a person who fixes frigidaire. I usually evade the imminent question and answer session by explaining: "I stick people in their fingers with needles and examine their blood to see whether or not they are sick."

Thoroughly excited with the prospect of my new profession, I spent my leisure hours reading and re-reading in the college catalogue: Courses Required for a Laboratory Technician: Bacteriology, Histology, Hematology, Parasitology, etc. By the end of the year, the "ology's" rolled off my tongue with professional smoothness and I was sure that in my position of embryonic technician I was truly exalted.

At last! My work was to begin. Or so I thought. My visions of performing expert microscopic analyses faded before the immense pan of dirty slides placed before me. To my chagrin, I was told that no one could be a good technician until she was a good dish-washer. If this is the test of perfection, I should be a good technician because for the next week I did nothing but wash slides, test tubes, Petri plates, syringes and all other appurtenances of my would-be profession.

I was introduced quite unawares to the "little beasties" which cause some of the most prevalent, fatal and heartbreaking diseases in the world. I spent long hours learning how to distinguish these parasites under the microscope, and was recompensed by the fact that some day the knowledge I was gaining might ease a pain or save a life.

I left the hospital much wiser, a little older, and thoroughly fascinated by the career I had chosen.

During the second summer, I gained an insight into the workings of the medical world. Never before had I so understood doctors, nurses, sickness, life and death, and the miracle of healing. With my eagerness to know more about medicine, grew my desire to be a technician—a good technician.

(Continued on page 3, Col. 3)



## I CLIMB A HILL

(Continued from page 1, Col. 3)

from the thing that drove her always on. Her lifting hands were inexperienced, and they brushed carelessly over much that was warm and comforting.

She wanted to get away—away from the places that meant only empty laughter and no low pleasures; away from these people who in their recklessness had laid strangling fingers at the throat of her ideals and had given her nothing, nothing in return!

Confused, she wandered aimlessly about in the cluttered recesses of her mind. She had lost the way and her eyes were blind. She stumbled and looking up she saw a slim, white building with a tall cross reaching up to the sky. She saw windows that looked peacefully across the broad expanse of a turbulent city. She saw dim corridors and nuns in their sweeping, black robes and shining, white guimps. In 1935, she covered the reckless six months she had just passed with a dark drape and hid it away in her heart.

She stayed on, a wraith following in the shadow of the place. She was questioning now, always questioning. She grasped at their religion. Her mind was sceptical. She wanted to believe, but she wanted to be sure. She looked for fault, and found none. She questioned their faith, and the faith was unafraid. Out of her questioning and seeking, she found her own faith. She found God in the paths she walked upon, in the sun and moon and stars. He was in the air she breathed and yet He was intangible.

JEANNE LAURENDEAU.

## ALUMNAE NOTES

(Continued from page 2, Col. 2)

name we have not yet learned. "All power" to our home-making members.

One evening recently two callers were announced at the college, as a "young girl and her mother." They proved to be Shirley Megowan and Rose Alice Chamberlain.

Pauline Chaudy breezed in for a pleasant little visit on Friday, May 14. She announced the completion of her field work with the Catholic Big Sisters and, at present, is nursing at the Cedars of Lebanon.

HELEN SCHUBERT.

## Literary Nonsense

My *Magnificent Obsession* was a relentless search of *The Good Earth* for *Lost Horizons*. Naturally, my *Young Adventure* took me on the *Royal Road to Romance*.

On *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* I came upon Miss *Lulu Bett* bedecked in *Lavender and Old Lace*. "How many miles is it *North to the Orient*?" I inquired.

"You are a *Total Stranger*, sir. But *Why Stop Learning? Not Under Forty*," she snapped and went her *Frost-y* way.

"Mine is indeed an *Obscure Destiny*," I was bewailing, when I heard a cheerful "tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot in the distance," and what should it be but *Ferdinand* making a bee line for a *Passion Flower* by the roadside. "My friend, can you direct me to *The Tents of the Arabs*?" I asked.

Graciously he stopped, and with the neatest *Quadruped* bow replied, "With pleasure, senor. I've been *Around the World in Eleven Years*, and *North of Boston* I learned that *The Hudson Flows through India*. But *Arouse and Beware*, lest instead of meeting *Laurence of Arabia* you run across *The Queen's Enemies*. Good-bye, Mr. *Chips*," he nodded and departed.

With this sage advice I proceeded, ever *In Pursuit of Laughter*.

*Way Down East* I espied *Three Titans* on the *Lone Trail*, each wearing *Seven League Boots*, and followed by a retinue of *Mules and Men*. I almost caught up with them on *Main Street*, but just as they were turning in *The Glittering Gate*, their *Sister Carrie* ran out to meet them. "Dear *Brutus*," she tearfully addressed the eldest, "if *Death Comes for the Archbishop* he will die *Without Benefit of Clergy*."

"When we left I *Understood Betsy* to say *It Can't Happen Here*," *Brutus* frowned, picking *A Few Figs From Thistles* growing by the gate.

Sensing that in such *Dark Hours* I ought not intrude, I wearily turned and trudged *Angel Pavement*.

*Pride and Prejudice* kept me from asking my direction of *The Man With the Hoe* near *The Road to Mandalay*.

The night was a *Midsummer Night*. The *Wind in the Willows* was cool. The *Sound of the Trees* soothing. *Beyond Sing the Woods*, thought I, and, lured by *The Witching Hour*, went on. A *Strange Holiness* lurked in the *Shadows on the Rock*. Gently the thump of far *Drums in the Forest* rocked me, then violently shook me.

.....

Junior, with *A Boy's Will*, was

## College Scholarship

The executive board, after mature consideration, decided to renew the scholarship conferred last year by competitive examination on Ruth Tonne. Miss Tonne's work being of an exceptionally high order, made this course seem more advisable than the withdrawal of the scholarship for the sake of a competitive examination for untried high school seniors. This issue, however, emphasizes the benefits accruing, should the association see fit to establish a second scholarship. Two such scholarships with competitive examinations every second year could be arranged to carry two scholars through their four years work at Mt. St. Mary's.

The request has been made that through the columns of *Inter Nos* an appeal be sent forth that each alumna fulfill the pledge of two dollars a year contribution to the scholarship fund. The pledges considered singly entail little sacrifice, collectively they can finance two deserving students, and their Alma Mater, and consequently further the struggling cause of Catholic education.

## I GO TECHNICIAN

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)

To me, the most interesting phase is the grouping of blood to find donors for transfusions. It is then that drama, of an almost theatrical intensity, breaks the occasional monotony of routine. It is then that the sword of Damocles is suspended by the silken thread of life—a thread that can be broken by a technician's delay, inaccuracy or ignorance.

Those days have done much to strengthen my desire to succeed in the profession I have dared to choose for they have instilled in me a deep appreciation for Hippocrates and the enthralling, sometimes discouraging, but always thrilling world that he founded. My small, insignificant place in that world is one I would not exchange for any other in existence . . . And so, when I graduate in June, I shall feel that I have chosen rightly in joining the ranks of the microbe hunters and, with de Kruif's brave "men against death," I am eager to sacrifice myself to make the world safe for humanity.

BARBARA WILLIAMS.

mercilessly tugging at my necktie, insisting, "Dad, what is the moon supposed to advertise?"

GENOVEVA SAAVEDRA HIDALGO.



## COOPERATION

### The Desert

Dawn—  
Gold rimmed mountains  
Foretell the rising sun.  
Purple night shadows  
Linger in remote stretches  
Of desert wastes.  
Grotesque joshua trees  
Guard the portals  
Of the horizon.  
Noon—  
Pointed peaks of red lava  
Reach toward the  
Unclouded sky.  
Patches of dusty cactus  
On calid sands  
Relieve the torrid glare.  
Distant mirages mock  
The thirsty voyager.  
Evening—  
Latticed clumps of sage  
Trace delicate patterns  
On cooling sands.  
Somber shadows of dim ranges  
Create fantastic images.  
Sifted silver moonbeams  
Diffuse everywhere a  
Fairy-like radiance.

L. GIBSON.

### Anahuac

Pagan pyramid  
Christian temple  
"Virgen Santa!"  
"Quetzalcoatl!"  
Emerald cornfields  
Blue "maguey" fields  
Donkey hoofs  
Snowed volcanoes  
Purple skies  
Mad "sarapes"  
Sable eyes  
Floating gardens  
Silver cactus  
Chaste tuberose  
Jasmined patios  
Care-free laughter  
High-hope dreams  
Loved "sombbrero"  
Hyacinthed streams  
"Estrellita"  
Serenade low  
"Adios, dulce  
Mexico."

G. SAEVAEDRA.

### Evanescent

I grasped a swift-sailing star one  
night,  
Through my fingers it slid, burning,  
bright.  
I shall never grasp a star again—  
Too fleeting the joy, too long the  
pain.

H. WEAVER.

## LOYALTY

### Sonnet

We stand at sunrise, when the wait-  
ing sky  
Is robed in every gorgeous purple  
hue.  
Beauty divine! But soon the colours  
die  
And crimson-gold becomes cerulean  
blue.  
The spell is broken, and we turn  
aside,  
Saddened that the brilliant light must  
fade,  
That such a glory must subside,  
And scarlet light must turn to bluish  
shade.  
We stand before Youth's thoughts,  
which like the dawn  
Blaze with high-minded Youth's most  
glorious flame.  
We weep, for stolid years soon will  
have drawn  
Away such dreams, and made their  
purpose tame.  
As thieving Day robs Dawn of heav-  
en's fire,  
So Life steals off with Youth's divine  
desire.

B. J. MITCHELL.

### Mary, Queen of Scots

A tall, white candle flickers in the  
night—  
The crucifix grotesque, distorted  
A woman draped in agony  
A white mask painted with black,  
terror-filled eyes  
A shadowed, pleading mouth  
Soft hands clutching a heavy rosary.  
The measured tread of sentries  
Moonlight—pale and ghastly  
The block outlined in granite shadow  
below  
"Elizabeth, you cannot betray me!"  
"Bothwell—the pipes?"  
"No—only the wind in the trees."  
A short, worn candle sputters in the  
dawn.

J. LAURENDEAU.

### Medusa

The sea trips itself in hurry to es-  
cape her  
Trees bend, arms flung upward to  
avoid her wrath  
Fearsome, Medusa's head stares from  
the storm-rent sky.

Ragged clouds knit her great, dark  
brows  
Lightning flashes from her baleful  
eyes  
Wind-swept torrents writhe in her  
snaky hair.

The wind flees, shrieking in mad ter-  
ror!

J. LAURENDEAU.

## SPORTSMANSHIP

### Winter-Dusk

Smallest grooves of mud are beauty-  
decked in the brilliant light of night;  
the silver films of frosty glint fall  
on the hard, dry earth and make it  
diamond-flecked . . . cold, in the  
winter dusk.

The trees are bare of summer hues;  
nightly shadows draw them closer to  
the thickening dusk of evening's  
darkening skies that shed the radi-  
ance of purple, gold and blues . . .  
cold, in the winter dusk.

Then Winter claims in silent partner-  
ship once more with Death, the fear-  
less thief of night; casts on still,  
frail souls of former summers dawns  
a gleaming shroud of frozen dew . . .  
cold, in the winter dusk.

G. FEENAN.

### To Martial

All glory to Martial  
The master of wit,  
Most friendly to mortals.  
To him I submit  
The following verses.  
His patience I crave.

To marry Priscus is your aim  
Your wisdom, Paula, we acclaim;  
But Priscus shows his wisdom too,  
He does not wish to marry you!

Epigrams, Bk. IX, 5.

If fortune is unkind to you  
And makes you sad and lonely;  
Your native land condemns you too,  
Then I shall faithful be.  
Through seas or cliffs of rocks, with  
you

I follow as a friend  
And when good things and riches  
come

Be with you to the end.  
But if you get abundant wealth  
Will you share part with me?  
"Oh no," you say, "this cannot be"  
Alas! For such a friend!

Epigrams, Bk. II, 24.

ELEONA DARIEN.

### Benediction

A thousand candle-stars on the altar  
A cloud of almond blossoms  
Incense winging Heavenward  
The silver music of a chime  
A sweet, soul-filling Presence  
A deep, heart-filling peace.

G. SAEVAEDRA.



# INTER-NOS

Vol. IV, No. 1.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, NOVEMBER, 1937.

## Dorothy Day Calls for Catholic Workers

### Pontifical Mass

On September 5, Los Angeles saw the greatest affirmation of Catholicity since the Fiesta Mass of 1931. The occasion was the Solemn Pontifical Mass celebrated during the convention of the Italian Catholic Confederation. Under a deep blue sky, with the great oval of the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum a moving sea of color, the act of adoration and thanksgiving was offered to God. The Archdiocese and its suffragan dioceses combined all their efforts to make the Mass as beautiful and impressive as possible. Each diocese which sent its bishop also sent a float depicting an incident from its history.

Throughout the Coliseum, worshippers protected their heads from the blazing sun by small black and orange parasols. At the east end of the oval, those who had participated in the parade were gathered. Their gay flags and banners were brilliant proof of the universality of the Church. There were American, Italian, Mexican, Portuguese, Irish, and French flags waving in the light breeze. The Sisters of the teaching orders sat to the right of the altar making a sober contrast to the blaze of color around them. The great altar was the focal point for all eyes. Above it two large papal flags of white and gold gently rippled, while just below the flags a white and gold canopy covered the altar. At each side was a pontifical chair in which sat Archbishop Cantwell who presided and Bishop Scher the celebrant of the Mass. Ivory candles of the altar flickered in the breeze, making tiny golden lights on the tips of the altar flowers. Before the altar the vestments of the clergy provided moving splashes of color. Bishop Scher wore a chasuble of gold over his ecclesiastical purple. The gold and white cope of Monsignor Cawly added to the splendor of the scene. Among the personages present was John McCormack in his red and black uniform of a Papal knight. At the Offertory he sang *Panis Angelicus*. With the final Benediction pronounced the procession formed to leave. Again the Church had proclaimed her universality, her unity, and her Christianity.

MARGARET MORAN.

### Poetry Sponsors Meet

Under the auspices of the Parnassians, literary organization of Mount Saint Mary's College, the annual meeting of the International Fellowship of Creative Arts Conference was held here on October 16. Delegates attended from Loyola, U. S. C., Pomona, Occidental, and Mount Saint Mary's Colleges, Long Beach, Fullerton, and Santa Ana junior colleges. Plans were discussed for the publishing of this year's edition of "First the Blade," the magazine of creative poetry sponsored by the Conference. Mrs. Snow Longly Housh, one of the judges of the 1937 edition, read a group of her own poetry. Mrs. Housh showed herself a true poet, not only by the numbers read but by the sympathy of her interpretation.

Among the distinguished guests were Rev. Arthur Spearman, S. J., Mr. R. W. Borst, Mr. T. H. Glenn, and Anne Hamilton. Presiding over the meeting were Jeanne Callahan, president of the Parnassians, and Barbara Williams, last year editor of "First the Blade."

"Pietas," the old Roman idea: Loyalty to God, to home, to country; to this add loyalty to the tradition of your college is our suggestion for the coming year. Students old and new—the President and faculty extend a welcome, and wish you a happy worthwhile year.

MOTHER MARY DOLOROSA.

On the afternoon of October 21, "Taedifer," the Latin club, spent a pleasant hour in literary and social intercourse. The affair was a real "Convivium" \* although the serving of refreshments brought the meeting to a close. Twenty five of the members were present.

### Take Her Up Tenderly

Ah! Fragile were your lineaments.  
Fragile were your feelings.

'Till now,

I did not know

How I tramped on

The delicate edges of your thoughts.

HELEN PURCELL.

\* Cf. Cicero *De Senectute*, Rockwood p—83, 1. 10

Dorothy Day one time editor of the *Socialist Worker*, outlined to the faculty and student body of Mt. St. Mary's on October eleventh the work and problems of the *Catholic Worker* which she is now editing. Miss Day pointed out that the *Catholic Worker* is a paper published to bring the social principles of the Church to the workers in mills, factories, mines and lumber camps, on ships and docks. Printed in New York City, the *Worker* transcends one city's boundaries and reaches workers all over the world.

The guiding force of the paper explained Miss Day, is the lay apostolate. The rule of voluntary poverty is embraced by its workers. By means of this self imposed law and through the corporal and spiritual works of mercy, the supporters of this organization fight against communism—"the humanity without God." They live among the working people, sharing their hardships and applying in a practical way the Catholic doctrine of the Mystical Body.

Under the auspices of this group hospitality houses have been opened for the benefit of men and women without food and shelter. In these homes, support for the abused laborers is organized and executed with unflinching zeal and courage.

The Catholic Worker functions in Los Angeles in its headquarters at 628 Agatha Street. Here men of every race and creed find help and courage for bettering their ways of living in the execution of the corporal works of mercy.

In discussing her work, Miss Day characterized some of her co-workers. The most edifying example in this enterprise is the one time French peasant, Peter Maurin. His humility and willingness are the constant source of inspiration to all connected with the house of hospitality in New York.

Miss Day's discussion gave the student body not only an appreciation of the problems of social workers, but also a practical way to exercise Catholic Action. The Apostolic Committee of the Sodality has caught the spirit of Miss Day's work and under its leadership a program of cooperation with the labors of the *Catholic Worker*

Continued on Page 2, Col. 3)



## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor ..... L. Coffield  
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## Ave

The initial appearance of *Inter Nos* finds its college well into the year's routine. Good leaders have opened the way to work; from the results evidenced to date there is reasonable basis for saying that the year will culminate in real success. There are perhaps a few who may shake their heads in dissent, a few who are with us but not of us. There was also, centuries ago, the dodo bird. It is now extinct because it failed to orientate itself. And so there is a minority who will not join in nourishing the seed of hard work already planted so well, who will not rejoice in the harvest. Pity to these, theirs is the loss. Those who work for the college give while they gain, the ultimate of all worthwhile labor.

## Atque Vale

In first looking at the new faces and realizing the absence of the old, the missing countenance of a priest who had been with us long was noted with disappointment. To him we bid an everlasting welcome to visit our college; and to his successor so well established in our sympathies in so brief time we extend warm hearted greetings. We regret the loss of the old yet rejoice in the advent of the new.

## Let us not Forget them in Death

Those who know best find solace in the Church's dedication of November to Holy Souls. This of all months seems the most appropriate for thirty days of special remembrance of the dead loved ones. Summer with its gaities and vacation is over. Our thoughts grow more serious as we again resume our work. The landscape itself assumes more somber colors, and with a now reflective mood upon us "those whom we have loved awhile but who have gone before us" are in our thoughts. November begins with the happy feast of All Saints, then, lest we forget that all are not saints, slips into the beautiful loving tenderness of the Feast of All Souls.

"We have loved them during life; let us not abandon them, until we have conducted them by our prayers into the house of the Lord."

BOOK REVIEW  
The King's Good Servant

By OLIVE WHITE

"The King's good servant but God's first." Such were the final words of Thomas More as he was led to martyrdom, and such are the words from which Olive White takes the title of her book. This is not a life of St. Thomas More in the strictest sense, for it begins when he is fifty-one, but it cleverly brings in details of his early life so we may know the foundation of his beliefs. From him and his friends we learn of his boyhood, his education at Oxford, his study of law and admission to the bar, his rise to Privy Councillor, Speaker of the House of Commons, and at last the highest of all, Lord Chancellor.

When the story opens, about 1530 times are troubled in England. Henry is growing restive under the Pope's disapproval of his divorce. To Henry, More is a trusted advisor and loyal friend. In the crises with Wolsey, it is More who tried to steer the king in a straight path, and to make the Cardinal's humiliation a little less bitter. More's humility almost prevents his acceptance of the post of Lord Chancellor, an office which he is the first lay man to hold. Finally Henry's usurpation of spiritual power forces the More's resignation. The king so forgets his friendship as to have More arrested for treason. After months in the tower, Sir Thomas More goes out to die.

We know More intimately in the book by the details of his life. His friends were of every kind, from Erasmus and the Duke of Norfolk to the least peasant. Most loved of all was Bishop John Fisher, who preceded More in martyrdom and accompanied him in canonization. We learn to like More in his family life; his fatherly sympathy and interest; practical Dame Alice; Margaret, his beloved Meg, with him to the last.

We see that the virtues of More did not set him apart from men. All these—simplicity, forgiveness, detachment, charity, humility, and the piety that led him to serve Mass daily even when Chancellor—all these the author makes so intensely human that we see no plaster-of-Paris saint but a man we know and love. We admire the brilliant intellect of the writer of *Utopia*, and his constant love of learning.

Aside from the story of a great man, the book is a joy to read because of the author's style. It is not pretentious, but easy and clear. Graphic details set out certain details in the mind, as: "Nervous as the musician for a court ball, the blackbirds and linnets had been tuning up long

before they were ready for the full choir of sunrise."

Miss White has satisfied a need for authoritative readable information about our most recently canonized saint. The book may not be as fine as one of Hillaire Belloc's, but it is not sentimentally Catholic and should do much to further the Catholic Literary revival. The reader lays down the volume with the feeling that he has made a friend whom he is anxious to introduce to others; and he feels impelled to be as staunch a Catholic as St. Thomas More, with the cry for "the faith of Christ's Holy Catholic Church . . . the King's good servant but God's first."

RUTH TONNE.

## INTERLUDE

A high gate separated them. He a tramp, she a lady. Each meeting again—she saucy, beautiful and impetuous—he a vagrant, beaten and battered. A glance at each told the tale in a word. She made life pay; he played with life. To her there could be no losses. To him losses equaled profits.

The lady broke the stillness. "Well, here we are again—after all these months."

He gruffly assented.

"Well," she queried, "have you nothing to say?"

"No, only you haven't changed; evidently this agrees with you."

"Thank you, sir, it does. I live in luxury and love it. I take what life offers and go after more."

"Quite obviously."

"And you?"

"Oh! I'm just a soldier of fortune. I guess I'll never be anything else. I go from day to day seeking adventure. Speaking of adventure, perhaps I'd better go now to look for some."

"Good bye, Bashan. See I remember your name. Stop again if you are ever in the neighborhood."

"Good bye, Vaska. I remember too." With that he walked off into the dusk, the last rays of the sun flecking his shaggy, rusty, brown setter's coat.

Vaska watched him out of sight, then shook her round little body, stretched her stubby legs and stopped to scratch a persistent flea—even aristocratic pups have these.

JANE DORWARD.

## DOROTHY DAY CALLS FOR CATHOLIC WORKERS

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

will be the tangible result of the inspiring and courageous discussion of the epitomizer of Catholic Action.

MARGARET MCCONNELL.



### Alumnae Notes

News has come to us of the doings of the members of the class of '37. Most of the girls are working in their chosen fields or are training for this work. Among the scientifically minded, we find: Clarabelle Borchard a medical technologist at the Ventura County Hospital; Rosetta Mallen at La Jolla Nursing Home for training in dietetics; Genevieve Faeh training for Masters degree in nursing at Yale School for Nursing, New Haven.

Thelma Coleman is teaching at Flintridge Sacred Heart Academy, where she is also the dancing instructor. Another teacher is Eleona Darien, at St. John's Military Academy. Bernice Carls and Dorothy Meyer are also included in the ranks of teachers, Bernice at Camarillo, Dorothy at Ventura. Catherine Scavarda is teaching Home Economics at the Good Shepherd Convent. Marguerite Cook now teaches Physical Education at her Alma Mater and also St. Mary's Academy.

Many members of the class have positions in Social Service Work. Among these are Elizabeth Young, Irene Groehler, Rosina Martin, Kathryn Ryan and Anna Jane Marshall.

Two in the class are working toward a higher degree. Ann Elizabeth Scott is getting her Master of Music here at Mt. St. Mary's, while Barbara Williams is getting her M. A. in English at Occidental.

Margaret Donovan has a position at the Bell Telephone Company.

Several of the graduates are now either married or contemplating the step in the near future. We now know Dora Izuel as Mrs. John Tesquellas and Vivian Young as Mrs. Bernard Harwood. June Brosnan has announced her engagement to Mr. Clark W. Merrill of Trona.

Two of the '37 alumnae are now religious, Ellen Gertrude Witteborg entered the Holy Cross Order in Indiana. Frances Zerwekh is known as Sister Mercia of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

On November 18 Helen Rumsey becomes Mrs. Thomas McCawbridge.  
V. MORENO.

### Versus Verbosity

After all, it is not so much the number of words a man knows as how he uses them. Hilary Belloc, as careful readers will note, has a limited vocabulary, but what historian writes as he does?

### The Power To Please

If you wear a bulldog expression, if you go about looking sour and disagreeable, you must not wonder that you are not popular. Everybody likes pleasant faces. We are always looking for the sunshine, and we want to get away from the clouds and gloom.

If you want to be popular you must assume a popular attitude. Be sunny and cheerful, helpful and kind.

The great thing to draw people to you is to make them feel that you are interested in them. It is useless to do this for effect. You must be really interested, or the deception will be obvious.

If you avoid people you must expect them to avoid you; and if you always talk about yourself you will find that people will move away from you. You do not please them. They want you to be interested in them.

The power to please is a great success asset. It will do for you what money will not do.

It is astonishing how much you can learn from people in social intercourse when you know how to look at them rightly. But it is a fact that you can only get a great deal out of them by giving them a great deal of yourself. The more you radiate yourself, the more magnanimous you are, the more generous of yourself, the more you will get back.

### The Christian Home

Perhaps there is no word in all language so dear to most of us as the word "Home." It is sweet music to the ear and presents a charming picture to the imagination. It calms and soothes the troubled heart. The word "Home" is like a box of precious ointment whose fragrance fills one's whole life. Into it have been gathered the most sacred memories, the tenderest associations, the fondest hopes. All the joys of childhood, all the strong, deep affections of mature years, all the calmness and peace of serene old age are associated with the idea of home. As the years come and go, we should be able to see our home through a golden mist wherein all things are beautiful and perfect, and re-echo the sentiment of the ages that in all this boundless universe "there is no place like home."

### Thanksgiving

Accept our thanks, dear Lord, for these,

The benedictions of Thy hand,  
Full granaries, the war's surcease,  
Prosperity throughout the land.

The broader work for us to do,  
Wherein our strength may stronger grow,

### Evening Song

I want to go drifting, like dream  
boats at night,  
Over soft, rippling waters, that gleam  
in the light  
Of night-changing moons, and new  
sprinkled stars;  
Hear the palm leaves that whisper, as  
muted guitars.

I want to feel stillness, that comes  
with the rain,  
And feel the glad brilliance that  
nightly has lain  
On uplifted foliage, with soft-veined  
desire  
And cools in my heart, the love light  
of fire.

I'll listen in awe, to the rhythmical  
grace  
That winds and besets the green-  
laden place.  
I'll sing with the birds, their sweet-  
throated lore;  
Wish that my dream trips could last  
ever more.

So, let me go drifting, like dream  
boats at night,  
Over soft, rippling waters that gleam  
in the light  
Of night-changing moons, and new-  
sprinkled stars;  
Hear the palm leaves that whisper,  
as muted guitars.

GERTRUDE FEENAN.

### Opinion

You say you think of many things—  
The sea,  
A book,  
That teasing air  
The radio hums  
As you nestle  
In a chair.

Yet in your eyes I see  
A mellowness  
That seems  
To be the silent  
Shade that only  
Comes with dreams.

LUCILLE COFFIELD.

The mind to grasp and know the  
true,  
As even thou wouldst have us  
know.

The harvest in, hungers surcease,  
Warm brotherhood throughout  
the land,

Accept our thanks, dear Lord, for  
these,

The benediction of Thy hand.  
Frank Herbert Sweet, in "The An-  
tidote."

—Pilot XII 14.29



### Leaders

The college is fortunate in the capability and enthusiasm of its leaders this year. The list of officers reads like an honor roll.

Mary Milligan heads the student body as its president, with the able assistance of Toots Kentner, vice-president, Jeanne Callahan, secretary, and Mary Elizabeth Corkill, treasurer. Genevieve Regan is the Sodality Prefect.

Class presidents are; Kathleen McGrath, senior, Mary Elizabeth Box, junior, Elizabeth Nason, sophomore, and Mary Catherine Wesley, freshman.

Vice-presidents, secretaries, treasurers respectively are: seniors, Margaret Werts, Mary Zinke, and Annette Schurich; juniors, Jacqueline Moffatt, Margaret Moran, and Frances Dutra; sophomores, Marguerite Carls, Ruth Tonne, and Jane Dorward; freshmen, Clare Teichman, Charlotte Cerrute, and Tiffy Borchard.

Jeanne Callahan is president of the Parnassians and Ruth Tonne of the Taedifer. Leaders of the sororities are Margaret Johnson, Gamma Sigma Phi, Mary O'Connor, Kappa Delta Chi, and Annette Schurich, Tau Alpha Zeta.

LUCILLE COFFIELD.

### The Little People

Have you ever seen a fairy,  
Or known a leprecaun,  
Or met an elfin walking  
At the coming of the dawn?

Have you heard wee elfin music  
From out an ancient tree  
Rouse the fairies from rose leaf beds  
To dance with morning glee?

Have you heard sweet tinkling laughter  
And seen a fairy game,  
And had a fairy kiss you?  
(You'll never be the same).

MARGARET MORAN.

### Thanksgiving

For the moon and the stars that shine,  
For the stout heart that beats with mine,  
For my home and its daily cares,  
For dreams that grow along the lears,  
For those friends whom I hold most dear,  
For my senses e'er keen and clear,  
For the seasons which come and go,  
For the books that I've learned to know,  
For music and its lovely way,  
For the sun pouring out gold all day,  
For the hills of my native land,  
And the clasp of my children's hand,  
For the life that binds me to these  
Let me be thankful, dear God—please!

### On Memories

When moving day comes, there are more than personal effects to be crated, packed and carted away. I refer to memories. Good tenants leave a house well swept clean of memories. Some can be packed away in camphor gum with the linens, a few snuggle in the woolly blankets, some fit in nicely in a barrel of books, and some cling to soft silks and sachets. And why are there so many memories in this house? It's an ordinary Cape-Cod house. Doors and windows, of course. Here, a piano overlooked a bay, neither green nor blue; there the fireplace that never knew other wood than the drift of ocean tide, above the hearth a painting you might disdain, but the reds were warm, and the browns kind. There were book shelves and a hodge-podge of books. Sonnets were mixed with Science; Pushkin and Shaw were neighbors.

Belgian etchings hung where the room looked cold, pronouncing a benediction on the rosewood table and the candlesticks. There was an ikon on the wall in a frame of beaten silver, and the tea table was persuasive with samovar and tea things.

But the floors creaked in February, the casement windows never shut out the fall rains; it was only a gray house on the water's edge, after all. Why should it hold so many memories? Why should they want to stay in this house—it was damp and uncomfortable, anyway.

HELEN PURCELL.

### Being Thankful

"God is so good to me!" exclaimed Mary, the housemaid, with a happy, shining face, one winter morning.

"What has caused you to think so?" asked her mistress. "Have you been left a fortune or a great legacy? You surely look as if something wonderfully good had come to you."

"Well, you know last night," replied Mary, "I stayed up late to finish my ironing, and when I took the iron off the stove the last time, I was that tired that I didn't notice the handle wasn't on right, and the flat iron dropped right down within an inch of my foot. Think of what a narrow escape, ma'am. Think of where I would have been if it had fallen on my foot. And here I am this morning strong and well and able to work. Oughtn't I be thankful for God's mercy, ma'am?"

Her mistress was silent; then she spoke softly. "Your thankfulness and ingratitude, Mary, are a lesson to me. If more people were like you, it would be a different world. Most of us are ready to bemoan if an accident happens to us, but few of us think of giving thanks for an escape."

### Flight

He was running away. The crunch of the gravel under his new, tan, two-dollar shoes told him so. He whispered good-bye to the pines, his playmates for twenty years, explaining to them as he squeaked along, that the house meant death to him. The bed upstairs waited for him to lie down and die. He had been born in it, even then, the spring that stuck out of the side, like some clawing hand, must have been turned. The faded, dirty pink spread with the ink spot that looked like a garden snake, must have always been on that stuffy carved piece. He would cheat his ancestors and die away from that bed. The carpet on the stairs still contained the blood of a great grandfather, supposedly shot while defending his wife. The boy wondered if his ancestor hadn't been glad to leave that staid living room with its cracked oil lamp. The oil and soot had seeped into the crack and no amount of soap would wash it out. The red woolen table cloth missing four of its fringed balls; the Bible on the table, crinkled and curled, from a night in the rain; the blackened fireplace with two bricks missing; the oak table with the short leg; the wobbly chairs; how he had hated them. Now they stretched out time worn surfaces and memories to hold him back.

MARY MILLIGAN.

### The Gifts Renewed

In fields but lately seared by summer's drought,

Where famine seemed to lay its withering hand,

A miracle has come to still our doubt  
And spread a glad Thanksgiving  
through the land.

Unseen beneath the drab brown coat  
she wore,

The soil grew rich to nurture other  
seeds.

Then autumn rains released the hidden store

In verdant growths, to fill our winter needs.

So, God of Wisdom, may we learn to build

In quiet faith, through even darkest days;

Assured our destiny will be fulfilled  
Through thy inscrutable and wondrous way.



# INTER-NOS



Vol. V, No. 1.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, JANUARY, 1939.

## NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

### Paul Claudel, the Apostle

To find the impersonal, tangible reality of someone, there is nothing as convincing as one's personal correspondence. Throughout history we have delved between the written line, and sought the character and idiosyncracies of colossals. Without doubt, a great amount of our valuable information has been obtained from personal correspondence.

Claudel's *Letters to a Doubter* are comprised of the questions of one Jacques Riviere, and the noble and striving force in the answers of Paul Claudel. In Jacques we find the prosy strain of the young student, trying to pull the strings of fantasy, and tie their wayward ends in a knot of personal fulfillment. For a youth of only twenty years, we find him possessed of a deeply analytical and questioning mind. The fervors and stresses of youth, disgust for the smugness of bourgeois Christianity, and the pride of a great intellect had conspired to conceal God's image from his eyes. We can almost feel the magnetism that brought these two men together, when he writes:

"I am so young that it must seem ridiculous for me to evince such pessimism to one who has lived so much longer and seen so much sorrow. My sole excuse must be that pessimism is the most sincere part of me. I have always laughed at the fine, philosophical interpretations, the cosmologies, so carefully contrived to show us that everything is in its place."

To all this ardor and commotion, Claudel answers in a steady, unbroken philosophy that does not fail to invade his many, thought-filled works. There is a beauty and tenderness in his filial piety, and faith in his tragic depth of writing. A sadness that knows only tears of happiness. There is so much of Claudel in his words:

"You don't know what it is to love Christ and to see Him in every book and newspaper that you receive, scoffed at, or hypocritically praised. How one's heart is drawn to the few kindred souls who still love the poor, and abandoned Savior."

There is a hesitancy prevalent in the first few of Riviere's letters, and  
(Continued on page 2)

### A Christmas Book

By D. B. Wyndam Lewis and G. C. Heseltine. Published by J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London.

In attempting to set down in book form an anthology of Christmas prose and poetry, an undertaking so huge and far-reaching as to stagger the mind, the authors have achieved a wonderful work showing deep understanding of the difference between the true spirit of Christmas and the pagan idea of gifts.

The book is not a medieval anthology. It ranges from the ages of St. Hilary of Poitiers to Mr. Pooter—that is, from the Saturnalia of Martial's Rome to the more ladylike revellings of post-war London—all mixed up jovially like a Christmas Pudding. This book skins the surface of the vast repository of Christmas devotion and merrymaking all over Christendom and throughout the centuries. Within its pages you will find none of Dickens, for you find him whenever the library door is left open, nor will you find fake-Gothic carols. Father Christmas, Santa Claus, or Sankt Klaus, is the Victorian nursery substitute for the Christ-Child taken over from the Dutch Calvinists of New Amsterdam. Several passages in it are now printed for the first time.

(Continued on page 2)

### Swaddling Clothes

I spun a cloth of tawdry thread—  
With fingers washed by pleasure's  
liquid flattery  
Till they soaked soft  
And could not twist the fibres firm.  
These rags I held for swaddling  
clothes,  
While night grew cold in awe  
The moment that the star was poised  
To stud the latchet of the stable's  
open door.  
My shame walked in and breathed into  
His face.

But she stands near; she smiles at me  
And places in my hands her swaddling  
clothes  
Spun close with love.  
And now—through her—the shivering  
Babe is warm.

MARGARET O'CONNELL '41.

### Mary Chapel

Scattered along lonely pathways, or lofty crests, on sun-scorched sands, are proud sentinels of the Faith—that Faith which is forever burning like the sanctuary lamps within these shrines. Each, like the tiny shelter at Nazareth, is the home of the Son of Mary. Mary, who made Bethlehem's cave the first earthly home of Christ, now nearly two thousand years later, is called upon to bless one of these sentinels of Faith—a Mary shrine, in which will dwell Christ, her Son. On the hilltop dedicated to her, Mary, for the past eight years, has blessed and protected a tiny chapel. With each pale tint of color foreshadowing the sun, the name of Mary has echoed through the halls around that chapel. The morning chant of the Sisters has called Mary, the Patroness of our college, and begged her to aid her children in their effort to honor her Son. With each year grew the number of voices in that chant and in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. A few more months stretched into years and new dawns brought many more "children of Mary" to her Son's home. As the great Saint Benedict has said,

*"Mary will not fail to honor  
in heaven those who honor  
her on earth,"*

the prayers of those who have chosen her as Patroness of the new chapel have not been unheard. Soon, a new "Mary Chapel" will take its place among those sentinels of Faith. Then, with each dawn that flicks the blinking lights from the heavens and warms the earth with morning sun, hymns to Mary, in her new chapel, will begin another day. Throughout that day while the busy world moves on, often before the silent tabernacle door, a sinful heart will pour itself forth. And as the distant fog-veiled city sleeps, Mary from her chapel, will keep a loving watch. When Bethlehem's star again looks down for an earthly home for Christ, the bright sanctuary lamp may lead the way to "Mary Chapel."

EVELYN HOUGH '39.



## EDITORIAL STAFF

Evelyn Hough

Gertrude Feenan

Peggy Mahoney

## Greetings

As the New Year is at its dawning, we are happy to have this opportunity of extending greetings and good wishes to each member of our Student Body, our Alumnae Association and our Mother's Guild, whose unfailing friendship and cooperation are so greatly appreciated by the President and Faculty of Mount Saint Mary's College.

May the coming year prove to them how closely they are held in the loving care of God, and may we all unite in thanking Him for the blessings which our country affords, and ask for it and for His Church an increase of His protection from the menace which the enemies of freedom are striving to accomplish against both.

SISTER MARY DOLOROSA.

## Baby's Laughter

Radiant silver, like dew drops, falls,  
Raising the doom of a baby tear,  
Wild burst of sunshine, tinkles and calls,

Cover the thought of an elfin fear.

NATALIE BREEN '39.

## Not the Real Thing

Commercialized Christmas — does not sound very nice, does it? And yet, that is what is happening to the most joyous feast in the Catholic calendar. In this materialistic world of ours, spiritual remoteness becomes more and more difficult to attain, and Christmas is an important contributing factor to this difficulty. Instead of grouping about a creche, the true symbol of Christmas, the modern family scrambles for presents under a tinsel and candy-cane be-decked tree. There can be no true compromise between our modern conception of the Christmas spirit and its real significance. We have been "back to everything" in movements, why not a "back to Christmas" movement?

VICI PICK.

## Triolet

Finals are near—  
Our Grievs have begun,  
Grades loom and leer—  
Finals are near.  
We tremble and fear  
Of knowledge, we've none.  
Finals are near,  
Our griefs have begun.

MILDRED PAWLEY '39.

## PAUL CLAUDEL, THE APOSTLE

(Continued from page 1)

they have as their sole effort, the deluge of oppositions and propositions for the well-sown field of Christianity that was the property of Paul Claudel. We can see the barrier being lifted by Riviere, until at times he pours forth his very soul . . . occasionally becoming quite tiresome in a recitation of his exaggerated illnesses:

"Last year I had a headache that lasted two months and a half. I was so dazed that I could think of nothing. I had nightmares throughout which I was seeking interminably to reconcile the various absurdities of Hume's philosophies."

It is after such passages as this that Claudel tries not to burden him with deep, intellectual introductions, and tries the psychological and personal element on his difficult French agnostic:

"I am writing this in a barn where I have taken refuge to escape the turmoil of a little house full of callers. Here, every morning the hens and I are company for one another. They brood over their eggs, and I over my manuscript."

In other words, he had troubles of his own . . .

When asked for details concerning his present life, Claudel did not think that there was anything remarkable about it. He gave half an hour a day to poetry, and the rest of his day was devoted to his family and to his duties as a magistrate and mayor of the little settlement which he administered.

He tells in a simplicity that is one of his characteristic virtues, of his own conversion. He wants Jacques to go and pray before the lovely statue of the Virgin at Notre Dame where he, himself had knelt so often. He reminds Jacques to give her his love and to tell her that he is bored to death with his municipal council and three journalists. He must have been a precisionist at heart.

Little by little, insensibly almost, Jacques advances toward God. With him there can be no question of sudden conversion. Claudel does not feel that he is failing to exert due influence on the youth, and remonstrates himself before God because of his own impatience. He says:

(Continued on page 3)

## Birth

The star stood still and bright,  
Beneath it moved humanity.  
Stillness shook the earth;  
Christ was born.

ELEANOR AYN MORRIS '42.

## A CHRISTMAS BOOK

(Continued from page 1)

The book is not held bound by any algebraic pedantry which would confine a Christmas anthology to things directly about Christmas; but rather have the authors considered that many things have been done at Christmas, lacking at first glance the Christmas spirit, yet worthy of meditation at this holy time.

The anthology begins well before the time of Chaucer. *Joly Wat*, "Can I not sing ut Hoy, when the joly shepard made so much joy" shows the spirit of Christmas in the early part of the fifteenth century. Both the pagan and the Christian spirit of Christmas is expressed in Hilaire Belloc's "The Sailor's Carol":

I pray good beef and I pray good beer  
This holy night of all the year,  
But I pray detestable drink for them  
That gives no honor to Bethlehem.

Chaucer writes of Christmas in his *Nowel! Nowel!*

—Biform hym stant brawn of the  
tusked swyn,  
And "Nowel!" crieth every lusty  
man."

Many hilarious drinking songs are included in the anthology, portraying the modern idea of Christmas, one, for feasting and drinking. Hilaire Belloc expresses this in *On the Excellence of Burgundy Wine*.

Not all of the book is composed of the idle Christmas spirit. There is included an excerpt from *The Miracle in the Forest*, thought to be the best piece of prose to come from the pen of Paul Claudel. Here is expressed both sides of this Christmas question, the worldly and the religious, with the religious triumphing over the worldly.

Well known is Robert Southwell's S. J. "The Burning Babe," exuding the very pith of a deeply religious Christmas, and G. K. Chesterton's *A Little Litany*.

There are many beautiful, excellent

(Continued on page 3)

## Triolet

I have a new bow  
That makes me feel gay.  
To keep curls in a row  
I have a new bow;  
But with hair all aglow,  
The ribbon tied up a young stray.  
I have a new beau.  
That makes me feel gay!

MARGARET O'CONNELL '41.



PAUL CLAUDEL, THE  
APOSTLE

(Continued from page 2)

"God will speak to you in His own time. It may be the first and it may be the eleventh hour. I did wrong to be less patient than He."

He is not harsh when he says that he realizes that the youth, inculcated with the philosophies that surround him like so many hazy delusions have made him want a God who is discreet, not too exacting and comfortably unknowable.

There is a noticeable trace of patience on the part of Claudel that seems to bear up nobly against the archaic stiltedness of the young French agnostic. We can see him holding his breath as he begins to read for two paragraphs how Jacques' spirits have been elevated; already he feels closer and closer to Christianity. He says: "I know now that my hatred of priests was a silly and childish attitude. I have a new taste and relish for the Holy Writ." Then in the next breath, with an antagonism relative only to a Baby Snooks, he repeats:

"But, no, I cannot be a Christian."

The final conversion of Riviere by Claudel is proof of the burning zeal that he had for bringing souls to God . . . as great, we might say, as the sacrificing souls who take themselves in the protection of the Holy Gospel of Jesus Christ to fields that shine forth only in the bright and naked light of stark paganism.

GERTRUDE FEENAN '39.

## A CHRISTMAS BOOK

(Continued from page 2)

works which appear in the anthology which I have not the time nor the space to quote, but which should be read fully to appreciate their worth. Essays, letters, even diaries receive the honor due them in the anthology, some expressing the dry humor of the English, others, the rollicking pleasantries of the Irish and even the irony which is the stuff of the French mind.

Lewis and Hoseltine have made a splendid choice of Christmas material, blended and caught together so as to express the Christmas philosophy of such men as Venerable Bede, Francois Villon, Shakespeare, Richard Crashaw, Robert Herrick, Browning, Charles Lamb and many others.

A Christmas Book is nicely and harmoniously decorated with pages of transcribed music done by A. C. Haradine in the Christmas spirit and is a welcome addition to any library.

NATALIE BREEN '39.

## Time Out at Bethlehem

Peter pressed his foot hard on the accelerator. Fifty, sixty, seventy-five—the speedometer crept to eighty miles an hour. He threw his head back, shouted, "Noel! Noel!" One hour—Christmas morn, one hour—he would be at home, his foot never hesitated, his mind was miles distant. Snow fell lazily on the windshield. He sang out in rich baritone all the Christmas carols he could remember. The air was special with Christmas smells,—fir, balsam, holly-berry. Cold, penetrating wind. The road was slippery; his chains skidded.—Life was keen—"Noel! Noel."

Two white-yellow lights—a swift contact . . . oblivion.

Peter rubbed his eyes, got up. He found himself dressed in rough clothes, on a hill. He looked at his feet—there lay a knotty staff and two contented sheep, others were grazing closely. A hundred yards on, a group of shepherds were talking together. He walked over. They took his appearance with little notice, pointing to a glistening star. "Tonight the night," they muttered. Peter stood dumb. Suddenly a glaring brilliance overhead drew their attention. A youthful herald sang out "Glory to God in the highest." The shepherds fell on their knees. Peter followed. The Angel said something more—about the Christ Child being born in a cave in the near hills. The men left their sheep and ran in the direction indicated. Peter ran blindly after them. What was all this about? Certainly familiar. He saw the cave, its occupants. In the middle to the left an arc of soft gold—around an Infant. Out of breath he reached the adoring group. He stumbled, the commotion caused the woman holding the Baby to look up. Peter felt red; he quickly bowed his flushed face. Heavy silence—the breathing of the animals was distinctly audible. The Baby began to whimper. It was so real. Then a bearded man arose, went to stand by the woman. Joseph? Peter arose—he wanted to see the Child more clearly. He stumbled again, couldn't manage his feet. The hard, chilled sod met his face . . . darkness.

Two young internes were standing over him; a gaping crowd encircled him. Peter brushed the snow from his eyes, sluggishly arose from the impromptu stretcher on the roadside.

## When You Stop to Think

As I sat last night in our most comfortable chair, memories of foods from all countries came to my mind; the maple pralines of New Orleans with pecans sprinkled through them; hot Italian spaghetti flavored with tomato, green pepper, onions and a medley of spices; German lebkuchen cookies, a lone almond sitting atop their honeyed, glossy surface; crisp French salads, the greens intimately mixed with chives, young onions, and a whiff of garlic; mushrooms floating in juice oozing from the browned flanks of a sirloin steak; English tea with lemon, and, to keep in company, cinnamon rolls hiding raisins in their depths.

No, this would never do, for, although I could imagine the dishes in my mind, and could even taste them as I thought of them, describing with definite adjectives was another matter.

There are very few words that get across to the reader the true essence of flavor as the palate knows it. I started to search out those that would be more than general terms of taste. Tart, tangy, piquant, hot, cold, sweet, sour, these and others I discarded for they didn't seem to be just what I wanted.

Thinking that the actual experience of eating would help me solve the problem, I bounced out to the kitchen and put a piece of bread in the toaster, then poured myself a glass of milk and sat there sipping it. As the familiar liquid slid down my throat, I tried to put what I was tasting into words. It was cool and clean but these things certainly were not distinguishing qualities. The toast was golden and brown by this time and I spread butter on it and took a bite. It was crunchy and delicious, the butter giving it a salty taste that I am fond of, but still words defied me. I finished the toast and hopefully reached for an apple. I found it juicy and crisp with

(Continued on page 4)

"How long have I been here?"

"About fifteen minutes," one of the men in white answered. "All right, now?"

"Sure," Peter grinned. He looked at his bashed car. "Can I get a ride to town?"

He reached town some thirty minutes later, in time for the midnight Mass. Slowly he walked to the front of the Church, to the right altar. There, in detail, lay the story of the Birth of our Lord. He looked at the figures a long time. He knelt. "I know you all," he muttered.

"Gloria in excelsis Deo."

JANE DORWARD '40.



## La Lune

La lune est une jolie femme ce soir,  
Mais a tembs elle se cache elle-meme  
Derriere un delicat nuage,  
Parcequ'elle est une fille modeste.

Plus tard, la lune est devenu  
Une femme mystereuse,  
Et cache sa radiante beaute  
Avec une voile de sombre nuage.

Alors les millions yeux des anges,  
Qui sont les etoiles d'or,  
Voient la goddess de les cieux  
Paraissant dans se gloire.

ZELLA HAZELTON '39.

## WHEN YOU STOP TO THINK

(Continued from page 3)

a sweet yet tart flavor. Knowing this  
was a rather sorry description, I de-  
cided to abandon the idea in disgust,  
saying apologetically to myself, "Who  
can describe the taste of an onion or  
the flavor of garlic anyway?"

P. S. Incidentally, I was full.

TERRY MILLIGAN '41.

## Rosary Rain

One night, when slumber sulked near-  
by,

A rosary came to me,  
Not on beads of wood or pearl  
But rain-drops sent by Star of Sea.

In her blue skirts that trail the sky  
She gathered bits of mist-made lace.  
From drifting dew she shaped the  
beads,

Which in a silken cloud she cased.

Hooded prayers then nudged the night  
And scudded soft and swift to me.  
They were my starved-for glints of  
grace

Strung on a rain-drop rosary.

MARGARET O'CONNELL '41.

## Snow

The world is warm and covered,  
snow wraps the snuggling earth;  
Her hills are crowned in glory and  
laugh with gleeful mirth.

Her trees no more are pleading,  
they are dressed in twinkling snow.  
Her waters rushing gayly  
Know nothing more of woe.

MILDRED PAWLEY '39.

## Optimism

Today, I look with sadness  
At the passing of a tear.  
Tomorrow? Who knows but gladness  
May bring music to the ear.

NATALIE BREEN '39.

## Blood for Barter

Above the roar of cannon and the  
splendor of cathedral crosses on bloody  
pavement, the image of the "little  
general," Francisco Franco is chiseled  
with iron words by his biographer,  
Joaquin Arraras. With graphic pen  
and impersonal eye, biographer has  
traced the mercuric rise of Franco  
from lieutenant in the Spanish army,  
to generalissimo of the Spanish Na-  
tionalist Party.

The family background of Franco  
is indicated and we learn that he is  
born of a materialistic class. His fa-  
ther and grandfather before him were  
high officials in the Spanish Navy.  
Franco was educated in the Spanish  
State Military Academy, where he  
made himself distinctive in all his  
classes.

Franco's first fourteen years of serv-  
ice were spent in Africa beating down  
the stubbles of the Moroccan revolt  
chiefly in the eastern part of that  
Spanish possession. We see him as cap-  
tain, as major, as colonel, and as com-  
mander-in-chief of the Spanish For-  
eign Legion. We see him praised for  
his valor, envied for his success, sus-  
pected for his youth, and trusted by  
all. He was a man who trained his sol-  
diers in energy, audacity, and fearles-  
ness. He took intense interest in the  
tribulation and spiritual crisis suffered  
by many of those men of shattered  
lives. He loves his soldiers as compan-  
ions. He has suffered the fire of burn-  
ing day and the snow of winter much  
as the lowly private would. That is  
why Franco is the perfect soldier.

He was returned to Spain to be  
made director of the renowned Gen-  
eral Military Academy. When the gov-  
ernment closed the academy after a  
brief and brilliant term, Franco's fare-  
well speech aroused indignation among  
the hierarchy of the Spanish party in  
power. He was dubbed a royalist and  
a militarist.

Franco watched the preliminary  
"October Revolution" and saw the lar-  
vae of Communism hatching at the  
roots of labor and government. To him  
the solution lay in army organization.  
1936, and the reign of terror burst  
across Spain. The elections were held  
on February 16, 1936, and in spite of  
counterrevolutionary parties—the  
Rightists in the face of extensive and  
discouraging absentions in their  
ranks commanded a popular majority  
of over four hundred thousand votes.  
But the adherents of the Popular Front  
were already celebrating their victory  
with frenzy. That moment the fraud

\* Cf. Joaquin Arraras, Francisco  
Franco.

was born. There was a scandalous rob-  
bery of over eighty seats in the par-  
liament—all of which was accom-  
plished by one other than the *Parlia-  
mentary Commission*. Tragedy rang  
through the streets of still, frightened  
cities.

In his first speech of June 16, Gil  
Robles read a positively authenticated  
statistical account of the outrages  
committed during the preceding  
month: "church burnings, 10; other  
burnings, 19; parish priests outraged,  
9; demolition of public crosses, 5;  
dead, 61; wounded, 224;" Spain was in  
a state of anarchy. For this the gov-  
ernment itself was to blame. It was  
fertile ground for the birth and de-  
velopment of Communistic plans. The  
*Claridad*, the Marxist daily, pro-  
claimed: "Everything is progressing  
much to our satisfaction. We are ap-  
proaching the ultimate implications of  
our electoral triumph. Shall we return  
to legality as the Rightists demand?  
To what legality? We know no law but  
that of Revolution!"

Franco faced the situation with de-  
mands for a revived army. He com-  
manded that a state of war be declared  
throughout the nation. Officials of the  
Popular Front sought to keep him oc-  
cupied in foreign service; they feared  
the man who had earlier declared,  
"Wherever I am, there can be no Com-  
munism."

But Franco was to be Spain's new  
Don Juan. He rose from out of Africa  
and marched with men and Christly  
purpose to the plains of bleeding  
Spain. He knew what his people  
needed—he knew it by "blind faith,"  
as he often said to himself. It is "the  
little general," who has taken blinded  
Spain by the hand and led her as far  
as she has come.

PEGGY MAHONEY '39.

## You Cannot Bind

A bright-lipped moment whispered in  
Eternity

While Love lay dormant, still un-  
molded.

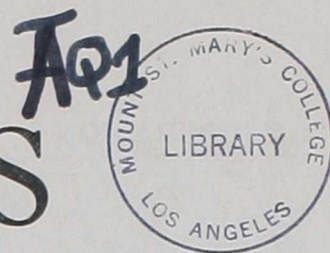
Waiting for the valiant hand.  
What mad incentive moved his being?  
Plied that splendid, candid form?  
Love, half-done, still imploring  
Met despair within his eyes  
Moved the dust on lost horizons  
The boundless edges of his soul.  
Caverns deep that swell the myriad  
liquids

Of a saintless age  
Could never fill their hollow hardness  
With that bright-lipped moment  
Whispered in the spirit annals of  
Eternity.

PEGGY MAHONEY '39.



# INTER-NOS



Vol. V, No. 2.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, APRIL, 1939.

## 1889 JUBILEE GREETINGS 1939

### To the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet, Los Angeles

Truly significant was the coming of the Sisters of Saint Joseph to Los Angeles, for they arrived on January 5, 1889, for the feast of the coming of the Biblical Kings, who offered precious gifts to the Christ Child. On the Eve of the Epiphany, five weary Sisters ended their long journey to Los Angeles, still "El Pueblo." Accompanied by Reverend Mother Agatha, the little band of pioneering Sisters were met by Mother Valeria, who had come from San Diego to supervise the furnishing of Saint Mary's Academy. This convent had been built in Saint Vincent's Parish by Reverend Father Meyer, of the Congregation of the Mission.

Under the direction of Mother Evelyn O'Neill, the Sisters opened a parish school in a tiny building on Twenty-first Street near Grand Avenue. Forty pupils were enrolled as day students, and soon a few resident students were received. Mother Evelyn was succeeded in turn by Mother Clara, Mother Demetria, Mother Wilamina, and Mother Saint Catherine. During Mother Saint Catherine's term of office the boarding school was increased, additions were made to the main building, and adjoining properties were purchased. On May 1, 1903, His Excellency, Most Reverend Diomed Falconio celebrated Mass in Saint Mary's new chapel, his first Mass on California soil, and imparted the Papal blessing to the assembled community and students.

With the blessing of God upon this Apostolic pioneering, initial arrangements were made for the transfer of the Provincial House to Los Angeles. Saint Mary's under the direction of Mother Saint Catherine, had taken on the full status of an academy, and within the second decade, became the administration center of the Western Province. With permission of the Apostolic Delegate, the novitiate was transferred from Tucson to Los Angeles. In the following November, Mother Elizabeth Parrott, Provincial Superior, who had been residing in Tucson, took up her official residence at Saint Mary's, and on March 19, the feast of the Patron of the Order, six

postulants received the habit of the Sisterhood from the hands of Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, and formed the nucleus of the California novitiate.

Early in 1900, the sleepy pueblo, where the spirit of leisure and the courtesy of the Dons had prevailed through the century, began a career of bustling activity. Blessed from its humble beginning with an increased attendance of pupils, Saint Mary's began to feel the need for more spacious accommodations. A twenty-acre tract had been selected southwest of the city. Here, on June 15, 1910, the corner stone of the new Saint Mary's was laid by Bishop Conaty, who, also, on August 19, of the following year, blessed and dedicated the present structure, completed under the supervision of Mother Herman Joseph O'Gorman, Provincial, and Mother Saint Catherine, her assistant.

The new Academy suggested a typical Spanish Mission, with deep arcades, flower-filled patios, and pergolas in the midst of tropical gardens. The best traditions of Spanish architecture are displayed in the interiors of the buildings. In the chapel, perfect harmony of tone and color produces an effect more easily visioned than described. The library is the proud possessor of a rich collection of rare books and paintings.

Mother Marcella, Mother Saint Catherine, Mother Margaret Mary, Mother Elesia, and Mother Killian have filled the office of Provincial of the Western Province, and have seen the development of a thriving novitiate and school. At present, the Academy numbers about six hundred students. Nine parochial schools in the city and near vicinity branched out from the Provincial House and number more than two thousand pupils.

In June, 1925, Bishop Cantwell urgently requested the Sisters of Saint Joseph to found a college, and in deference to his wishes, Mount Saint Mary's College received its first students in September, 1925. October of the same year saw the granting of a charter of foundation. Thus, the birthday of the Congregation became Founder's Day for the College.

At first, the College was housed in a classroom of Saint Mary's Academy, barely large enough to accommodate the charter members, who numbered twenty-five. Some of this class have said that this was the happiest year of their college life. Of this number, ten persevered through the four years, receiving their degrees on June 16, 1929. The religious faculty included Mother Margaret Mary, the President, Sister Aurelia Mary, Sister Agnes Bernard, Sister Mary Dolorosa, Sister Celestine, Sister Winifred, and Sr. Ignatia.

Reverend Martin O'Malley, C. M., Dr. B. F. Stelter, Mr. Amadee Tremblay, Miss Catherine McDonald, Mlle. Annequin, Miss Lillian Fitch, Dean Darsie, and Dr. Woellner were among the early secular teachers.

In 1928 a tract of thirty-three acres in the Brentwood Hills was purchased, and plans were drawn for the Residence Hall, the first unit determined upon for the new college plant.

On the occasion of conferring of degrees on the first graduates of Mount Saint Mary's College, the ceremony was held on the new campus, after which ground was broken for the first building. This building was ready for occupancy in the spring of 1931, and on April 13 of that year, was formally opened to students. The first Mass was celebrated on the new campus on Saturday, April 18, by Rt. Rev. Monsignor J. Cawley, P. A. V. G., who afterwards blessed the building. Reverend Francis Romer, C.S.S. R., celebrated Mass the following day. Thereafter Reverend J. P. Madden, S. J., acted as Chaplain, and with the exception of an interim of one year, the Jesuit Fathers of Loyola University have served the college in this capacity, the present Chaplain being Rev. Lorenz Malone, S. J. During the first year on the new campus, Miss Anne Rebecca, a student, had the honored privilege of making her First Holy Communion in the little temporary chapel.

Saturday classes are conducted for the special needs of Religious seeking degrees, or for seculars, chiefly public school teachers whose occupations prevent their attending week day courses.

The number of resident students has grown so that this year all available room reservations have been occupied. The increase of day students has been proportional, so that in addition to a

(Continued on page 2)



## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor ..... E. Hough  
 Assistant Editors ..... R. Tonne  
 R. A. Avina

## JUBILEE GREETINGS

(Continued from page 1)

large number of privately owned cars, the College runs two large busses to care for the student transportation. A cherished hope of Faculty and students is about to be realized in the erection of a new chapel, "Mary Chapel," for which a fund was started about ten years ago. Plans are now being developed and actual work on the building will commence in a few weeks. The Chapel will occupy the center of the mountain top. The Cross on its tower will dominate the scene for miles around and will be visible not only to Los Angeles, but also to the beach cities.

May this symbol of our salvation, on the Chapel of Our Blessed Mother, Patroness of Mount Saint Mary's College, be a source of inspiration, radiating from the mountain, for the spiritual uplift of many future generations!

EVELYN HOUGH '39.

## To St. Joseph

The love of Mary built a mighty fortress  
 In St. Joseph's heart.

It forged his courage straight and strong  
 To be God's counterpart.

It tempered his humility to power  
 Sword-shining, brave, but still  
 To love and cherish her—and to renounce

Her nearness, should God will.

SISTER LAURENTIA, C. S. J.

## Mountain Lilac

Spring blossomed sweet wild lilac on  
 the hills,

In you there always is a power that  
 thrills

And wakes anew the dull and sickened  
 mind,

That sees your benedictions lightly  
 bind

Grey-silvery twigs with faint lavender  
 lace,

And bids our numb reluctant feet to  
 trace

The path you climb over brier and  
 rock,

Till on the heights we look—and know  
 the shock

Of views from where your bloom is  
 first unfurled

The sea and sky's horizon, and a world.  
 Lilac, in spring may yet your fragrant  
 mist

Cover these hills with cloudy amethyst.

FRANCES PIERCE '41.

## My College

A Study in Values

Of course when Mother suggested querulously that the sixteen-and-a-half-mile ride to the college each morning might grow monotonous, I dared not admit that my own mind had quite independently manufactured the same fear. I just prayed that it would remain bearable. That first day when she and I were led politely about the campus (as one is through a museum), very little impressed me outside the fact that to stay among the group, we really did need a guide. Not too long afterward, though, my presence as a freshman was taken for granted, and I could explore at my own risk.

Naturally, I had been thrilled to see a real, live deer cross the road leading to the college grounds, but my imagination failed to function the least bit unusually when older girls promised the later beauty of profusions of wild flowers. All I could see was fairly tangled-looking, but undeniably hardy bushes and trees. Even the novelty of seeing, to the East, the long mountains and to the West, the horizoned sea failed to stir me unduly.

It was early on Friday afternoon when I woke up. Rain had been splashing down all week; but during the night the clouds had rolled back, and in the morning the sun warmed a clean world. Classes all morning had held my mind to the purely practical, but in the afternoon I had a whole glorious week-end before me. My satisfaction with things in general was in no way diminished by the fact that I could leave on the early bus. Someone pointed out as we started, that snow had fallen on most of the mountain-tops. I had to admit that it was impressive, with each rise sharp in the clear air. Then as we rounded a horse-shoe curve, I made my own glorious discovery . . . the ocean. There was never a blue more pure unless it was the sky. Around the base of each of two large islands about thirty miles off-shore, encircled a cottony-looking halo that stretched all along the shore, too. All laws of perspective seemed cancelled, and the water meeting the sky was like a painted backdrop for the green and white city. The sun rode at just the right angle to gild a strip across the horizon and a path from it to the mountain across the valley cutting off our view of the water. Only one side of each wavelet was of liquid gold; so it seemed that we could see plainly outlined every ripple on that part of the ocean's surface.

Fascinated, I looked behind me to the cool grandeur of the snow-burdened Sierras, then before me to the

golden waters of the Pacific. Too quickly we were in the city, our picture spoiled by tall buildings. Since then, however, my enjoyment of the college, and the thoroughly delightful people I contact there, has been enriched by the beginnings of an appreciation of nature, always before a merely abstract term. Rainy days no longer mean just a bother of locating galoshes, and an umbrella, but rather the inspiration of looking out over a mountain road and seeing nothing but a yellowish whiteness and the assurance that immediately after the storm passes I may again be thrilled by the sting of the fresh air as I stand looking eastward to marvels and westward to wonders.

WANDA CORLETT '42.

## A Meditation

*"Jesus said to him: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind.*

*This is the greatest and the first commandment.*

*And the second is like to this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as Thyself."*

Christ gave us this beautiful summary of the Divine Law when He answered the question of one of the Pharisees who was a doctor of the law. The great Teacher was surrounded by a multitude of inquiring men who sought to ensnare Him, of pushing the most learned forward in an effort to challenge. The quiet clear voice answered every question and the crowd, feeling His power and frank simplicity were swayed into admiration for His doctrine.

Two thousand years later all law is still contained in these two commandments. Yet an important part of this greatest law is so much neglected that its abuse has become an encompassing habit. This is the careless practice of making unkind remarks and criticisms. It is generally conceded that whenever women or girls are together uncharitable remarks immediately enter into the conversation. We all give way in this matter at some time. Here at school where the occasion is ever present do we not often contribute a remark that could be easily left unsaid?

This is the season when we are all trying to practice some self-denial. Let us deny ourselves these remarks for one day at first. By not relenting even once, it will become easier and perhaps we can win a personal victory over this ever militant soldier of the enemy.

ELLEN O'LEARY '41.



### The Scotswoman

Mary, the moon has knelt near the  
Thames,  
The cloak she casts off is splayed with  
star-gems;  
She lays her white head on the scaffold  
of day,  
And the grieving clouds cry on the  
hill, where they pray.  
Our courtyard is swelling with peasant  
and sire,  
With beggar and beauty, and black-  
cowled friar.  
The hoary archbishop has sent his last  
blessing,  
Your old nurse sobs in the cell, where  
she's dressing.  
Mary, the day is afraid to walk in,  
So shell-white your face, as the deep  
drums begin  
To roar for proud head and your soft  
Stuart chin.  
So the grey day is waiting in heart of  
queen Bess  
As she counts the red rubies on bro-  
caded dress,  
And hides the gold quill in the lace of  
her smile—  
Oh, the crime of the quill, and the  
fraud of the trial,  
The black-taloned candle of life must  
burn quick,  
Your jade-fingered cousin is crushing  
the wick!  
The cold breath of Burleigh is frost-  
ing the gate,  
The glove of the guardsman is dusting  
the grate.  
Press your last prayer from the ivory  
bead,  
And kiss the damp cross on the gospel  
you read.  
Loop the long veil over dark, brave  
eyes,  
(Now the cloud hides the sun, in Aqu-  
taine skies.)  
Cling to my arm, lest the mud mar  
your train,  
How the cobblestones shine, in the new  
morning rain!  
Your soul will burst white as the dove  
on the breeze,  
No tear on lace kerchief, crown-jewel  
of Guise!

PEGGY MAHONEY '39.

### Monica

Her face holds, written, a thousand  
tales  
Her eyes hold, burning, but one light  
Around her heart hang sorrow's veils  
On her cheek the well-worn path of a  
tear  
On her hand the scars of a love and its  
cross  
On her breath a constant prayer:  
"Oh, God, whose son climbed Cal-  
vary,

### The Philosophy of Seneca

*As Found in His Letters*

Lucius Annaeus Seneca was the most famous philosopher of the Silver Age of Roman culture. So much of the practical side of his philosophy can be embodied in life today that it is of interest and perhaps of value to a modern to read his *Epistulae Morales* addressed to his friend Lucilius.

Seneca was a Stoic, and if he did not practice all the tenets of his belief, at least he preached them effectively. He was not, however, restricted in philosophical ideas, for he borrowed freely from other sources, particularly from Epicurus. He believed that philosophy should be made a part of life; and he did what he could to show its practical aspects to the man of affairs seeking to learn how to think. He proclaimed to all that the life of the mind is the only important life, and in this strain he wrote his letters.

He was a typical Stoic in his belief in an immanent God, and in his teaching of the restraint of the feelings, a doctrine by which the Stoics are best known. This feeling of "God within us" colors his whole philosophy and gives rise to his teachings of purity and solitude of mind. It is the presence of the great world-spirit, God, in man that makes him great and admirable. The most noble souls are those in whom this union is manifest most clearly, and whose duty it is to lead other men to the only life, which consists in living according to nature.

The development of the mind to accord with this power dwelling within and transcending all creatures is of utmost necessity. It is the only essential thing in life; development of the body is only incidental, and if it exceeds reasonable limits and interferes with the mind, it is to be deeply condemned. Thus a life which is free from disturbing luxuries and rich only in simplicity is the best life (or so Seneca held in theory). More time is free for the mind if the body is not a slave to material things. Death affects only the body, and therefore is not to be feared; it is inevitable and necessary. Since old age may also touch only the body, neither should it be feared; it brings with it richer gifts of wisdom and more freedom for mental activity. In his attitude toward old age, Seneca

Take my son to Calvary,  
Augustine, my son, to Calvary."  
Her voice holds a heaven-moving  
might  
Her face holds, written, a thousand  
tales  
Her eyes hold, burning, but one light.

CHARLOTTE TANSKE '42.

is much like his predecessor Cicero; both show that it is to be welcomed for its compensations; that far from causing a man to be cast aside, it makes him more valuable by giving him time and ripened learning in the things that really matter to all men.

Because development of the mind is so important and so difficult, the best surroundings for it are not only simple but solitary. Contact with men sullies the mind and should be avoided as much as possible. The truth is the indwelling spirit and that man carries with him. It not only prevents loneliness in solitude, but the solitary man achieves through it a sort of grandeur of spirit which is an example to his fellowmen. If the mind is not sufficient for itself, no outside distraction can cure the inner feeling of dissatisfaction and futility. Ideas such as these might have influenced Emerson in his famous essay on "Self-Reliance" and his ideas of a transcendental world-soul.

In many ways Seneca's thoughts seem to resemble strongly Christian teachings. It is possible, though not certain, that he had some contact with Christianity through his brother Gallio. Thus in the letter in which he fully expounds the theory of God within us he seems to be almost outlining the Christian teaching of the Holy Spirit and the divine gift of power and nobility of soul, which is sanctifying grace. But usually this apparent resemblance is more in words than in thought, for Seneca is a pagan philosopher to the core, by training and by choice. To take the same example, his idea of an indwelling spirit differs fundamentally from the Christian; his is a force above man which permeates and moves the entire world, all parts of it. The Christian teaching is of a divine infusion from God, while man remains a separate personality.

Seneca, then, as a practical, hard-headed Roman, has many lessons for a modern man. In the world of today, afflicted with what he called "communis insania," his good sense is useful. The prevailing over-emphasis on bodily development at the expense of the mind would be checked if his words were heeded. The fact that philosophy can be a guide of life in every field is one of value to the modern man who feels he has no time for deep thinking. And perhaps the most valuable lesson of all lies in the teaching that most of man's troubles and dissatisfaction lies within himself and only a spiritual regeneration can change him and the world outside him. Seneca, philosopher of the Silver Age of Rome, is teacher of moderns because he entered the company of those to whom it is given to teach universal truths.

RUTH TONNE '40.



### A Roman Marriage

*Read by a Prologus—Action in  
Pantomime*

Marriage in Roman times, just as today, had certain forms and customs. It is the purpose of this playlet to show you the rituals of a Roman marriage, and it is interesting to notice the many customs that have come down to us today.

#### SCENE I

##### *Selection of a Husband*

Gratia, the daughter of a wealthy Roman patrician, now that she has reached the age of fourteen, is old enough to be married. Her parents select the Roman youth that she will marry. An old friend of the family is consulted, and he agrees to find a suitable husband among his young acquaintances. After considering the wealth, position, and future prospects of many, he selects Calvus, a Roman of high standing, and tells the father of Gratia of his choice. The parents of both young people meet and agree upon the marriage. Gratia and Calvus are then informed of the impending event.

#### SCENE II

##### *The Betrothal*

This is a great social event with many prominent Romans attending. Gratia is led by her father to meet her future husband. However, she does not speak throughout the entire proceedings. All Calvus' dealings are with her father. The two men exchange the legal formulas: "Do you promise to give your daughter, Gratia, to me to be my wedded wife?" asks Calvus. "The gods bring luck! I betroth her," answers the father. "The gods bring luck!" repeats Calvus. Then Calvus places a ring upon Gratia's finger, the third on her left hand, because it was believed a nerve ran from this finger directly to the heart. Gratia is now officially engaged.

#### SCENE III

##### *The Dowry*

Then follow weeks of preparation. Besides the marriage plans there are financial matters to be settled—the adjustment of Gratia's dowry. How much money would her father give in all—in cash, land, and bankers' securities? At one time the betrothal almost had to be cancelled, but finally the matter is adjusted. The contract is witnessed by the pressing of signet rings into the seal.

#### SCENE IV

##### *Dressing the Bride*

The bride is dressed with the greatest care by her mother. Before the ceremony, she places upon the altar of the household gods the things of her childhood. First, the tunica recta, a garment of good omen, is placed upon

her. This is tied around the waist with a band of wool, knotted with the "knot of Hercules." She wears, of course, all the jewels loaded upon neck, ears, arms, and fingers, which, by contract, she is to bring to Calvus, in her trousseau. Her hair is parted in six locks, braided with ribbons. Over her head is placed the bridal veil of red silk, and pressing down this veil is a garland of flowers picked, as custom decreed, by the bride's own hands.

#### SCENE V

##### *The Marriage Ceremony*

The afternoon for the ceremony is at hand. The wedding guests come thronging to the home of the bride, and great crowds of plebians gather to watch the proceedings. The atrium is hung with flowers, and the air is heavy with perfume. Before the service, the auspices are taken and found to be favorable so that the marriage may proceed. First, the tablets of the marriage contract are read. Then Gratia is led to Calvus. She takes his hand, and he asks her, "Will you be my *mater familias*?" "Yes," answers Gratia. She then asks him, "Will you be my *pater familias*?" "Yes," he answers, and immediately there are shouts of congratulation. These decisive words spoken, the married couple unite in placing a cake of coarse bread upon the altar of the gods. The marriage party then attend the marriage feast.

#### SCENE VI

##### *The Wedding Procession*

After the feast, the wedding procession to the house of the bridegroom takes place. The bride is torn from her mother's arms by show of force, to commemorate the time when brides were taken by capture. Then the bridal procession wends through the streets. First come flute players, followed by the bride. Then comes the bridegroom who scatters nuts to the plebian crowds, nuts being the symbol of fruitfulness. Then the rest of the bridal party follow.

#### SCENE VII

##### *At the Bridegroom's House*

When the bridegroom's home is reached, Gratia first anoints the door with fat and oil, the sign of plenty. She is then lifted over the threshold, in order to avoid the chance of so bad an omen as a slip of the foot on entering the house for the first time. Then she is given a cup of cold water and a firebrand by Calvus, her husband, in token of the life they are to live together and her part in the home. Gratia next produces three coins, giving one to her husband, one to the household gods, and throwing one to the crowd outside for good luck. She then again repeats the words of consent, "Where thou art Gaius, I am Gaia."

#### SCENE VIII

##### *Privilege of Roman Matrons*

Before her marriage Gratia had been a mere girl, completely controlled by her parents, unable to appear in public save under severe restrictions. The day after entering Calvus' house, she finds herself become by one act a noble matrona with the destinies of a huge retinue of slaves and freedmen at her disposal, enjoying a great prosperity, meeting her husband's friends as their equal, going where she pleases, saying what she pleases, almost doing what she pleases.

Abroad in crowds, her dress, the *stola matrona*, secures the young married woman extreme respect. Every March, an official festival, a kind of Mother's Day is held, which is devoted to celebrating the virtues of the gracious heads of every household. On this day, no less than on her birthday, she receives presents from her husband, family, and dependants.

HELEN COOGAN '41.

### Ruggedest of Rugged Individuals

Rebellious adolescence was the inextinguishable characteristic of the indomitable Stephen Vincent Murphy, as he stood shame-faced, abashed, and pigeon-toed before the accusing digit of parental exactness. All reprimand could not daunt the bursting revolution which now choked and contracted his throat in convulsory gymnastics.

He was fourteen, almost fifteen too, and to have the whole kaleidoscopic world crushing him against the doorpost with almost Puritanical misunderstanding that it might even eliminate all the vital importance of one Stevie Vince, as his shy-faced, impish companions nick-named him, was pure misery, dejection and persecution. That unforgivable quality no parent ever possessed—complete ignorance of the transitory teen age—was now pouring out to him like a steady barrage of so much wasted energy.

Not intentionally had he unsuccessfully remembered to purchase the necessary contents of the evening's unprepared meal. Tonight, the parental board would be void of edible description; and though maternal reproach still resounded tormentingly against his deaf yet apparently attentive ears, he sought to comfort his persecuted existence by delving into the hidden recesses of his pants pockets until his fingers pried minute holes. He gulped and swallowed hard and often. Was not Stevie-Vince the solitary importance of the Boy Scout Troop 357? Was he not the ruggedest of rugged individuals? Was he not fifteen?

R. A. AVINA '40.